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OUR TENT HOSPITALS IN FRANCE

by MONICA STIRLING

WE LEFT Paris early Saturday morning, in a jeep. There were four of us. Our driver was a small, dark American in his thirties who looks as Julius Caesar might have looked had he had the good fortune to have a GI sense of humor to crease his face with untidy lines. Gus comes from Arizona, where he drove a truck before the war, and he was one of the first American soldiers to land on the beaches of the far shore. Our escort was an Army nurse now acting as a Public Relations Officer in the office of the Chief Surgeon. Jane's round, childish face and innocent mannerisms indicate a naïveté that is certainly present in her character but in no way precludes extreme intelligence. On the contrary.

Then there were two correspondents — Barbara and I. Barbara is a small, quiet South African with a husband serving in the Army in Italy, two small daughters in South Africa, and a large talent for sketching with accuracy and speed in apparently unpropitious circumstances: even with cold fingers she sketched our backs and heads as we sped along in the jeep — Gus, Jane, and I packed in the front,

France is the second home of MONICA STIRLING, an English writer in her middle twenties. Her father was the director of the English theater in Paris, and there she learned her effortless French and made her friends before the war. In the spring of 1940 she returned to her English home, and promptly volunteered for work in de Gaulle's headquarters. When the liberation became a reality, the *Atlantic* sent her back to France in an American correspondent's uniform, to see at first hand what the French civilians and our men have been through.

and Barbara sandwiched between our bed rolls and mess gear in the back.

In Paris no one any longer shows surprise at the sight of women in uniform. But as we got farther west, villagers exclaimed and waved at the *femmes soldats*, while GI's grinned and shouted, "What do you know! Wacs!" Certainly we looked formidably military in our trousers, leggings, and tin hats.

Fortunately the weather was beautiful, and as we drove southeast through the lovely French countryside our spirits rose and we began to sing the "Marseillaise," "California, Here I Come," and "Lili Marlene," which we were trying to learn in French — "devant la caserne, quand le jour finit."

Soon the villages became smaller. There is something extremely pathetic about the grandiose title "Place de la République" when it is affixed to a cobbled square not appreciably larger than the kind of handkerchief one longs for when one has the grippe in Paris. Many of the black-overalled children playing in the squares had bare feet. Occasionally we saw a minuscule Rue Lafayette blocked up by a wagon drawn by tawny oxen; once as we swung round a corner two woods, dark and compact as armies, seemed to shiver apart: a graveyard, symmetrical with the crosses of 1914–1918 dead, had made a break-through.

Towards the middle of the morning we stopped at a village with a sloping, cobbled main street, and clambered out of the jeep to stretch our legs, numb to the knees. A little group of middle-aged women

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and hoppity children broke up to smile and cluck at us. When they found we could speak French, their good will became personal. One of them hustled us through a huge half-open wooden door into a yard of cobbled stone, up a tiny staircase with an iron hand-rail, and into a kitchen where a stove was burning, empty pots and pans were gleaming, and on the faded wallpaper were carefully pinned picture postcards of General de Gaulle, General Leclerc, Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt, Stalin, and a boy whose dark-eyed fragility would have suggested Rimbaud to anyone unacquainted with that delicate poet's robust appearance. He had killed five of the invaders before he was captured with a group of friends, all of whom were shot. His murder took place one day before his eighteenth birthday and four days before the Allies arrived.

As she told us about him, his aunt insisted on preparing coffee for us. Naturally, she said, it was not true coffee, but grilled barley, but it would warm us and do us no harm. We were the first Allies she had talked to since the liberation, and hers was the first French cottage Barbara and I had visited in four years.

Around lunchtime we drew into a small village beside a large and muddy camp. A few weeks over here having made us as experienced as old character actresses, we made for the GI mess. This had just moved from a muddy tent to a building — unheated, grimy, but a building, and therefore, by the majority of 1944 European standards, the height of luxury; and in it we were given a meal even more luxurious by these standards: bacon and corn, bread and butter, chocolate cake and coffee.

A considerable number of the characters here came from Texas, and when they and a light-footed sergeant from Alabama, who was as soberly gay as a piece of Mozart, found that Jane was from Massachusetts and I was, as they put it, "in a Boston setup," they teased us at length on our obvious inferiority.

2

BY THIS time Paris seemed a long way off. The devastation was greater and so was the cold, and towards the end of the afternoon we came to a town outside which we found our first tent hospital. Here I am in despair. However many pictures people have seen, however much they may have read, however much they have been told, I doubt if anyone other than a person with the imagination of a genius can, without having seen it, visualize the honor and gallantry that go to make a tent hospital in the present European winter.

First there is the omnipresent sea of mud. The expression is conventional but entirely accurate. When a field of grass is occupied by human beings, they seem to have, at first, the same effect upon it as pigs; later the churned-up mud takes the form of waves — soft, adhesive waves lapping the rims of the gray-green tents in which small groups of young girls are fighting painful death in its most repulsive forms. During the course of the war I have often heard the observation that it is the people in the rear, the people at home in factories, the people in "unglamorous" work, who need the fillip that is, I am told, provided by publicity; and I have supposed there was some truth in this. Having seen the American field hospitals and the men and women who work in them, I no longer have any sympathy with this point of view.

Soon after dark we reached a large town near the French frontier and found the office of the Chief Surgeon, a large building still decorated with German moralizing in large Gothic lettering: "*Schweiss spart Blut* — Sweat saves blood." (Wherever two or three Germans are gathered together, there is an obsession with blood in the midst of them.) We were billeted in an old-fashioned house known locally as the Seminary — during the latter part of the war the Germans occupying it had made way for German chaplains. It was large, dark, and abounded in dim aspidistras and highly colored religious pictures. My room contained, among other things, an outsize wardrobe whose greenish mirrors increased the dimensions of the room with eerie effect.

I had thought I was tired, but once I had piled my GI blankets onto the bed and climbed in under them I became very wakeful. For four years the alien enemy had lived in this room, and I remembered a cartoon that recently appeared in a London paper; it was called "The War Correspondent's Nightmare" and showed a small figure crouching uneasily in a large hotel bedroom in every corner of which lurked a ghostly German exclaiming, "We will return." I was convinced they would not return, but the rents in the threadbare green carpet which our hostess had pointed out to me as an illustration of German rowdiness inspired reflection rather than sleep.

Before we left the town I had the privilege of meeting Major Bernice Sinclair, the Chief Nurse for the Third Army. I had been told she was remarkable; I was not misinformed. What most impressed me about her was her attitude toward the young nurses in her charge. I have often met nurses of high rank who are technically brilliant, morally correct; but never one more excellently disposed towards young nurses than this Massachusetts woman in

whose good looks austerity is beautifully controlled by benevolence. Major Sinclair is entirely free from the suspicion that unpleasantness may have an intrinsic moral value — the thesis so brilliantly denigrated by Rebecca West in *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* — an obsession that appears to constitute the major temptation of all persons holding high rank in institutional life.

One thing she said, slight in itself, I particularly liked. She was describing a field hospital she had visited on Thanksgiving Day. The hospital had just moved into a building with no windows, heat, or light, and a roof whose value was mainly symbolic; a particularly luscious sea of mud lapped the walls. How anyone could give thanks for this particular situation, Major Sinclair said, was beyond her. Then, looking round, she saw one of the youngest of the nurses, a girl who had beautiful hair and had managed (with inadequate spare time, and far from any hairdresser) to dress it as it deserved. "That," said Major Sinclair, "was admirable, and gave us all so much pleasure." I thought it admirable too — almost as admirable as the pleasure it aroused.

There are many women whose exemplary professional conduct is marred by the wish to keep their young subordinates neat but not attractive, clean but not, if it can be helped, pretty; who delight in battening down the hatches of private life in the name of discipline. The fact that a woman in Major Sinclair's position can appreciate the frivolous virtues is of extreme moral importance. To have courage, ability, and integrity is a fine thing; to have these qualities knit together by charm of disposition is a great one. Major Sinclair is a great woman, and in consequence is saving not only the lives of soldiers but the souls of nurses. When, on leaving, I said I was from a Boston magazine, she sighed and laughed, together, and said: "Next time you go down Tremont Street, look in Slaterry's window and tell me what they're wearing."

Inexperience, and the fact that memory is apt to translate the chaos of 1940 in terms of noise, made us marvel at the stillness as we drove towards the front next day. Every now and again we passed truckloads of prisoners. One particularly haughty-faced band was watched over by cheerful Negro troops whom we saluted with an enthusiasm which would, we hoped, show the Germans how we felt about racial discrimination.

3

THE first place we visited at the field hospital was the receiving tent. It was small, dim, warm, and

guarded by strikingly young and pretty nurses. To maintain even a semblance of grooming under front-line conditions implies physical heroism of a kind scarcely less admirable than that involved in the actual nursing.

Lying on litters were two wounded men — one American, one German. The American, a young boy, had been hit at one o'clock and was in the receiving tent at two o'clock. I despair of being able to convey the impressiveness of these miraculous hospitals. To say that our medics are wonderful, our wounded magnificent, is entirely conventional, entirely true, and entirely inadequate. From what I saw I should say that the American medics are solving insoluble problems by the application of principles for the right to act on which we are all of us ostensibly, many of us sincerely, fighting the war.

To appreciate what they are doing we need to remember with care the summer of 1940. At that time there were some people who despised France because, unaware of the lack of equipment which was at the root of her temporary overthrow, they chose to attribute the debacle to moral causes: the French lived too good a life; French persons had been observed taking pleasure not only in their work but in their recreation, a deplorable state of affairs. People who argued on these lines have since had more than an adequate opportunity to learn what Nurse Gayell told us twenty years ago — that patriotism is not enough. But if there is still anyone so ignorant of the mechanism of contemporary history as to be unaware that the most courageous fighter is partially dependent on material, he should visit these front-line hospitals, where nurses and doctors in muddy tents and half-wrecked buildings neglect their own comfort but never the machinery, the material, upon which the comfort and well-being of their patients depend.

"Of course, our setup is pretty primitive," said a doctor, apologetically pointing to the light over the operating table, a naked bulb sheltered by half an evaporated milk tin. It was primitive — primitive as a native kraal, but a kraal where the sound that means a gasoline-operated X-ray generator was more constant than that of distant artillery; a kraal whose dimness was lightened by a beautiful refrigerator packed with bottles of the kind used for preserving fruit, but which in this case were full of blood provided not only by the devotion of the donors but by men who found a way of preserving it, the men who built planes in which to fly it, the men who did the flying. The amazing thing about the American setup in this sphere is neither the courage of medics and patients nor the quality of the equipment, but the fine sense that juxtaposes them.

The faint, persistent smell inside the hospital made one, for the first time, understand with nerves as well as brain why horses show panic at the smell of fire. Numerous casualties had come in during the night, but they were in no state to be disturbed by conversation. Field hospitals take only non-transportable cases. Seeing these semi-conscious, mutilated boys I became filled with rage that anyone, anywhere, under any circumstances should criticize adversely the rowdiness of soldiers on leave — the alleviation, puerile no doubt, but alleviation nonetheless, of young people enduring an unendurable existence. As we left the building, a heap of small packets in silvery paper caught my eye. On them was printed "Army Expendable Blood Recipient Set." The medics have certainly proved expendable. I hope they will eventually be appreciated at home.

4

WE WERE very near the front now. Artillery fire (our own) rumbled over the fields, and at intervals the telegraph poles were heeled over like weeping willows. Some of the villages we passed through were ghost villages; not a civilian left among the battered ruins. In one of them a shop had survived the destruction of the rest of the building. Pools of mending silks were scattered along a pale-green counter. There was a chair too, set at a convenient angle for a customer, and on the wall a large cardboard calendar with a colored picture under the figures 1944. Through the battered slats of the adjoining shutters protruded the already rusty muzzle of a gun.

The last village we passed before reaching the hospital was one that had been liberated only four days earlier, and unfaded tricolors hung from every semblance of a window. The village was badly damaged, its cobbled side streets choked with piles of bricks and stones on which small boys who had already managed to secure khaki garrison caps interrupted their macabre games to jump up and down and squeak and wave.

Two nuns were hurrying across what had been the village square. The uncontemporary air that, to Protestant eyes at any rate, used to attach to nuns was now absent: the cruelty, the highly colored violence, that the popular imagination associates with medieval Europe no longer seems remote from the present. The two nuns looked, if anything, less anachronistic than the underfed French boys wearing American caps and struggling to find a few words of their own language to replace the German which was all they had been allowed to learn since

they were three, and no more anachronistic than did we in our helmets and greatcoats.

Our second field hospital was in what had a few days before been a German settlement — rows of widely separated whitewashed houses that now looked like an old-fashioned film set left there because the company director absconded with the inadequate funds. We drove along and stopped outside an American hospital.

The receiving tent was very similar to the last one, but the hospital was slightly more palatial: nearly all the windows were present and the roof appeared to be intact. I was eager to see any French people who were receiving American care, and had been told of a French child, injured by a German shell, who on waking up in the hospital said, "From today I am French." She did not have long in which to be French. When I asked if I might see her, I was told she had just died. Her mother had been killed by the same shell.

Most of the men here were gravely hurt, but in the room that we visited first, one boy was both conscious and cheerful. He had a couple of ribs exposed and when the doctor teased him on his good spirits, and said there was obviously nothing wrong with him, he grinned and said he guessed he felt sore at that. When he looked at my uniform and expressed pleasure at seeing American girls, I lacked the heart to explain I was a British-American correspondent and said I was from Boston. "Arlington Street," I added with caution, remembering a friendly sergeant who had once said, "Gee, ma'am, I thought you talked like you was a limey." But the boy who felt sore was a Texan and thought Massachusetts on the limey side anyway.

Across the room an operation was in progress. Someone gave me a mask and cap and led me near-by. I had never seen an operation before; I thought of the American girl who took valuable photographs under shell fire, and of the suffragettes who were willing to appear ridiculous to secure us the chance to do responsible work, and then I stopped being self-conscious, because to see death being thwarted is beautiful. The tall white figures were bending over the big wound and tying knots in it with something that looked like garden bast. They were working rapidly but without febrility. This freedom from febrility was what most impressed me in the medics; all overworked, all under a strain so fantastic one would not suppose the human organism could support it, and all — all those I can speak for — unflurried morally.

Presently the quiet became more tense. There was something familiar in the atmosphere. Suddenly I remembered the *Cirque Médrano* in Paris.

It was in a similar silence that, as children, we craned our necks to look at the family of pink-tighted acrobats when their swinging from trapeze to trapeze became slower and their birdlike cries to each other less frequent, when the moment came for the big jump, when they brushed cheeks with death. The surgeon's movements became quicker and quicker. Suddenly an instrument plunged in and out — and a rubber-gloved assistant caught the slug that had entered the boy's abdomen.

Because it was the easiest part of the building to heat, the basement was being used as the main ward. It was dim and gloomy, the lighting tinged with green, the litters close to each other. The semi-conscious men, most of them with piping through their nostrils, made it impossible for one to believe that Hitler really saw anything of the front in the last war.

As we went down the passage, some litter bearers were coming along in the opposite direction. We flattened ourselves against the wall and looked anxiously at the man on the litter. But he was no longer a subject for anxiety. His face as well as his body was carefully enveloped. I found myself visualizing part of a map of the world: America, the three million square miles of America, and three thousand miles of sea between the nearest beach of it and this little corner of France marked by a village, and I thought, "Isolationism is one of the synonyms for imbecility, is symptomatic of deficiency not only in neighborliness but in sense of history." Isolationism *is* one of the synonyms for imbecility, but today for the first time I understood that its roots are not entirely ignoble.

In this hospital, as in the other one, the nurses were young and attractive. But they looked very tired. When we left, some of them were lining up in the muddy yard for food. Had I seen nurses of this kind in a Hollywood film, even a few months ago, I should have reproached that film with glamorizing. These were tall and slight; their green twill fatigues and muddy four-buckle overshoes well became them. The nurse at their head had the neat, delicate profile that is one of the foundations of a film star. When she turned her face she showed clear skin that exhaustion was pulling tight over fine bones, and large eyes that seemed much darker than they were because the pupils were dilated almost to the rim of the iris. When someone commented on her tiredness, she shifted her mess kit from her left hand to her right and said she guessed she hadn't got around to putting any lipstick on for quite a while. We told her she looked fine. She did. In the pedantic sense of the word.

Early next morning we set off north. All around

here the country has suffered considerably — big numbers of French people, often whole families, having been deported to make room for Germans doing an ineffectual Cook's tour to avoid Allied bombers. Soon after we got out into open country we passed a dead horse. It had been white. Now it was the color of the neglected statues that doze in a thousand provincial cities. Lying on its back, its legs petrified in a curvet, it looked like an animal in a fairy story, with whom sorcery had been busy.

There were rusted cars and tanks, some of which looked as if they had been deposited there by the chaotic waves of 1940. The tanks looked ugly but not incongruous: they had been committed to violent ends from their inception. What did look horrible were the decaying tractors, the beautiful machines that are on the side of life. To see them rotting in deserted fields, to know that the majority of the men who should be driving them were dead or losing wits and health in German prisons, was to place one's finger on the pulse of insanity — and to find it very hard to take a tender view of the "good German" whom, like the poor, we have always with us.

At midday we reached an evacuation hospital: tents to accommodate 525 patients, and the usual sea of mud in the midst of which a couple of nurses in battle dress were shoveling coal. They were in excellent spirits. The coal had just arrived. Before that they had had to get along with coke. The fumes of coke are not generally liked.

There was an air of hurry about this hospital, a justifiable one. Three hundred patients had been brought in during the previous night, a hundred of them had been operated on, two hundred had been sent on that morning. During the last war 50 to 60 per cent of the field hospital patients died; in this war 18 per cent die. As the Germans remark: "Schweiss spart Blut."

5

WE HAD lunch in a tent that was still decorated with paper flags and bunting from Thanksgiving Day, and afterwards were taken round the hospital. One of the tents near the entrance had a reception desk which suggested a macabre cross between a hotel and a school. I was told there was a French girl in one of the wards who would be glad to meet someone who could speak her language: they were doing all they could for her but had no way to prevent her feeling lonely.

Jacqueline was a small, dark girl of twenty-two and, like many persons in this tormented region, had a German-sounding surname, a French face — and entirely French feelings. She was taken ill a few

days after the liberation of her home town, and her young brother went to the American Army for help, which was immediately forthcoming.

All Jacqueline's family, and most of her relations, were hairdressers. They hated the Germans, had the minimum of truck with them, but were not members of an organized group. (It was almost impossible to organize groups in this area, so near Germany and so entirely covered not only by the German Army but by the Gestapo. Whenever young men were discovered to have escaped to join the resistance in other parts of France, their families were deported.) Despite their relative innocuity Jacqueline and her husband were arrested in November, 1942, for "political activity." She had never had any idea why they were arrested — nor why, a few weeks later, she was released and her husband sent to a destination whose name she was not to know until March, 1943, when she was told that he had died of typhoid fever in Dachau.

During the same month her brother went to Germany. He was twenty-two, and the Germans one day came to the house and said that if he did not volunteer for the German Navy his mother and father, aged respectively fifty-three and sixty-three, his 21-year-old sister, and his 15-year-old twin brothers would be deported. After a family consultation the boy went into hiding. But he kept in touch with his parents, and when at the end of three weeks the Germans came to say that the family was to be deported next day he gave himself up. Here, as in many frontier towns, the Germans behaved with great cruelty just before they left. Jacqueline and her family spent a week hiding in a cellar. One morning her young brothers crept upstairs and peeped through the shutters. They came rushing down, crying, "They're here! The Americans are here! The Allies have arrived."

In the Red Cross tent men were writing letters at little desks that obviously came from a village school; others were doing leather work, their foreheads puckered, and in some cases their tongues stuck out; some were reading the special services books or playing dominoes; many were gathered round a board over which was spread a white cloth on which were sewn Army insignia given to the hospital by patients.

A French badge had just been put among the American, that of a French battalion now serving with the Third Army. Its colors reminded me of the statues of last-war poilus that decorate French villages, small and conventional, never more pathetic than when they are lifting a bugle to their lips in the classic gesture of gallantry, their pedestals riddled with the names of dead young men who ought to be

living, middle-aged ones, their arms holding, slightly askew, the already faded flags of the summer of 1944.

6

TOWARDS the end of the afternoon we reached a town where there were several evacuation hospitals. One of the most serious problems in this district was flooding. In one of the hospitals the river had just entered the basement. The one in which we stayed had been a big school in which French children were, with surprising lack of success, turned into Germans. In its entrance hall uncomplaining American boys were lying on litters beneath a notice board where Gothic lettering commemorated in fulsome terms the names of French boys whose deaths as a consequence of being press-ganged were referred to as *Falling for the Fatherland*. And under these was the remark that Germany must live. Never have I felt nearer in spirit to Rosa Dartle.

In the first room a semi-conscious American boy was at intervals quietly humming snatches of the "Penny Serenade," while a delirious French peasant boy shouted for his father. Both had been injured in action — the American fighting, the French boy working in a field where a mine blew his foot off. I do not know which was the more harrowing, but I do know that neither made me friendly towards the young German-prisoner aides who were eager to explain, possibly with truth, that not all Germans were members of the Nazi Party.

The unself-conscious docility of the Germans' attitude, the strained look in their eyes, composed a manner that compared very unfavorably with that of the tough little Lorrainers of whom a team were working here as voluntary litter bearers. I know the Germans were prisoners, the French allies, but I think the comparison is just — the strain under which the Germans were now working was no severer than that borne by the French boys for the past four years; they were of the same age, and their minds had suffered comparable violations. But whereas the Germans were visibly haggard, the French boys were toughly independent.

One of them, a stocky boy with a round, composed face, told me, neither boastfully nor overmodestly, but with that steady application to fact that makes the best French thought supremely endearing, that he got to the factory where he worked at seven in the morning and stayed there till five-thirty, when he left for the hospital, where he worked from six until midnight with Americans whom he described as "*des chics types*." This boy's best friend had tried in 1942 to get farther into France to join a

resistance group. He was caught by the Germans, and after being kept in prison for two months was drafted into the German Army. Then his luck changed. He lost a leg and was sent home. That was good luck, in occupied Europe, in 1943.

One of the wards contained a seven-year-old French boy whose homely parents sat beside him stupefied by the miracle that was forcing life back into him, by the miraculous care for lack of which his little sister had died from a German shell.

In the operating theater six operations were under way. I doubt if anything has more funereal consequences than the extent to which the average human being lacks imagination. Walking through the theater, whose dimness was lit at regular intervals by bulbs hanging over unconscious men from whose bodies, from whose faces, from whose arms and legs, supremely conscious men were expulsing death, I thought with guilt of the nights when I had gone to bed without visualizing this terrible scene the continuous performance of which represents the good side of what is going on here — this terrible scene which is the opposite of the scene in which Germans who are not good, Germans whom we must conclude belong to the Nazi Party, are bending over unconscious men into whose bodies, into whose faces, into whose arms and legs, they are propulsing death.

The nurses in this hospital seemed to feel themselves unduly lucky — because they were working in a building. When we lined up for supper that evening the kitchen was partially under water. A gangway of slats had been laid from the steps and round in front of the stoves and serving tables. But by the next morning the water had subsided and the nurses still felt diffident about the luxury of their present situation.

In the nurses' quarters that evening everyone was tired but cheerful, indeed excited, because the hot water was on — one by one we disappeared dirty and returned clean, exuding the complacency, the air of conscious skill, daring, and cunning, produced by a hot bath in this area. People squatted on beds, wrote letters, showed snapshots, ate crackers. I wanted to hear some of their personal stories, to know what had driven the tall girl with the Katha-

rine Hepburn face away from her comfortable home to this, what conviction maintained the spirits of the little dark girl whom they called the live wire, what was the history of the motherly girl who came from Chihuahua, Mexico.

But the only reminiscences I could extract from them concerned patients — there was a boy who had had his arm off, and said he felt badly, being sent home for a thing like that — or personal mishaps over which we giggled in a manner I had supposed lost with schooldays. Indeed, the atmosphere was uncannily like that of the dormitory of an agreeable school; uncannily because it contained no suggestion of the gigantic responsibilities daily, nightly, successfully, borne by these fine women momentarily translated into giggling schoolgirls in blue striped flannel pajamas.

Next day we came home through country that was the concrete of the nightmare that haunted the schooldays of so many of us who are too young to remember the last war but old enough to have had our adolescence appalled by *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Death of a Hero*, *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, *The Road Back*: Verdun country, desolate and desolating.

The last view I had of it was a sloping stretch of green-brown countryside neatly parted by a road the color of milky coffee. On one side, green and beautifully ordered, was a cemetery closely packed with young men who died nearly thirty years ago; on the other the familiar, the almost stylized brown sea of mud, the little tents in which daughters of men who died in the last war were endeavoring to prevent the sons of such men from repeating their fathers' sacrifice.

Having just seen Americans limbless and eyeless; having just seen a French child who, when dying from a German shell, had only German words in which to mutter to her French parents; having seen this, I do not want to see Germans tortured, I do not want to see done to them what they have done to others; but I do want to see their interests put absolutely last at the peace conference. We have no right to forgive those who trespass against our neighbors.

» On most of our joint commissions with the British, it is a common experience to find the British united and the American representatives divided. If a lack of teamwork results, who is to blame?

BRITISH TRADE AND AMERICAN POLICY

by RAYMOND P. BALDWIN

I

THE United States and Great Britain are engaged in this war on the fullest partnership basis that has ever existed between two sovereign nations. Without that partnership and its mobilization of resources, even the gallantry of Allied troops would have been unavailing to stop the German war machine. The pooling of men, minds, and materials has turned a fear of defeat into a hope of early victory over Japan as well as Germany.

Now the partnership is facing a serious test. In the conduct of the war so far, the mutual confidence of the Americans and British has increased. It would, however, be unrealistic to assume that it will continue into a period of post-war trade unless a proper foundation is laid for post-war coöperation. And if, as victory becomes more certain, each country pursues, or suspects the other of pursuing, a selfish trade interest, friction may develop which will hamper the joint war effort, cause doubts among the Allies, and endanger the ultimate peace.

To fight the war, England has stripped herself of a large part of her foreign investments. She has put her patents, technical skills, and productive capacity into the joint effort. She has cut home consumption to the barest necessities. The present outlook for her people is a long post-war period of privation, during which for five years or more they must continue to be rationed even in those articles of common use which they need and which England herself produces, in order that she may, through exports, earn the money necessary to import the things she lacks.

What that privation means in British homes we can guess if we imagine how we should feel were we to see cigarettes, butter, meat, and new cars being

produced here for shipment to Europe and South America, and yet were unable to buy any for our own use. Present British privation is, in part, for our common good. Post-war British restrictions will not be; and it would be naïve for us to assume that Britain is not already taking steps to improve her own post-war position in the world.

Britain has her interests, and we have ours. In the winning of the war those interests appear to be identical; but they are identical only in the end results of the surrender of Berlin and Tokyo, not always in the means necessary to accomplish those end results. Britain is dependent on trade with her far-flung empire and with the rest of the world. If one military move will help that trade, and another injure it, she will prefer the former.

But we, too, have an interest in trade. The export of 15 per cent of our production spells prosperity for the United States. If we shut our eyes to the facts, and disregard our own interests, it would be childish for us later to complain that Britain has prudently guarded her interests. Let us see the facts now, and avoid if we can the disillusionment of feeling later that we have been outsmarted.

If all negotiations between the United States and Great Britain could be carried on between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, we might come off rather well, assuming the President has as firmly in mind what he wants for America as the Prime Minister has what he wants for Britain. But the daily transactions between the two governments are so numerous and so complex that it would be impossible for any two men to master the details necessary even to pass upon them, to say nothing of spending the time required to work out solutions in each case. There must be left to subordinates, often far down on the working level, thousands of individual arrangements and decisions.

Ever since the passage of the Lend-Lease Act, and particularly since Pearl Harbor, American business-

The striking contrast between the persistent trade policy of the British and our own hesitant altruism is described in detail by RAYMOND P. BALDWIN, formerly Assistant General Counsel of the Foreign Economic Administration.

men and others, working on temporary wartime service in Washington, have been dealing with representatives of British missions, determining the allocation of raw materials, manufactured goods, food supplies, and shipping, deciding responsibility for the purchase and development of strategic materials, and trying to solve the incidental questions of ultimate cost and the post-war effect on trade, at least to the extent necessary to keep considerations of trade from interfering with the movement of goods necessary to the winning of the war.

These dealings between representatives of the United States and British governments have to a large extent been working-level meetings of subcommittees of the several Combined Boards, regional committees dealing with the problems of particular areas, and special committees organized to cope with specific problems. Frequently a dozen or more representatives from several American governmental departments or agencies have met with two to four representatives of Great Britain.

If there is one thing about the British representatives on which the Americans who deal with them in Washington are in agreement, it is that when they attend a joint meeting, whether on the working level or on the policy level, they come into the meeting knowing what they want, fully briefed, with a large bound file containing all the data essential to the decision, and prepared to put forth the strongest arguments for their position, in the least offensive manner.

It is also generally agreed among our men in Washington, though not always admitted to others, that the American representatives commonly come to such meetings (usually direct from administrative duties to which they are devoting more hours a day than government regulations require) without adequate preparation, without full clearance within their own organization, without having discussed the matter with the other American representatives, and without the guidance of a clear governmental policy on matters affecting our foreign trade.

The usual result is that the representatives of various American departments and agencies will argue among themselves at a joint meeting, and that when the confusion is at its peak one of the British representatives will modestly make a suggestion which will be seized upon by the chairman of the meeting as the only rational solution of the problem at hand. From that point on, although there may be criticism and modification of the British suggestion, the ultimate decision is usually made from the British frame of reference. Evidence from London and from the field generally indicates that this experience is not limited to Washington.

The dispassionate American comes to feel, not that the British are reprehensibly smart, but that we Americans are disorganized and inept. We may deviate from the British road, but we are always returning to it because we have laid out no road of our own.

2

IN ORDER to understand this condition, we must realize that Britain's very life depends on her foreign trade; that the British, once they get a political or commercial foothold in a foreign country, intend to keep it; and that there is no conflict between British government and British business. The British Board of Trade dates in its present form from 1786. It represents every significant part of British industry; at the same time it is an integral part of British government. Its primary purpose is to foster Britain's foreign trade.

The British are realists. Because Great Britain cannot survive as a great nation without a very substantial increase in its export trade, the British representatives make no bones about their intention to see that Britain's trade does increase. Their policy is that everything within reason must be done to win the war, but that where there are two courses, one of which will benefit British trade without material detriment to the war effort, they should do what they can to further British interests.

In contrast with this simplicity of policy and singleness of purpose of the British representative, the position of his current American counterpart amounts practically to schizophrenia. On the one hand he has, whether by nature, politics, or conviction, a great urge to be altruistic — to behave as though every act must be judged by the criterion of what will result in the greatest good for the greatest number, whether the greatest number be American or foreign, civilized or backward — with the scales perhaps tipped in favor of the foreign and the backward. On the other hand he experiences resentment at the advantages taken by the British, and others, in favor of their own trade.

He feels puzzled. Should he insist that the British also behave altruistically; or should he jettison altruism and seek a competitive advantage for American trade? Nothing in the expressed policy of his department or agency, or of his government, gives him any clue. If he takes the altruistic line, American trade interests howl with displeasure. If he favors American trade too aggressively, he soon gets criticized within his own organization, or his organization is criticized by another United States department or agency.

The British do not always get what they want. When they prevail, it is usually not so much through brilliant maneuvering as through good sense and clarity of objective.

The Americans are frequently as astute as the British. They see, and in fact are frequently told, the realistic British motive. They know that a proposed action may work to the disadvantage of some future American objective. But they feel that their government has given them no policy; their agency has adopted no plan; their superiors have made no decisions. They must either, on their own working level, presume to adopt a policy for our government — which may be opposed by other agencies or repudiated by their own; or they must take a purely negative attitude and be branded as obstructionists; or they must agree to action in accordance with British policy.

An American eager to protect American interests often gets a feeling of helpless frustration. He does not blame it on his British colleagues, whom he likes, admires, and trusts; but he sometimes wishes that we Americans also had a stark need and a clear purpose.

3

WHERE is this state of affairs leading us? Let us look at some of the broader developments in British policy.

After the fall of Dunkirk, in June of 1940, the British military position was desperate. France fell, and Yugoslavia. The British troops in Greece and Crete were defeated.

In September, 1940, the United States swapped fifty destroyers for 99-year leases on seven British bases.

By the end of 1940 the British were running short of cash; and on March 11, 1941, the Lend-Lease Act was passed to permit the President to make supplies available to them on terms satisfactory to the President.

Before the Lend-Lease Master Agreement was signed with Great Britain, the President and the Prime Minister met at sea and on August 14, 1941, proclaimed the Atlantic Charter, by which they forswore for their countries "aggrandizement, territorial or other," recognized the "right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live," and undertook "with due respect for their existing obligations" to further the enjoyment, by all states, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world.

A week after the fall of Singapore, Great Britain signed the Lend-Lease Master Agreement, pledging

itself, among other things, to seek, through conversations with the United States, the best means of attaining the objectives of the Atlantic Charter, and of reducing tariffs and trade barriers, by agreed action open to participation by all other countries of like mind.

The Atlantic Charter represented the high point of Britain's acquiescence in the American ideals of a post-war world of free peoples and free markets. From that point on, as the military situation improved, the British became more concerned with their own post-war trade. By the autumn of 1942 the Allies were gaining control of the air over Western Europe; Lend-Lease supplies were reaching the British in Egypt, and Rommel was in retreat; the Russian Army had shown a promising ability to stop the Germans; and the Congressional elections in the United States appeared to indicate a swing away from New Deal liberalism. On November 10, 1942, Mr. Churchill, on being questioned in the House of Commons on Britain's colonial policy, replied with old-time British confidence: "I have not become the King's first minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire."

From that time on, the British became increasingly confident that the war would be won and the Empire preserved, and they have become progressively more outspoken in their determination to maintain Britain's trade position.

How does Great Britain operate, in wartime, to benefit her post-war trade?

The illustrations that follow are not intended as adverse criticism of the British on the one hand or of our own government on the other. Let it be said at the outset that the war has, at least temporarily, deprived the United Kingdom of many export markets, particularly in South America, and that through Lend-Lease shipments many American goods have become known in former British markets where they were never sold before the war.

The British methods are not so much to be deplored as emulated, unless happily we may be able to work out with Great Britain a continuing partnership or a general system which will put the trade of all nations on a less restricted and less nationalistic basis. The following examples merely indicate a few of the ways in which the British, more prudently than we, work together for their common good, coördinating business and government, utilizing the services of skilled men, and adapting their methods to the circumstances of each situation.

When, for instance, French North Africa was sufficiently liberated to permit the shipment from its ports of food and strategic materials, American representatives told the French to ship strategic

materials on the returning ships, and we would pay them "world prices." Shipments were made, but disputes arose as to quality; and a year later we had no agreement with the French as to what the prices should be. In contrast, the British sent to North Africa a man expert in the purchase of sardines. He dickered for days with the French, agreed on specifications, worked out a price down to the nearest ten-thousandth of a franc per sardine.

If the United States should wish to purchase cocoa or mahogany from French West Africa or the Ivory Coast, and British companies had similar supplies in the British dependencies of Nigeria or the Gold Coast, British diplomatic representatives might find reasons against our purchases from the French, and the British Ministry of War Transport might not be enthusiastic about making shipping available from the French ports.

If an American representative in, let us say, the Belgian Congo, were to attempt to encourage the Belgians to deal directly with the United States, perhaps in a way which might ultimately threaten the supremacy of British interests in that area, it would not be unheard of for the British Foreign Office to request the recall of the American representative as uncoöperative with the British in their efforts to obtain essential war materials.

If the war situation should make it advisable that some country in the Middle East be closed to normal commercial foreign trade, the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation might be used to take British goods to that country and to market them, as nearly as possible, through normal trade outlets.

If Ethiopia should wish to sell hides to American importers for dollars, in order to buy cotton textiles from American exporters, it might be found that ships could carry Ethiopian hides only to British Aden, where the Ethiopians must sell them to British firms for East African pounds which the Ethiopians could not exchange for dollars.

If American air transport companies should be negotiating with the government of a neutral country for air bases on its island possessions, the diplomatic situation might be found to be too delicate for them to continue the negotiations. Later Great Britain might acquire the air bases by treaty from the neutral government.

4

IN THESE and in many instances like them, the British are constantly on the watch for the interests of British trade. In every instance they have a

sound reason for their position. In no instance is there the slightest question as to their integrity or the truth of their representations. They are honest men. But they never miss a point, and they never give up. If a diplomat is their ablest man in a place where they have a job to be done, they let him do it; if a businessman, they use the businessman. If they have several men, all pull together.

If brains, teamwork, hard work, and fair play can bring her to the top, Great Britain will come out of this war with flying colors and with an integrated organization of trained civil servants and businessmen determined and able to lift from her shoulders the tremendous burden which the sacrifices of war have placed upon them.

They regard the Atlantic Charter as an expression of an ideal which can be realized, if at all, only in the distant future and by agreement among many nations — not as a declaration of policy capable of use as a criterion for present action. Likewise they regard as impractical our attitude that trade decisions can wait till the war is won. They want to be sure that peace will find them in a strong trade position, with maximum dollar balances, foreign investments, raw materials, friendly markets, ships, trade facilities, and spheres of influence — and with a minimum of uncontrolled competition.

If we can assure them the markets and the financial assistance needed to put Britain on her feet, they will lay their cards on the table and play the game our way. If not, they will keep their commercial and financial figures to themselves and will take every opportunity to build up their trade and their post-war bargaining strength by every means at their command, even though such means call for present agreements which Great Britain cannot later undo.

If we believe that we can work out a program of mutual advantage to us and the British, or if we decide that as a practical matter the Atlantic Charter and relative freedom of trade will benefit the whole world, including ourselves and Great Britain, then we must find the way to persuade the British to our view. If we can do that, we shall have an ally on whose ability we can depend. If we cannot, we shall have a rival whose ability we must not underestimate.

Meanwhile, as the war progresses, one decision after another has to be made — or one action after another has to be taken without decision — on matters which affect the future of American trade and our national defense. How we shall come out ultimately will depend to some extent on how far Britain will have gone along the road of an independent trade policy before we determine just what

our own trade policy is to be, and on how far we are willing to go in order to work out a joint program to our mutual advantage.

Our problem is not an easy one to solve, as we can see from the meager results of the international business conference held at Rye, New York, in September, 1944. We must first make up our minds whether, in order to fulfill the American ideal of free competitive markets, we are willing to make such adjustments in our tariff that British goods can compete in our domestic markets. If not, the British will insist on Empire preference to the exclusion of American goods.

We must also decide whether we are willing to continue some system of international control of commodities, in the face of persistent opposition by some American business associations to all forms of governmental control. The British are convinced that there can be no rational post-war economy without controls of some kind. If we cannot agree upon international controls in which we shall have some voice, as we have now in the Combined Boards, Britain will, through import permits, sterling bloc exchange controls, cartel agreements, shipping allocations, separate trade treaties, and other devices, build up or continue her own system of controls for the protection of her own interests. Every step she takes in this direction will make more difficult the task of implementing the broad objectives of the Atlantic Charter and the Lend-Lease Master Agreements, which contemplate the stimulation of world trade as a means to world peace.

5

THE Administration has not been idle. The appointment of Mr. Stettinius as Secretary of State and his reorganization of the State Department to include men of outstanding ability give promise of a firm, realistic policy. And though the Dumbarton Oaks conference dealt primarily with questions of security, the Bretton Woods financial conference, the petroleum conference, and the recent international air traffic conference have all been steps in the right direction. These are apparently to be followed by a United Nations trade conference.

If we go into such a trade conference determined to insist upon the freedom of competitive trade to which all the United Nations are already committed in principle, and willing to make the concessions necessary to render such trade practicable, we can get what we want, and in all probability benefit both our trade and Great Britain's beyond anything yet conceived.

But let's not delude ourselves. Time is short. Once the war is over and Lend-Lease stops, it will be too late to get Great Britain to adopt any broad, idealistic program. She will control trade facilities through the world. And she will be getting on with her own interests in her own practical way. If we want her coöperation, we must get it now.

Whatever our future action is to be, we need three things if we are to protect our interests: (1) a definite, practical trade policy, (2) a growing understanding between government and business, and (3) competent men in key government positions. Britain has all three.

Whatever minor points of friction or misunderstanding may exist between Great Britain and the United States, it must be said in fairness to the British that they do not like taking candy from babies. They have on many occasions begged us to determine our policy, and they ask nothing better than to have competent men representing us, with whom they can work on a reasonable and effective basis.

If a wise policy requires that we appropriate two billion dollars a year for five years to help a partner who has suffered more than we shall ever know, and who has given her blood and resources for our common defense, then let us adopt that policy and carry it out. But if we do that, let us do it straightforwardly and competently, knowing what we are willing to do for our partner and knowing what we expect our partner to do for us, rather than pulling our punches on every deal and tacitly inviting the British to lower their high standards of honesty in order to outsmart us and survive.

In view of our hope for a reasonably early victory over the Germans, it is only natural that we should find our minds turning more and more frequently to thoughts of what is to follow victory. A generation ago we thought: After victory, peace. Peace and reconstruction; a return to the normal ways of life. But in this war we know that victory over Germany alone will not bring peace. There is still Japan. And there is still reconstruction. We all assume that the United States will play its full part in the peace, as it has in the prosecution of the war. But whereas in prosecuting the war we have worked with our allies in full coöperation toward a common end, we realize that in the adjustments to peace we have not yet agreed upon a common end, and that if a common purpose cannot be found, we shall find ourselves competing rather than coöperating with our present allies.

To be sure, the Atlantic Charter was agreed to by Mr. Churchill and has been accepted by all the United Nations. But will it stick—or is it merely a vague expression of American idealism adhered

to by Britain in a moment of desperation, to be rendered futile and lost sight of in the post-war jockeying for position by the great powers?

Whatever problems arise in the future between the United States and Russia, France, Holland, or China, and however powerfully their ultimate solution may affect our welfare, they are more remote and less complex than the issues that will face the United States and the British Commonwealth and Empire. Britain's possessions and interests in the Western Hemisphere, her tenuous but very real control of far-flung territories, and her long-established trade connections throughout the world have already raised, and will continue to raise, issues on which our interests and hers will be either divergent or similar, depending on whether we compete for advantage or coöperate, with common purpose, to our mutual benefit.

Great decisions must be made. In the conferences and negotiations leading up to these decisions, how far can we trust the British? Shall we benefit by altruism or must we take care not to be outsmarted? Or both?

The United States could be the most powerful and prosperous country in the world. It could, by exercising its power to implement the Atlantic Charter and the objectives of the Lend-Lease Master Agreements, go far toward assuring a measure of prosperity to all nations. But unless, before the last dollar has been spent on Lend-Lease and the last shot has been fired to win back distant islands to British, French, and Dutch sovereignty, we have

made sure that we have the military bases necessary to our defense, and freedom for Americans to trade on an equal footing throughout the world, we shall wake up one day to find that we are an isolated nation of disillusioned altruists, taking in one another's washing to pay off a debt of 300 billion dollars.

At present, as one Britisher has said off the record, Britain is like a weak man who must use a lever and fulcrum to move a great object; the United States is like a giant who does not need them, even though he might move the object more easily by their use. If, however, we persist in relying on the strength of our great resources, and deliberately disregard the lever and fulcrum of combined business prudence and governmental common sense, we may one day find ourselves the weak man, with a heavy burden but without the skill with lever and fulcrum which the British are developing to so high a degree. And it will be our burden, not theirs; for no nation will want an improvident partner.

Are the British smarter than we are? Individually, no. Not smarter; perhaps better chosen for their tasks, more confident of their position. Collectively, yes. And they will continue to be so unless and until we determine on a realistic national trade policy and entrust its execution to the men best suited to carry it out.

If we can do that, we can go forward with the British in a continuing partnership, with mutual trust and esteem, to our common benefit and that of the other United Nations.

THE TEST

by THEODORE MORRISON

HOLD to my lips the mirror of the night,
 All the bold peerage of the ancient sky,
 Those mythic figures pricked in steadfast light
 That ravished the Chaldean shepherd's eye.
 Black frost is in the air, the woods are dark,
 My season sinks, I know not where to turn.
 Am I quite lifeless? Have I seed or spark
 To wait the frost out, to revive and burn?
 I see my mirrored breath hang silver faint,
 The night's one ghostly cloud. So then, not dead!
 I have about me still the stubborn taint
 That shows I live and have no need to die
 While I can trace that white host overhead
 And stain that fretted glass, though with a sigh.

POLITICAL PRESSURES IN ASIA

by OWEN LATTIMORE

1

THERE have been changes, during the war, in the prestige of every country now at war. In each case, the military factors of the prestige have interacted with political factors. We are now in a new phase of the war in Asia and the Pacific; in fact the political pressures that are arising from the certainty of military victory are making it a new kind of war. These developing pressures are a warning that we should look into the way in which political and military prestige interact, lest we find ourselves baffled politically by the results of the victory we are winning militarily. Most important of all, we must realize in time that the political problems of China, about which we are now much concerned, are linked up by the war itself with political problems in colonial Asia of which we are still almost unconscious.

China's prestige was at its highest from the end of 1938, when the loss of Hankow and Canton failed to break Chinese resistance, to the end of 1942, when it began to appear certain that so much of the work of defeating Japan would be done by America that China was in increasing danger of appearing at the peace table as a beneficiary rather than a full partner of victory. During the period of high Chinese prestige there was an unfortunate tendency in America toward indiscriminating praise of China, its government, and its armies. A great part of the total volume of praise contented itself with referring to China's continuing resistance as a "miracle."

Europe regards OWEN LATTIMORE as our leading authority on Far Eastern affairs. For twenty years he and his wife have traveled in and written about China and the border territories between China and Russia. In 1941 and 1942 he served as adviser to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek on recommendation of President Roosevelt, and in 1944 he accompanied Vice President Wallace on his long trip through Siberia and to Chungking. Following his recent resignation as a Deputy Director of the OWI, Mr. Lattimore has resumed his post as Director of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins.

This article and one which preceded it, on Japan, form two chapters in Mr. Lattimore's mind-opening book, *Solution in Asia*, to be published in February. It will include the Baxter Memorial Lectures given at the University of Omaha in 1944.

Accurate analysis of the factors of Chinese resistance did not have a wide general circulation. Now that China's prestige has markedly declined, criticism of the Chinese, their government, and their armies is equally indiscriminating. Extreme swings of the pendulum of American public opinion are dangerous. They make difficult the practice of a wise national policy. They encourage the obscurantism which is the occupational disease of diplomats, and which can only be checked by the steady pressure of an informed public opinion which knows what it wants, and why.

China's prestige was highest when the whole world could feel, though few people knew the details of Chinese politics, that the Chinese were determined to resist Japanese conquest, with or without aid from abroad. Had China's resistance not been of this kind, one nation after another would have come to terms with Japan in time to sell to the Japanese militarists enough equipment to win the decisive victory which they were in fact unable to win without foreign complaisance. As long as the Chinese neither wavered nor split up, public opinion, confused though it was, would not allow deals at the expense of China, and the worst that the most appeasement-minded governments could do was to see that China got enough to keep up resistance, while allowing Japan enough to keep on attacking.

As a footnote to history, it is worth adding that perhaps there was one decisive difference between the brave Czechoslovaks, who cracked only when intolerable German pressure was backed by France and Britain, and not opposed by America, and the Chinese, who did not crack even when their country was invaded. The Czechoslovaks felt unable at the final crisis to call for Russian help in the face of the disapproval of the Western powers, while the Chinese government, in spite of its cold hostility to Communism, realized that the acceptance of Russian supplies, military advisers, and aviators would keep up a minimum of American and British aid.

There was a setback to Chinese prestige late in 1940 and early in 1941 when Chinese unity was broken by tension between the New Fourth Army and the Chinese High Command, ending in an attack on the New Fourth by government troops. The New Fourth was a half-regular, half-guerrilla army. It was not a Communist army, but it contained Communist elements and its deputy commander was a Communist; the formation of such an army had been possible only under the conditions of enthusiastic unity in 1937 and 1938.

Once the major fronts had begun to settle into a deadlock, this army, which was linked with the Chinese front but also operated behind the Japanese lines, could remain active only if it relied more and more on organizing the peasants. War in this manner ran counter to the Chinese landlord interest because, if the deadlock were to end in a war between Japan and other countries, the landlords might return, after the eventual defeat of Japan, only to find that the peasants had become organized so strongly that landlord control could not be reasserted.

Chinese prestige rose again, however, after Pearl Harbor, though not at once. At first the ominous procession of defeats from Pearl Harbor to the Philippines, Singapore, the Netherlands Indies, and Burma induced a panicky fear in America and Britain that China might collapse. Undoubtedly this fear was linked psychologically with an old, complacent habit of thinking that America and Britain were superior nations and China an inferior nation. If the Japanese were strong enough to knock the lords of creation so cavalierly, how could China not collapse? Yet China did not collapse, and as a matter of fact it needed no mysterious inside knowledge to explain why China did not collapse.

The Chinese were terribly disappointed by the first setbacks to their new allies; but they never for a moment doubted that these allies would recover. The major element of uncertainty in hanging on through several years of stalemate war had now settled in China's favor: China had allies. The time it might take for these allies to recover from their defeat and take the offensive was only a minor uncertainty. Not even the most conscienceless traitor would now sell out to Japan, because there is no point in selling out to a certain loser. And the fact that the Chinese did not collapse raised their prestige once more.

2

THE more recent decline in Chinese prestige is related to a change in the character of the war in the

Chinese theater, not to be confused with any supposed doubts about who is going to win the war. No Chinese have any such doubts. In fact, it is the certainty of Allied victory that has changed the character of the war in China, because it has changed both the relations between China and other countries and the scope of political maneuver within China.

Before Pearl Harbor, China was trying to get as many supplies as possible from countries which were free to make their own choice between avoiding war with Japan and risking war with Japan. China's bargaining position could be phrased somewhat as follows: We are going to keep on fighting. We are not going to negotiate any halfway peace with Japan. You must deal with that determination of ours. Perhaps your trade with Japan in war materials is very profitable. Perhaps you do not want to risk war with Japan. Even so, you want to preserve your own bargaining position against Japan. You know that if the Japanese win an overwhelming victory they will never bargain with you about the balance of power in East Asia — they will just lay down the law. Therefore you dare not let your booming trade with Japan lead to an overwhelming victory. To protect your own interests, you must also let us have at least enough to keep on holding out.

Russia must be excepted from this description of China's bargaining position. The Chinese knew that the slightest advantage won by Japan increased the danger to Russia. Therefore the Russians would give the Japanese as little as they possibly could and the Chinese as much as they possibly could, and would take the risk of being attacked by Japan, though they would not take the risk of attacking Japan themselves.

After Pearl Harbor, China's bargaining position with regard to America and Britain — especially America — was completely different. It could now be phrased somewhat as follows: You are now the ones who want help against Japan. You need a continental base to supplement your naval offensive. You need as much Chinese military activity as possible in order to commit Japanese land forces and material. If you want us to go over to the offensive, you must give us artillery and you must either build up the Chinese Air Force or increase the number of your own planes in China, or both. It is true that the Burma Road has been lost, but that was not our fault. It is up to you either to substitute a "Burma Road of the air" or to recover the old Burma Road, or both.

With regard to Russia there was also a change. From the moment of the German attack, the Rus-

sians had both to avoid a two-front war and to strengthen their position in the event that Japan should attack them. If it was to their interest not to provoke Japan, it was also to their interest not to weaken China. The acute state of emergency, however, only lasted until Pearl Harbor. From then on, the Russians were relatively safe.

These changes in China's bargaining position have inevitably raised within China itself the question of a choice between two fundamentally different strategic concepts, which may be called the side-lines concept and the front-line concept. According to the sidelines concept, China should virtually "sit out" the rest of the war. Japan is going to be defeated anyhow. China cannot undertake regular offensives without artillery and tanks, which Chinese factories cannot make and China's allies have not yet provided. To improvise an offensive by extending the area of guerrilla warfare and stepping up its intensity would demand too much additional sacrifice from a people which has already made much greater sacrifices than its allies and which is still containing more Japanese ground troops than America and Britain are engaging. True, a war fought only in this passive way will leave China a beneficiary of the final victory, with a voice not fully equal to those of America, Britain, and perhaps Russia in discussing the terms of peace in the Pacific; but power politics will go on after the war, as they did before, and China will have a strong bargaining position because of the need of a strong continental power in Asia to balance the otherwise unduly strong position of Russia.

The front-line concept, on the other hand, maintains that this is the time for China to exert superhuman efforts to make her own share of the common victory as big as possible by helping to defeat Japan as quickly as possible. Otherwise China will miss the full reward for her long fight for independence. China dare not be satisfied with merely a legal status of equality. She desperately needs to make herself a free agent in fact. Short of this, reliance on the rivalries of other countries is a delusion; China would still be economically and politically the pawn of others. Therefore, even if a regular offensive is impossible, an improvised "people's war" must be fought; and if this involves far-reaching political concessions to the peasants, then the concessions must be made.

These two strategic concepts have political consequences which account for the recent heightening of political tension in China, and which link up with the changing composition of the Kuomintang-landlord right wing in China and the Communist-democratic-United Front left wing. The balance between these two wings creates a crisis for Chiang

Kai-shek himself. Can he halt the trend of the Kuomintang toward domination by the landlords? Or can he once more make the Kuomintang a coalition, by reviving and strengthening the other groups which were once powerful in it?

To evaluate the crisis, and the American interest in it, we must consider the terms in which the crisis is now being presented in China. By far the most powerful presentation of the position of the Kuomintang and the legally constituted government in China is the one which argues that normal political negotiations are impossible with a party, like the Communist Party, which maintains an independent armed force and is prepared to resort to civil war if its political terms are not accepted. The Communists, according to this view, should first submit their armies to government control — which would of course imply the right of the government to break up or redistribute the Communist units. Only then could democratic measures be safely discussed in a normal way, as in the established democracies.

3

UNTIL recently, the Communists' statements of their own views were subject to heavy discount as propaganda. There were responsible Communist representatives in Chungking; but their assertions could not be checked against public knowledge of conditions in the Communist-controlled area, because that area was tightly blockaded by government troops. A few Americans and Europeans, men who were undoubtedly free of pro-Communist bias, had escaped from Japanese-controlled territory through Communist-controlled territory, but their reports, favorable to the Communists, fell somewhat short of providing *both* information about Communist-controlled territory *and* a comparison of that information with authentic information about Kuomintang-controlled territory.

Recently, however, there has been a considerable volume of reports from foreign newspapermen, already thoroughly acquainted with Kuomintang China, who have been allowed to visit Yenan and have traveled through considerable stretches of Communist-controlled territory. Their reports give us the following data for a comparison: —

1. The Communists hold control, or exercise the dominant influence, in a territory inhabited by more than 80 million people, partly in Free China and partly behind the Japanese lines. (The Free China territory administered by the National Government contains a population of about 200 million, while another 170 million or so are under Japanese control.)

2. The Communists have survived, and have even expanded the territory they control, not because they subdue the people by armed force, but because the people support them.

3. Basic economic conditions as to food and clothing are better in Communist-controlled China than in Kuomintang-controlled China.

4. The incidence of conscription and taxation is more equally distributed in Communist-controlled territory than in Kuomintang-controlled territory.

5. Many progressive, educated middle-class Chinese have somehow got through the blockade into Communist territory, but not many have fled from that territory.

6. The political structure under the Communists is more nearly democratic than it is under the Kuomintang. It is a fact that governing committees and representative committees are elected, and that the Communists limit themselves to one third of the representation; whereas in Kuomintang-controlled territory it is increasingly difficult to hold a public position without joining the Kuomintang and accepting its discipline.

Pending the development of a larger body of knowledge about the Communist area, we can draw certain tentative conclusions: —

1. The Communists have done well enough in the territory they control to stand comparison with the Kuomintang.

2. There is a case for negotiating a political compromise with the Communists before pressing the question of military control.

3. Once there is uniformity of political rights throughout China, under a government elected by the people, that government should enforce unity of military command and uniform conditions of military service.

4. The present tendency in America to believe that Chiang Kai-shek is “losing control” is not warranted. Political compromise would make necessary a coalition government. The Communists are not strong enough to nominate a candidate of their own as President of the Republic of China, and therefore Chiang Kai-shek would be nominated by all parties, which would confirm him in the position which he now holds by appointment of the Kuomintang.

It should be added that current American public opinion and expert opinion greatly underrate China's ability to make a comeback and to influence the winning of the war. Thus Hanson W. Baldwin has recently gone to the extreme of saying that China “is in no sense unified” and “is not now and will not soon become under Chiang or any other leader a unified nation capable of unified effort on a scale

necessary to play much part in a great offensive against Japan.”¹

This is nonsense. Even on the relatively small scale of the Philippines it has already been demonstrated that it makes a world of difference in fighting the Japanese if the population turns against them. China's guerrillas, as well as China's regular troops, even without great increase in equipment, can enormously increase the number of casualties inflicted on the Japanese and can even recover territory from them if political morale is restored. The fact that political morale can be restored in China should never be left out of military calculations. The overwhelming majority of the people, including those who do not belong to political parties, want to recover the sense of unity and invincibility which they had in 1926 and again in 1937, which so much astonished the experts and the world.

The necessary political agreements are easier to reach now than they were in 1925 and 1936. The recent Cabinet changes are a cautious approach to main decisions not yet made. The most important appointment is that of General Chen Cheng, the new Minister of War, who represents the generals and armies closest to the tradition of national unity dating from 1926.

4

CHINA of course is not the only country whose prestige has undergone changes during the war. Equally important for Asia as a whole and for the balance of influences between Asia and the Western world are changes in the prestige of the imperial powers holding colonial possessions in Asia. Britain may be taken as the representative of all these powers. France is a case apart, because the restoration of a French government in France itself involves a regrouping of political and social forces which may have novel results in colonial policy.

The Dutch Empire is essentially a satellite empire. It could not exist without the British Empire, and developments within it after the war will move parallel to developments within the British Empire, whether the movement be toward emancipation or toward an attempted permanent stabilization of the institution of empire.

If the Dutch Empire is a satellite, the Portuguese Empire, with its main holdings in Africa and only decaying sentry-boxes in Asia and the Pacific, like Macao and Timor, is a mere shadow. The Portuguese, even more lackadaisical and corrupt in their colonies than under their fascist government at home, have very little indirect influence with which

¹ *New York Times*, Nov. 5, 1944.

to work. The Dutch, however, have developed important economic resources in their empire. Powerful financial and industrial groups in America, as well as in Britain, have invested in these resources, and working through them the Dutch can maintain a nominal Dutch colonial policy which is actually in large part the foreign policy of exported American and British capital.

During the Munich period, Britain suffered an even greater loss of prestige in Asia than in Europe. It is important to recall that Munich was only the climax of a period of appeasement stretching back behind the Chamberlain administration into the Baldwin administration. During this period one of Hitler's most skillful maneuvers was to skirmish around the fringes of colonial questions without ever coming to grips with them. By so doing he induced the British to reveal that tension in Europe was only part of a complex and slowly mounting crisis that extended also throughout the colonial world and into Asia. Influential British quarters were maneuvered into giving broad hints of their willingness to re-establish Germany as a colonial empire, while Hitler tantalizingly evaded coming to terms with them.

A number of schemes were aired in this period. There was talk of the restitution of old German colonies. There was even talk of compensating Hitler with other people's colonies, like Portuguese territory in Africa, in order to avoid handing back territory which the British and French had acquired as mandates under the Versailles settlement. While these offers were not official, they did not need to be official to create in Asia the impression that "peace in our time" could be translated into Asiatic and colonial languages as "empire in our time."

It appeared that the Conservative Party, with only incoherent opposition from the Labour Party, was permeated with a defeatism definite enough to be called a policy: it no longer believed that it could hold the Empire against all comers; it clung desperately to the institution of empire; there was no part of the colonial empire which it was willing to emancipate, but in order to preserve the institution of empire it was willing to allow others to build up competitive empires, and even to surrender to them, in the colonial status, bits of territory and consignments of human beings which it was unwilling to emancipate from the colonial status.

The resultant decline of British and Dutch prestige was of the corroding kind that works under the surface when subject peoples no longer fear the strength of their masters, but still fear the local violence of the servants of their masters, the armed police and the colonial garrisons. The inner decline

of prestige was revealed externally when Japan struck. Obtuse believers in the old myth that backward colonial peoples do not understand what politics is all about should look beyond the fact that colonial possessions were lost to the Japanese, and study the way in which they were lost. I do not see how it can be doubted that the colonial peoples proved their aptitude for political arithmetic in adding up the score. The score was not exactly correct, because not all the facts were known to them; but within the limits of their knowledge they computed very shrewdly.

According to the evidence before them, the war in Asia, except in China and the Philippines, did not have enough to do with the difference between freedom and subjection to make it worth their while to participate. According to the evidence at their disposal, the war was between their old masters and would-be new masters. The new masters, if they won, might turn out to be worse than the old masters; but was that a difference worth dying for?

In such a situation, if the old masters are confident and strong, there will always be some of the colonial subjects who will fight for them, because rewards from strong masters are tangible, while future independence, if the masters are strong, is only a distant hope. In this case the invaders appeared to be the stronger; consequently it was to them that the hasty levies of adventurers rallied. On the British and Dutch side there was enough of the habit of discipline among the mercenary colonial troops to make most of them enter battle; but nowhere was there the ardor of patriotism, the inspiration of a cause, or the passion of a "people's war."

Since then British prestige has somewhat revived, with Dutch prestige flitting after it like a thin shadow. The recuperation, however, is only in military prestige, and may therefore be described as partly a token of respect to the British and Dutch as people who have powerful allies. Politically, neither the British nor the Dutch can ever hope to restore a colonial "loyalty" which never really existed. This alone means that even if the colonial structure is outwardly restored after the war, it can never expect to have inner security.

The way in which the colonial possessions were lost — including the virtual loss of Indo-China by France, before Pearl Harbor — differed from the way in which the Philippines were lost in one all-important respect. It established in the colonial possessions themselves, and throughout the rest of Asia, the conviction that the imperial powers would surrender possession of their colonies to an aggressor strong enough to take them, but would not surrender freedom to the colonial peoples and ask

them to fight for it. We may be sure that colonial peoples have drawn the inference, which we must reckon with in Asia after the war, that where freedom is not planned for, as it is planned for in the Philippines, the unfree peoples have no hope but to take freedom for themselves.

5

ONE way of rating the prestige of any country is to compare what it does with what it says. With Russia, more than with any other country, what is done counts relatively more and what is said relatively less. What Russia says, more than what any other country says, is subject to distortion. Some believe that everything Russia says is the exact opposite of what she means; others are oversubtle in their interpretation of what Russia "really" means; and still others accept everything that Russia says about Russian concerns as the only true gospel for other countries in their own concerns. Because of these distortions Russian prestige is relatively hazy at the end of any period in which Russian action has been confined to domestic affairs, and relatively clear in any period when Russia is acting in direct contact with other countries.

In Asia, Russia has changed in repute from being a land of instability to being a land of stability. All through the early years of the U.S.S.R., and through the bitter social conflicts associated with the Five-Year Plans, industrialization, and collectivization, refugees from the Asiatic fringes of Russia fled into China's Northeast Provinces and into Sinkiang, Afghanistan, and Iran. As industrialization passed from experiment and many local mistakes and failures to general and increasing success and prosperity, Russia began to acquire a reputation for stability, reinforced later by her firm handling of Japan, and especially by her decisive repulse of Japanese incursions against her frontiers.

Americans themselves know less than anyone else how disastrously American prestige in Asia fell during the 1930's. American prestige fell because people in Asia understood better than people in America that the American method of "keeping out of war" was building up the strength of Japan and endangering the interests of America. A discount must of course be applied to the wishful thinking of many in China and elsewhere who knew that America had the power to save them, and hoped that

somehow America could be persuaded to save them; but even when this discount has been made, the fact remains that the trend of events was better understood in Asia than in America, and that American prestige fell accordingly.

On the other hand America's Philippine record and policy saved American motives from being criticized as those of Britain were. People in Asia were realistic enough not to disregard the fact that tariff questions and the lobbying of special interests had an influence on America's Philippine policy; but they were also realistic enough not to lose sight of the fact that America was the only great power with a potentially rich colonial empire in which special interests were not aligned in support of the retention of empire.

It was because of our Philippine policy, and the joint defense — not colonial defense — in which Americans and Filipinos fought side by side, that America did not suffer the loss of political prestige that Britain and Holland suffered, though Pearl Harbor was as hard a blow to our military prestige as the fall of Singapore was to that of the British. Our military prestige has long ago recovered; our political prestige — and this ought to be a matter of much more serious concern to all Americans than it is — is undergoing a sharper scrutiny than ever before.

Our political prestige and our political motives are under scrutiny because they are involved with the prestige and the motives of our allies. It is perhaps possible that after the war in Europe has been won, Britain will have enough strength to spare to recover her still occupied Asiatic possessions and those of the Dutch without our aid, leaving us to attack Japan in her home waters. The war is not being fought that way, however. It is a coalition war, and because it is fought as a coalition war, the overwhelming majority of people in Asia will believe that we are largely, perhaps primarily, responsible for the restoration of the British and Dutch Empires east of India, and of French rule over Indo-China, if it is restored. Our prestige is now linked just as closely with the prestige of others as our policies interact with the policies of others.

There is, however, a missing link in our policy. To restore this link, and to make our policy conform with our involvement in terms of prestige and politics, we should show sympathy and support for democratic concessions in the colonial areas equivalent to the democratic and progressive measures we advocate in China.



OLD BILL BENT TO DRINK

by BEN HUR LAMPMAN

OF A nice morning, forty year ago or such a matter, Old Bill Smith taken a notion for to get him a deer, because Marthy was down to the bottom of the salt pork bar'l. He had a brass-breeched Winchester, like you don't see no more, and he run the rag through her till the bore shone like silver. Marthy she fixed him a johnnycake snack with fried sowbelly and he tucked it away into his pocket. His boots was all tallered and soft as a glove. But he taken time, before he lit out, for to tell Marthy, with her hands in the dishpan, that she might as well give up the notion of a mail-order hat she picked out in the catalogue, even if she had saved the egg money.

"A woman of your years!" he says to Marthy, poor soul. It was God's truth as he seen it. His old woman, she never spoke back to him; she just stooped a little nearer her dishwater. Then Old Bill, a-tamping his pipe, he turns to Young Bill, and he says, "There's them tools for to sharpen, and no sneaking away to the haymow with ary book. Your ma'll turn the stone."

He let one of them old sulphur matches burn red, and he taken two-three puffs at his pipe. Little Marthy, a-wiping the dishes, she knowed her turn was next. Did ever you hear tell of Jim Sinclair, who got rich raising sheep? The sheep king? That's the feller! Little Marthy married him that same fall, though he wasn't no account then. Old Bill he says to Little Marthy, "As for you, mind you, no lally-gaggin' down by the gate with that Jim Sinclair whilst I get us some deer meat!"

Like her ma, Little Marthy hadn't no spunk at all — but there was mighty few had spunk when Old Bill was a-straightening things out for them. Yet a man ought for to be fair to him; it was only according to his lights. He hated books because they was made up of lies, way he looked at it; and he hadn't no manner of use for Jim Sinclair because Jim a'ready was a-talking sheep, and Old Bill hated sheep like his pappy before him. Then Old Bill, with his pipe a-drawing good, he lit out for his deer, and he felt like a man does when he seen his plain duty and done it.

He went by way of Purvis's, aiming for to take to the woods farther along, and everywheres beside the trail there was white lamb-tongues blooming to beat all, and those fuzzy, funny little flowers called cat's-ears. Old Bill, he never noticed them, for flowers was sheer foolishness. The south fork was music in the stillness, over and over, but he paid no heed to it. Music was a sort of a sound, and sound wasn't more than just sound. But when a blue grouse, a hooter, flushed at his feet, and went a-roaring away, his eyes follered it, whilst he hoped it would perch, so's he could shoot its head off. For grouse was meat — it was something a man could sock his teeth into — and meat was truth.

Only one thing troubled him whilst he walked the trail, and that was Little Marthy's sad face. She favored her ma, when her ma was young, and her ma was the pick of them all. There was a soft spot in Old Bill's heart for Little Marthy — but he wouldn't admit it. "Pretty!" he says to himself. "Is women ever pretty?"

At Purvis's place, on account of it being the post

Storyteller of the Northwest, BEN HUR LAMPMAN has found in his "Old Bill" an altogether worthy nephew of Paul Bunyan.

office and mail day, some of the neighbors was a-pitching horseshoes. Oh, there was — let me see — there was the two McSwains, and Billy LaFromboise and Pap Purvis, and that there young Jim Sinclair. A man could hear the cranes a-going north across the blue far sky. A cock quail was a-calling in the bresh, "Sit-right-there!" And Billy LaFromboise, he made a ringer, and that surely sounded like music, too. But when they seen Bill, them neighbors of his'n they acted like they had been caught a-robbing a hen roost.

"Good morning, Bill!" they says. Old Bill he just grunted and give them a gruff look, and he looked p'intedly at the ringer snug to the peg. As a matter of fact, that ringer didn't amount to nothing, come right down to it — but it wasn't neighborly for to look at it like he done. The way he looked at it sort of reminded them that they had chores for to do, and when Old Bill was gone the game broke itself up pretty soon. He knowed well enough what he'd done — he had give them the truth, as he seen it — and it was a great comfort to him. Old Bill he turned off the trail.

2

DEER sign seemed skearcer than was common, for in them days the Umpquas was all deer pasture, foothill to summit, and though there's a many the deer in them hills to this day, it ain't nothing like then. Old Bill hunted farther and farther from the home place. He went deeper and deeper into them woods; he clumb and he clumb; he went down into Two Finger Canyon, beyond Baldy, and out again, on account of he was as tough as whang-leather.

After a bit, without him seeing as much as a track, Old Bill come to a country he couldn't recollect ever having clapped eyes on, though he knowed well enough he had hunted all the deer country there was for miles around. It surely was a problem. He stopped and he studied the lay of the land, for to figger out the directions. He was high up in the snowbresh, with a hen hawk sailing over, and the timber was below him, like a dark, watching shadder, with gold dust sprinkled onto it.

The trees where he was, they was little and crooked — they looked like they had been tormented — they leant every which way. He knowed well enough it was the snow and the wind that had done that to them — yet, by Godfrey, them trees they give him a queer feeling. On top of the world like that, he soon seen where he was; all the landmarks was plain — and he seen that he'd found where the deer had been using. There was fresh sign everywheres, and directly at his feet was a fresh

bed. Old Bill put his hand down for to feel, and the bed wasn't cold yet.

When he straightened up, it taken him by surprise, for dang him if he wasn't a-looking directly into the eyes of a big white buck. White as a petticoat! Yes, sir, one of them white ones like you hear tell of but never see, and its eyes was as red as the stones in Marthy's Sunday brooch, and it had six p'int. That white buck was as stainless as Baldy in winter; nary spot nor blemish on him. A man calculates that Old Bill Smith had killed him maybe a thousand deer, in his time, but he never got a crack at a white one before.

The idea may have throwed him off his aim, he never did rightly know, for it was the chance of a lifetime — but the fact is that at twenty paces he missed. There was a beller of black powder, and the white buck was into the snowbresh. He knowed he had missed. He couldn't understand it, but he knowed he had missed clean. Then he seen the white buck again, and he fired once more. A clean miss for the second time! The echoes was a-rolling from Baldy, and Old Bill never felt so foolish in all his born life — for he generally shot as straight as he talked. They wouldn't let him take part in ary turkey shoot.

When a man misses a good shot, it's the same thing as lying — that was the way he figgered it. He taken a close look at the sights — and they was all right. He throwed out a shell and he looked down the bar'l, and the bar'l was smudged some, of course, but wasn't nothing wrong with it. It come to him then that he might be a-getting old, but he put it out of his mind and went to trailing the white buck. He knowed just about where it would be likely to stop. He wasn't in no manner of hurry — he knowed the ways of the deer — but the going was rough, and it was nigh noon and getting mighty hot on that mountainside.

With the heat and everything, Old Bill was so thirsty he couldn't of spit; he couldn't remember ever having been as dry as he was. He was so dry that he'd of swapped the white buck for one swig of hill water. And just when he knowed he couldn't stand it no longer he seen some green fern in a gully, and a bush of wild lilac, and he heerd water. He heerd water, and then, by Godfrey, he was on his knees alongside of it. The spring was cupped in a sort of bowl of black rock, and it run no more than enough for to trickle away and be lost. It smelled funny, that water did, clear as it was — it smelled sort of like yarbs. But water was water, and there wasn't no hill water anywheres but was more than fitten for anyone. Old Bill bent to drink.

The water was cold and wholesome, and he drank

fit to bust, but when he got to his feet again, Bald Mountain it reeled and it quivered, seemed like, and Old Bill was dizzy as though he'd been a-sampling a still. And dang him if he wasn't happy enough for to sing. Seemed like that spring water run through his veins like quicksilver. He wanted for to shout "Hallelujah!" But this only lasted a moment, and Baldy come to rest again. He taken it to be a tetch of the sun, what with the cold water, too.

But still things wasn't just right. The country seemed stranger than ever, and the rocks was like faces. In a scrub tree nigh to him a bird was a-singing, and a-watching him whilst it sang. There was dance tunes in it, and scraps of Methodist hymns, and organs, and flutes and fiddles. There was grief in the song, but still and all it was glad, and Old Bill he p'intedly knowed that the bird was a-singing for him. That there was the first singing bird he had listened to since ever he was a one-gallused boy. It seemed for to bust into flame, when the sun hit it, like fat pine, and it flew away a-shining. He shaken his head and took up the trail of the white buck.

And he come to that deer about where he figgered to, at the foot of the moss-painted cliff a man can see from Purvis's place. There the white buck was halted, looking over its fat rump at him, and either side of that deer was a corncob mushroom as tall as the buck himself. Them mushrooms by rights is about as long as your trigger finger. But he hadn't no time for them then and he aimed the Winchester for a heart-shot. This time he just couldn't miss, he knowed it well — but it sort of spoiled the dance tunes in his head. Old Bill held steady as a rock and he eased off the trigger. Pent in betwixt the woods and the cliff she made a noise like a cannon. He ducked his head for to look past the smoke.

But danged if the bullet had reached the white buck — he could see it as plain. It was still a-traveling, and slower and slower, and when it was at the buck's shoulder it hung there without tetching the deer, and dropped to the needles. Was it a defective ca'tridge? Old Bill never rightly figgered it out. He was so mortally astonished that he plumb forgot for to lever in another ca'tridge, and whilst he was a-standing there, the white buck tossed its antlers and leapt. It leapt straight up the painted rock, as high as ary medium fir, easy as a flipped peanut, and it never tetched hoof till it lit on the top! Old Bill seen the white rump of it, with the tail a-wagging at him, and then it was gone.

He taken a few steps to them two mushrooms and he picked up the bullet. It surely puzzled a man. It was a problem. If that there ca'tridge was de-

fective, as might be, still how was he a-going for to account for the jump? He shaken his head and went on, without meat. The dance tunes was a-playing for him yet — and mortal eye ain't seen that white buck since.

3

OLD BILL headed for Whiskey Creek, but when he reached her the water was up a mite, and he spent a little while looking for a good place for to cross. And whilst he was a-squandering around, something that looked like a mouse came a-nosing out of the willers, and jumped spang into a sunny, clear puddle of backwater. A dozen or so young trout was in there, mere minners, and the mouse taken after them like an otter after a salmon. It dove and it swum, whilst the poor little trout tried their dangest for to get away, but finally it caught up with one, and it clumb out on a rock with the trout in its mouth, right at his boots. He moved a hand towards it but the critter slipped into the willers.

Of all them things that happened that day, seemed like this was just about the beatingest. He didn't believe nobody ever would credit it — but he fair hankered for to tell about the white buck and the fishing mouse. Howsomever, it was p'intedly a matter of indifference to Old Bill, that always had set such store by his reppytation, whether folks believed him or didn't.

When he come to the old trail of the Lucky Card cinnabar mine he found it just about growed over, but it was better'n no trail at all, and he was in a hurry for to get home. If he hadn't taken that trail he never would of met up with Charley Joe's squaw. But there she was a-standing with her back to him, where the trail widened a bit, and she had on a red calico waist and a skirt made out of flour sacking. Mrs. Charley Joe's backside was about an axe-handle across, and the flour sacking was stretched so tight that Old Bill could read the big letters plain — "Pride of the Valley."

Yesterday he never would of paid attention to that, but something surely had happened to him, and he split his whiskers for to grin. Mrs. Charley Joe didn't hear him a-coming. She was a-staring at a patch of sky through the sugar pines, and he knowed what she was a-watching for, because he could hear geese. The geese they got louder and louder and then the V of them, maybe fifty honkers, passed northward across that patch of open fair sky. And whilst they was a-crossing, Mrs. Charley Joe held out her arms to them, and she says, "O wild geese, take me with you!" She put her face in her arms and she bust out a-crying.

Indians had always been Indians to Old Bill, and because that was the way it had been he couldn't understand why he was a-feeling sorry for Mrs. Charley Joe. He'd run that squaw out of his huckleberries many the time. And when she lifted her wet eyes and seen who it was, of course she turned for to run again — but something in Old Bill's face it stopped her, something that come right through the whiskers. Fact of the matter was, he was a-thinking some of chucking Mrs. Charley Joe under the chin for to comfort her — but way he told the story, he always *declared* that he didn't. However that may have been, he got her for to tell him her troubles — in Indian, and jargon, and white talk. A mile or so away, she says, Charley Joe was in camp with a busted leg, and with him was a lot of relations — old folks and kids — who looked to Charley Joe as their natural pervider. All them Indians was on a starvation diet, with nobody for to hunt for them.

"You come along with me, Mrs. Charley Joe," Old Bill tells her, "and we'll soon get you a deer."

So Mrs. Charley Joe she pigeon-toed along behind him, a-figgering that her troubles was over, and never guessing that already he wished he had his promise back. Fact was, he was afeared he couldn't redeem it, the way he'd been a-shooting and everything. But he went to hunting for all he was worth, a-going slow and a-going careful, because that time he calculated for to make a spoon or spoil a horn.

Mrs. Charley Joe follered him like his shadder, and it was her who seen the deer first, with them Indian eyes of her'n. She whispered to Old Bill, "Mow-itch!" and he stiffened. They was in a little draw and at the head of it was twin rocks, set like the rear sight of a rifle — and the buck he was between them rocks. Old Bill drew a careful bead on it, and the Winchester belched again. That there surely was Mrs. Charley Joe's deer!

But when the smoke thinned, danged if the deer was down and kicking like it should of been. It stood there just like before, and Old Bill drew a second bead. He pulled trigger again. And when the smoke blowed away for a second time the buck was a-standing there yet. Old Bill was fitten to tie, and he wanted for to throw down his hat and jump on it — but he cut loose a third time. Six times the Winchester bellered, and last time he was a-shaking like he had the buck agger, before the deer was down in the notch of them rocks.

Well, the two of them run up to it, with Mrs. Charley Joe a-drawing her skinning knife, and she got there first. But before ever she slashed at its throat, she turned towards Old Bill and she give him a look that was mighty nigh worship. He seen

what she seen, though he couldn't believe it, and the two of them stood there a-staring at one another. Behind the right-hand rock was five fat bucks, all in a heap, and the sixth one laid where it fell in the notch. You can see how it was — he hadn't missed ary heart-shot! The first five bucks jumped ahead for to die, whilst the sixth one fell exactly where he plugged it.

He wouldn't take none of the meat — he just waved his hand at it, and grinned at Mrs. Charley Joe and stepped out for home again, a-figgering to hunt some more as he went. But when he looked in his pockets he found that he had fired his last ca'tridge. The bird tunes like fiddles and flutes was still in his head, and somehow being fresh out of ca'tridges didn't make no difference to him, though he wondered why not. And whilst he was a-walking and a-wondering, somebody called to him.

"Oh, Bill!" — just like that. He always said he knowed it happened like he told it, because there was one of them big woodpeckers, with the red top-knot, left off hammering a snag for to hearken. And here come the feller. He come a-running without ary sound, for he wore moccasins — and Old Bill never had set eyes on him before. The stranger was dressed in buckskin, with a fringed hunting shirt, and a coonskin cap with the tail a-flopping, and he carried a long flintlock rifle like Old Bill's own grandpappy used for to set such store by. A young lad of about thirty, or such a matter, and an inch or so under six foot. Powerful built. Long nose and blue eyes, and well-weathered. He had a hunting knife at his hip and a hatchet stuck into his belt. Old Bill seen all this at a glance, and them two fell into step. He couldn't puzzle it out, but he knowed a woodsman when he seen one, and seemed natural for to talk with that stranger about the woods and the hunting. They got along fine.

4

AFTER a bit Old Bill says to the stranger, polite as a basket of chips, he says: "Stranger, you got the advantage of me. Dang me if I can place you. But I guess we met somewheres," Old Bill says. "Where you been hunting, mostly? And what?"

"Kaintucky," the stranger tells him. "And b'ar, and deer, and elk, and buffler, and turkey."

A thunderhead was a-shaping over Baldy, and Old Bill he taken a squint at it for to gain time. He knowed there hadn't been a buffalo killed in Kentucky since he was born, and longer than that. And Kentucky was a far ways. His ma's folks they come from there. The buffalo was even long gone from the

plains, where he seen them when he was a shirt-tailed boy. If he had met up with the stranger yesterday, and the stranger had told him about a-hunting buffalo in Kentucky, Old Bill would of called him a liar to his face and backed it up toe to toe. But Old Bill was a lot different since he had taken a long, sweet drink at that spring.

"Buffler?" says Old Bill.

"Buffler to burn," the stranger tells him.

The thunderhead was a-thickening and a-boiling over Baldy, and the firs and cedars and sugar pines was beginning for to sigh and to sing.

"And Injuns," the stranger says. "Shawnees and Chickasaws; Cherokees, too. In Kaintucky, 'fore folks come a-surgin in. Bill, you shorely missed it!"

Now Old Bill he knowed, as his ma's son, that the buffalo and them three tribes wasn't in Kentucky no longer, nor for a considerable spell, and that the stranger was a-talking nonsense. But still and all it didn't sound like nonsense, and Old Bill he taken to the stranger like they was brothers. And in the back of his mind there was something a-stirring and a-whispering that a man couldn't admit to himself. Old Bill always claimed that he suspicioned who the stranger was, on account of what his own ma had told him.

"What might your name be, stranger?" says Old Bill. The big thunderhead over Baldy was a-rolling up from its center, and the edges washed like with dust from the Umpqua placer bars.

"Boone!"

There was a white fork of lightning over Baldy, a rumbling and crash of thunder from the black cloud — and Old Bill was soul-alone on the trail. He couldn't see hide nor hair of the stranger anywheres.

Well, sir, the rain went to westward and the woods was bright again with the sun. He knowed it wasn't no manner of use, he knowed it wasn't the thunder he'd heerd, — he knowed what it was, — but he stood there in the manzanita, it a-smelling like honey, and he called.

"Hey!" Old Bill calls. And "O-o-o-o-h-o-o-o!"

There wasn't no answer, and he didn't expect none — but all the same, he was flummoxed. He taken a look over one shoulder, now and again, as he stepped it off down the trail, though he wasn't afeared, and he felt uncommon supple and fit. You wouldn't of knowed it was a-threatening for to storm a few minutes before, for the far top of Baldy was bright as a cavalry button. Folks would think he was a liar, when he told them — but strangest thing was, he knowed he wouldn't mind it at all. The violins and flutes they was still in his head, a-playing the old square dances over and over.

That was how things was with Old Bill when he had a feeling somehow that he was a-being follered — and him with nary a ca'tridge. There wasn't ary creature nor man that Old Bill was afeared of, so after a bit he turned square around — and, dang him, if there wasn't a nine-foot cougar, a she one, he suspicioned, flowing towards him like silk whilst she sniffed at his boot tracks! He knowed cougars — he'd shot many a one — and he jedged her to be as big and beautiful as sin. Like I say, Old Bill wasn't afeared, but there he was without ary ca'tridge, and he reckoned it might be no more'n hoss-sense for him to make himself skeerce around there.

"If its tracks you want," he says to the cougar, "I'll just step you off a few!"

He lit out long-legged at first, limber and easy, and still not a mite afeared, but when he taken a look over his shoulder he settled down for to run like a towhead — because she was a-losing along behind him almost at his heels. But the look on that she-cougar's face had him puzzled. It was surely a problem. She didn't look mad, nor fierce, not a bit, and, praise the Lord, she didn't look a mite hungry. She looked like a tabby that hankered for to play. She looked like a girl Old Bill remembered a far piece back, when he went to barn dances.

And a-thinking of how she p'intedly favored that girl, Old Bill he legged it so as skeercely to tetch the trail. It felt almost like he was a-flying. Could Old Bill have outrun that she-cougar after he'd settled down for to make it a race? He never rightly knowed — for he went head over heels, backside over brisket, in the prettiest cartwheel ever you seen. A vine, maybe, or a root in the trail. But he come to his feet with a whoop, and he had his knife out and the big blade opened. He looked for her for to jump him all spraddled out, and he aimed for to make a fight of it.

A man never can rightly figger a cougar. They'll do the dad-blamedest things. And that cougar, that nine-foot she one, she put on the brakes when Old Bill cartwheeled, and as he come to his feet she was a-sitting there looking at him, and more than ever she looked like the girl Old Bill recollected. She slitted them turrible eyes of her'n and beamed on him. She cocked her head on one side, just like that girl used for to do when she felt kittenish, and reached out her paw — she'd broken the neck of many a deer with it — to cuff at his hat in the trail. Then she looked at Old Bill, whilst she was a-smiling like a tabby, and them big claws of her'n tickled the hat again, and the tip of her tail quivered a bit, and she started in for to purr.

She purred something turrible, and still a-purring she began a-cuffing his hat around and a-tossing it

up into the air, and taking a swipe at it as it come down. Old Bill, he seemed for to have growed fast to the trail. He couldn't stir a foot and he couldn't wiggle ary finger for watching her didoes. And stir he didn't, till she give him that barn dance look again — it was Amelia, all over — and with his hat in her mouth went a-losing into the timber. It beat all, her taking his hat — yes, and welcome. But the beatingest thing of all was, why did that she-cougar look like Amelia? It was surely a problem.

5

OLD BILL, he given a whole lot of thought to this, and the rest of it, whilst he traipsed along home, with the fiddles not so loud now, but a-playing soft and low, like as though he only felt them. He seen the wildflowers by the trail and his heart was rejoiced. It was just yon side of Purvis's that he chanced upon the littlest LaFromboise, and the boy had been a-crying. Seems he had follored a baby rabbit into some wild blackberries, and he like to never got out — him being little more than a baby himself — and he was scratched up considerable.

When he seen Old Bill he began howling again, on account of Old Bill's general reppytation. But Old Bill reached out and caught him as he was a-backing off, and he drewed him to his side, and there on one knee in the trail he taken out his bandana and wiped away the tears. And danged ef he didn't manage for to get that LaFromboise infant to tell him why he had been a-weeping.

"Why, shucks!" Old Bill he says to the little LaFromboise. "Blackberries ain't nothing for to cry about! When I was a boy your size we used them blackberry vines for galluses!"

He taken the boy on his shoulder, both of them a-laughing fit to kill, and so them two come to Purvis's place together, and the same neighbors was a-playing horseshoes again. They couldn't believe their eyes, they couldn't. And when Old Bill taken a set of shoes and right off pitched him a ringer and a leaner they taken turns sidling around for to get a whiff of his breath — but all that it smelled of was Peerless pipe tobacco. It had them all beat. It surely puzzled a man. But he didn't play long. He wanted somehow for to see Marthy, and Little Marthy, and Young Bill — and Baldy was a-getting pink and gold as a wedding cake. He surely wanted for to see them — for seemed like to Old Bill that he had a lot to make up for.

When he come to his place he went over the fence like a yearling, and Marthy was a-fetching water

from the well. She turned towards him as he come, and he seen the thin stooped slope of her shoulders, and he seen her gray hair and her wrinkles, and the gray look of her that was like a child about to be cuffed — but, by Godfrey, seemed like he didn't see none of this at all! It surely seemed to Old Bill that he seen Marthy like in old days, when them two was young and there wasn't a prettier girl in the county. He taken the buckets from her hands.

"Give me them buckets, Marthy," says Old Bill Smith.

It surely must have been the spring — how is a man to figure it was anything else? But nobody never found the spring afterward, when they heerd tell about it. Even Old Bill, he never could back-trail to it. Young Sinclair, hunting hooters, shot down Old Bill's hat from the branch of a sugar pine forty foot from the ground, beyond Purvis's. It was tore some. A couple of the neighbors come by Charley Joe's camp, and he did have a broken leg, and him and Mrs. Charley Joe and all them relations had more deer meat then than they rightly knowed what for to do with. Facts is facts. And a man couldn't rightly expect all of it for to be proved.

From that day on, as folks tell it, Old Bill made it a p'int for to be almighty moderate with the truth when it was nowise necessary. There's lots of people ready for to take oath that Old Bill was an abler liar than Cap Bivens of Silver Creek — which is a-saying a lot, because Cap Bivens was a caution and he had sixty year of steady practice. He had more than a head start on Old Bill, but Old Bill was surely a credit to the Umpquas. It seems funny that, a-starting late like he done, he lied so easy and so natural. It surely seems funny unless a man considers that spring. He taken a deal of pride in his reppytation too, though he give the lost spring the credit. Until he taken sick, ten year afterwards, Old Bill's cabin was the happiest place in all them hills. A good lie has its p'int. A danged good lie is better than a mean truth anytime, a man is honestly bound for to admit. There's times it fair staggers a man — the amazing grace of a good lie. And Old Bill, he give a mighty good accounting of his gift, praise the Lord.

But time come when Old Bill was a-dying, and he taken quite a while for to cross Jordan, and his back must have hurt him dreadful. All his folks was there in the room, and all the neighbors. Marthy stooped over him like as though he was a child of her'n.

"Do you hurt anywheres, Bill?" she says.

His eyes they twinkled up at her out of the shag of his whiskers and eyebrows. "Hell, no!" whispers Old Bill Smith — and seemed like he fallen asleep.

COMMEMORATION OF FASCISM

by G. A. BORGESE

1

THERE was no celebration last October of the March on Rome — birth date, back in 1922, of Italian and world Fascism. As for the Duce, his physical deterioration was the one occasion granted him for front-page publicity in this season of destiny. Once more by chance a successful self-dramatizer, he let everybody know that in the month which saw him slip from power to prison (July, 1943) he lost fifty pounds, one third of his all. This was news.

Along with it the duodenal ulcer, the venereal record, all the carnal misery that had been an open secret in his country for decades, were bared at last to international crowds. At intervals, pictures dimmed by the radio transmission showed him: still one of the living, still incredibly waving a salute to the Führer, but nearly unrecognizable, with the skin molding the skull, with the famished looks of his youth and all youth gone, and a smile as pale as from the beyond.

The thinning of his body provided with inspiration those very writers who in his heyday had lifted him to the magnificence of Augustus. No less cheap than then, they now depicted his personal emaciation as the counterpart of his vanished empire. That Empire had extended from below the equator to across the Alps. With Africa and Sicily and Naples and Rome and Tuscany in the grip of the invader, it had shrunk to the Po valley, once his cradle and Fascism's. Such had been the march from Rome. The exits all around were ringed with fire.

Author and teacher, GIUSEPPE ANTONIO BORGESE was born in Palermo on November 12, 1882. He taught at the University of Rome and the University of Milan and was head of the Press and Propaganda Bureau under Premier Orlando in 1917-1918 and head of the Italian delegation to the Inter-Allied Conference in London of August, 1918. He opposed Fascism and refused to take the Fascist oath in 1931. In 1938 he became a naturalized American and has been Professor of Italian Literature at the University of Chicago since 1936. He is the author of *Goliath* (1937) and *Common Cause* (1943); his first contribution to the *Atlantic*, an essay entitled "Six Kings" (September, 1939), he considers basic in his interpretation of history in the making.

Infamy itself, which is glory of a sort, was withheld from him, at least in the measure he was entitled to claim. For there is no gainsaying that in the time between defeat and despair, through the long breathing spell between fall and doom, he did his best to live up to his standards. Yet the world at large would not pay attention to the uniqueness of his misdeeds. Greatness, even in evil, was refused to the Duce; a talion for the man who craved greatness at all costs all his life. Try as he might, it was the consensus that he had been nothing but a clown until the war, and a puppet thereafter.

It is the consensus that he had better wipe himself off the face of the earth, tracelessly, if feasible. For, featherweight though he is, he is still an encumbrance — or a nuisance at least. Hence the telltale mystery story of his captivity. Badoglio, too open-minded to kill him, had him arrested (in an ambulance, as befitted a sick man) on July 25, 1943, spirited off to a southern islet, removed to more distant shores across the Tyrrhenian Sea, rushed back to the mainland and perched on a peak of the Central Apennines, for an opera bouffe conspiracy of Fascists and Nazis to locate him easily there on September 12, and to forward him easily therefrom on a Nazi plane to his second wind, Duce again and chief of the Italian Fascist Republic. No such thing could have eventuated if the victors had wanted him, sealing his fate in a clause of the unconditional surrender. They did not want him. Badoglio interpreted their wish; he kept the unclaimed martyr off the path of the advancing invasion.

A British writer, Cassius, before the Duce's downfall, had his laugh in a narrative fantasia he entitled "The Trial of Mussolini" — which of course was not feasible; since Churchill, for example, who after all is the leader of the victor democracies, would be subpoenaed as a star witness in behalf of the defendant — Churchill who until September, 1938, eve of Munich, heralded loudly the Duce as the greatest

man in history, greater than Cromwell and Washington; who, even after Mussolini had stabbed France in the back and had lunged at the British Empire, still kept assuring the Italians that they had in him a "great man," the "one man, one man alone" — who had slipped, alas, into the "one mistake, one mistake alone" of attacking the British Empire.

All his crimes and murders, including the murder of his own nation, had been lavishly pardoned or extolled; and could he be convicted and punished on the score of an error if, as common sense and natural law suggest, to attack the British Empire is an error, however extra-size, rather than rigorously a crime? Hang the Kaiser? This Caesar? Apart from all other considerations, the millions would be shocked who have been taught of late he was a puppet, a scarecrow, with no existence of his own. The operation would look no less petty, while uglier, than the execution in effigy of a fictional villain.

He, on the other hand, is not merely a helpless piece in the game. As long as his brief candle lasts, he may have his say. No magic is required to divine how he must feel in the solitude and fear hedging him like the traditional tyrant in the fifth act. Less and less vocal, the Duce zigzagged from sea to ridge, from emergency capitals to shifting headquarters — until he borrowed a more permanent shelter in the mansion of a money magnate by the Lake of Garda.

The scenery of blue waters and fine mountains is haunted by the spirit of D'Annunzio, who aged and died in his schizoid hermitage on a near-by cliff. Repeatedly in his last years he wrote to Mussolini, his disciple: "Die not in thy sheets." As a matter of fact he, the poet, did die in his sheets, amply in time (1938) not to see the wreckage of the country he had loved, if not as a mother at least as a mistress. It was the disciple who was left in the lurch. Words, his own, from the years of defiance, must resound with ghastly sarcasm in his inner ear — those he tossed more than once to the "alala" of his "square legions": "If I advance, follow me; if I step back, kill me." Hardly any space is now available for retreats, let alone advances.

What — if the silence of the last pause can suggest such words — what about not dying in his sheets? Dying "memorably"? Not much in his career points to spontaneous courage; but synthetic mettle may prove hard. While tottering in the aftermath of the Matteotti murder, he said to a female interviewer: "They do not know that I am a wild boar." Death, Samson-like under more ruins, might be after all his only chance left for a "great life" as he meant it.

2

REFUGEES from Italy have been suspected of magnifying, in a kind of inverted patriotism, their local devil, this pygmy. They know.

To be sure, he would be a mystic geographer who identified the Mississippi with its ultimate headspring in the Little Elk Lake on a slight elevation in Minnesota about 2500 miles from its mouth in Louisiana. He would be the travesty of a historian who held that world Fascism and Mussolini's Fascism of the early twenties were one and the same thing.

Nevertheless there, somewhere in the Po valley, sometime between the late teens and the early twenties, was the ultimate headspring, on a slight elevation of Italian history. The headspring of Fascism was the rioting of a band of intellectual desperadoes, lunatics, and amateur arsonists, in quest of nothing but self-expression and fun. It was psychological (psychotic) in nature, thoroughly uneconomic and unpolitical, lyrical in its own fashion, unrationalizable, a *Jacquerie* of the mind, the gratuitousness of perversion. Mussolini provided them with a label and a uniform, fused their individual jerks in a gregarious push.

More robust waters ran presently into the meager black stream of the beginnings, merged it in their tempo and volume. It was on the one side the transparent greed and fear of landlords and profiteers, yearning for ultimate revenge on the Socialism (they named it Bolshevism) that had kept them trembling, and against which they hired gunmen as barons of previous ages had hired bravoos. It was on the other side Nationalism, carrying the hoary, stupid foam of a thousand-year-old complex of the Italian intellectual class: Roman primacy; resurrection of the Roman Empire.

At the confluence with Germany, ten years later, the name itself gradually paled — at least in Western usage — superseded by Nazism. Almost simultaneously, another major tributary carried the turbulences released by the world-wide financial collapse, the muddle of unemployment, the ethical and political defaults of the democratic powers. The crisis of the liberal society was interpreted by its deserters as a final catastrophe. Fascism — or Nazism — swelled to a plenary mysticism of despair with fitful nostalgias for obscurantist counter-reformations restoring man to the bliss of serfdom, or with convulsive yearnings for liberation in barbaric uprisings.

Indeed, all that we have seen and are going to see is colossally bigger than the tiny black rivulet at the

headspring of world Fascism. That rivulet is all but dried up while we write. The little black man on his "slight elevation" may well perish unsung. But Fascism rolls forth.

3

SMALL seers are overprecise in their predictions, thus exposing themselves helplessly to the irony of the unfolding facts. Observed from this angle, Mussolini appears to belong in a somewhat higher class, careful as he was to wrap his soothsayings in the ambiguities that befit a prophet. In 1932 he felt sure that within ten years all Europe would be "Fascist or fascistized." If in his final straits he still has a moment's leisure to interpret his old oracles, he might contend that he was right, "as always." He might argue that ten or twelve years after his dictum, regardless of the military events, Fascism has conquered all Europe, and the world.

There would be some truth in his claim. War, as often stated, is a struggle and an embrace alike, with contagion and cross-breeding. The process of contamination, with the anti-Fascist victors fascistized at growing speed by the losers, has been followed all through the war with growing concern by such as had expected a David to slay that Goliath.

Five main symptoms should be listed: —

First. The anti-Fascist powers have endorsed and annexed the Fascist doctrine of total destruction, especially from the air, aimed indiscriminately at the whole body of the enemy nation. That the doctrine failed to provide Fascism with victory was a lesson that did not intimidate Fascism's adversaries.

Second. As nihilist destruction was paramount in military warfare, according to the Fascist mind, so was corruption its main instrument in political warfare. Quislingism was its original name. The democracies borrowed and expanded the method to the limit. Its further denominations were Darlanism, Giraudism, Mikhailovitchism, Badogism. Others are in store. While the habitats of the surrendering or liberated nations are still aflame, the souls themselves of those nations are surrendered to ethical disintegration.

Third. Likewise, those nations are supposed, as soon as democratic victory is achieved, to surrender to bodily disintegration, or national dismemberment. Until 1918 and later it was a common assumption all over the world that the national entities were permanent and entitled, on the whole, despite defeat and loss, to self-determination. Fascism and Nazism made a clean slate of this super-

stition; they tampered freely, in imagination and deed, with maps and populations. The democracies, having thrown to the wind the paper called in its day Atlantic Charter, heeded the lesson.

Fourth. It was German Fascism, hesitantly preceded and sluggishly followed by Italian Fascism, that first confessed as a religious tenet the racial theory. Judaism was its target. Now statesmen and columnists in growing numbers are clamoring for the Nazi theory to be applied in reverse, assigning to the whole of Germanism the fate that Nazism assigned to Judaism and deciding once for all that Evil is of German parentage.

Fifth. A characteristic of Fascist and Nazi planning was, as everybody knows, absurdity. Nevertheless, there was at least a surface plausibility in the German delirium. It was theoretically conceivable that a combined victory of Germany and Japan might divide between the two main victors the old continents, with some kind of vacuum, somewhere in inner Asia, between uncompetitive greeds, while the European satellites from France to the Black Sea might rotate around the German sun, adding to its momentum rather than detracting from its supremacy.

In this fifth respect as well as in the other four, the victors have taken, or strive to take, inspiration from the vanquished. The Axis system is being replaced, in the victors' daydream which they call planning, by the Grand Alliance: a combination of Anglo-American and Russian forces claiming world rule. The issue at this point is not a comparison between the social and ethical values in behalf of which each ally is scheming the Grand Alliance, and the values of tyranny, dubbed authority, and of slavery, dubbed organism, which made the gist of the Nazi-Japanese plan.

A comparison at such a level is otiose. The issue is a comparison from the angle of "realism" and actual feasibility. The Nazi-Japanese plan envisioned in a sphere of hypothetical thinking an addition of forces which were of a homogeneous or, so to speak, arithmetical nature. Nazi conquest, Mediterranean empire, Japanese militarism could hypothetically go together. No ultimate disagreement in social purposes and historical beliefs headed the prospective victors for insoluble conflicts between themselves. In our case, what binds together Russia and the West is the purpose, already virtually achieved, of defeating Hitlerism.

That purpose is transient and negative by its very nature. A lasting world order, founded on what the victors fear, not on what they love, on what they one by one reject, not on what they jointly desire, is an irrational operation with an alignment of nega-

tive forces sapping whatever positive adherences might outlast the battle. As long as the economic and political purposes of the West and Russia do not fit together, at least in their main trends, a Western-Russian guarantee of world order is a promise impossible of fulfillment, a coalition without coalescence — hardly less absurd, although for different reasons, than was the Nazi-Fascist master plan, and hardly less alien to reality.

4

IN THESE and in other ways we are being affected, infected by what we hated and still say we hate, injecting "realism," expediency, super-Machiavellism of the lion-fox make, power politics at its crudest, profusely into ourselves. And there is a shiver, not of unmixed thrill, in reading the daily tabulations of the mileage that separates us, on four converging fronts, from the terminus — Berlin. For as we advance in the military field, approximately at the same rate of speed we recede from the former purpose — now scoffingly called ideology. The prompter the victory, the closer an indescribable ordeal — unless we change our hearts. The lair, Berlin, we hardly can expect to find inhabited by the supermen or superbeasts we hunt. It is not they we shall meet there. It is ourselves — when no battle's din and fire will screen from our own consciences the symbols we abjured as our fortunes grew.

One or two testimonials from the first satellite capital we liberated, Rome, contain forecasts of spiritual subversions that are in the making, and in whose making we had and have a share. A Roman anti-Fascist was asked by an American correspondent, Ed Johnson, "What do these people want most from us, now that we are here?" "Give us," the Roman unreluctantly replied, "something in which we can believe."

A more comprehensive dialogue was reported by the same correspondent a few days later. "A friend who is now in the civil government and who for years was a daring and effective worker in the anti-Fascist underground warned me about drawing any sweeping conclusions about Italy from the people one meets these days in the streets and cafés. 'People who are worth a pinch of salt don't loiter around the streets these days,' he said. 'Most worth-while people have found a place where they can devote their energy to the rebuilding of a decent Italy. Or else, like most of the Squadristi, they have gone north with the Germans.' I suggested that it seemed strange to hear him apply the term 'worth-while' to those Fascists who had chosen to pull out

and throw in their lot with the Nazis. Did he, for example, consider the murderers, kidnapers, and extortionists of the Squadristi to be worth-while citizens? 'They were monsters and we will kill them all,' he replied, 'but we could give them our hand. They were evil, but they were men of courage, and they stuck by what they believed.'"

A few weeks later squads of native Fascists and stubborn native snipers fought against the insurgent anti-Fascists and the oncoming armies of liberation in the streets of Florence. Not many days thereafter squads of French Fascists fought against the armies of liberation in the streets of Marseilles and in the Cathedral of Paris when the foreign Nazis had quit already. Many a survivor and his comrades elsewhere may be replacing the maquis and partisans in their vacated undergrounds.

These are landmarks on a perilous road. We had better look straight at what they mean. It is the road to the self-spiritualization and self-rehabilitation of Fascism while it dies as a political power — a self-acquittal at the moment, so to speak, of passing away. Spurred by our confusion, aware of our apostasies, instructed — so they think — of racialism seething in America, of imperialism mounting in Britain, of Pan-Slavism wearing the insignia of Socialism, a number of them may choose to die hailing their native or foreign Führer, or even to insist with their last breath that "he was always right."

Führers and Duces might envision, while the curtain falls, conveyance to immortality as stowaways on the ship of history. Their atrocity they would try to smuggle as the desperate defense of the European fatherlands, their cynicism as a challenge, however unsuccessful for a time, to hypocrisy and plutocracy. There might be a place for Hitler — so unaccountably tricky is history — near Barbarossa in the Kyffhäuser; one for Mussolini beside Cola di Rienzo. Leisure might be available in the final unemployed days of the Duce for browsing again in the lurid biography his teacher D'Annunzio wrote of the Roman rhetorician and demagogue who six centuries ago undertook singlehanded to resurrect the glory and power that had been Rome.

The last chapter itemizes in ornate sadism the end and funeral rites of the fallen hero. First pierced with a dagger through the underbelly, he died at once; but a belated killer split his skull with the sword. The rabble which he had been so competent in rousing closed in from all sides, maimed and riddled him with posthumous wounds. Then the corpse, or as much of it as was still handy, was hanged and left for a couple of days to pollute the air, finally to be surrendered to the "filthy Jews" of

the Ghetto, who burned the residue on a pyre of thistles.

But "the winds and the centuries, discordant alike, took the ashes and the memory." Thus ends the obituary.

Why not? With the measures of right and wrong, of true and false, grown shaky in the hands of the victors, the winds of fame may prove as discordant as those that took the ashes and the memory of Cola. The leaders of Fascism, while "slamming the door," may bid for their shares in the fictional hereafter of their Siegfrieds and Caesars — thence, quite actually, to prompt other generations to more riot and ruin.

5

AS FOR Italy today, while the phantom of the Roman Empire recedes at last to an irrevocable past, the man who happened to be the ultimate and most tragic of its necromancers may glory, if not any longer in the pomp of his conquests, at least in the magnitude of his devastation. That he was a nihilist by nature, a spirit of chaos, many knew long since. That Italy, which he too loved (as the gunman loves his gun), would have some day to pay the price was apparent to all who cared. Yet nobody anticipated so totalitarian a ruin. D'Annunzio, in a vast hymn, had celebrated his own tutor, Nietzsche, as a "Destroyer." The appellative, whatever distinction may be drawn from its literal meaning, is more appropriate for D'Annunzio's disciple.

A revival of the nation will emerge from the depths — we do not know when. For our time there is no overstatement in the sentence, so insistently repeated, that this is its worst catastrophe in history. The first wave, the barbaric invasions, left its culture paramount in a world where the invaders sought spiritual rule from the invaded. Maturation through an age of transparent darkness came to fruition in those astonishing three hundred years of a newborn Italy from Communes to Renaissance. The French and the Spaniards swooped on the country grown too rich and soft; they looted and disfranchised it; yet the wound did not reach its vitals, while its intellectual primacy, slow to fade, and the resilience of its regional and municipal originalities still made up for the loss of wealth and political autarchy.

Napoleon, two hundred and fifty years later, trampled Italy again, but also awoke her; and the insolence and greed of his soldiery and bureaucracy were half absolved by the promise, not totally disingenuous, of national resurgence. Moreover, none of those three floods had swept the whole country;

there were provinces and islands spared from their impact, where life could store its warmth and try anew; much of private and public life went its wonted ways hardly touched by wars, whose immediate radiation often did not extend much beyond the boundaries of the battlefield. But the fourth catastrophe, 1943–1944, hit everything everywhere.

The country, valued as an estate of tangible assets, had not much to show these last four centuries on a par with the legacy of its arts. Nazi oppressor and Western liberator, the pursued and the pursuers, have been stumbling for more than two years over its marble and brick, lopping towers, cracking altars, pulverizing the bridges that festooned the Arno, mangling Florence, lighting in a final glare of TNT Peruginos and Mantegnas, turning to ashes colors and forms where the most beauty-loving of all peoples, after Greece, had celebrated not so much its own labor and genius as the dignity of the whole human mind.

Disruption, not all of it Italian-made, of other values enshrined in Time goes together with the demolition in space. The Risorgimento, which was the word and deed of Italy in the nineteenth century, did not stand out in the popular knowledge of the larger nations. It captivated nonetheless the attention and commanded the respect of the best historians, in English and the German language alike, as one of the finest things of modern history, so fascinatingly paired in it were gallantry and gentleness, so devoted to each other love of country and universal humanism, with some kind of saintly halo on such images as Garibaldi and Mazzini. Now all that those men and generations did lies dead; and granted that much of the doom was a suicidal call from Italy herself to the Fascist killer and the Nazi gravedigger — yet by that grave there should be place, in reverence to the past and dedication to the future, for some Healer bidding the dead to rise and walk.

But England, or the oligarchy that controls her will, has long silenced in herself the Shelleys and Brownings for whom the Italian Risorgimento was a dawn of Man. The grave of a nation is a firmer ground for imperial lifelines than the unpredictable motions of a living being. Since the Italians wanted empire, it is fit retaliation for them to fill a place in the empires of others. First, during the ascendancy of the Nazi Empire, they climbed down step by step; then, after the Spanish war, they slithered fast from a visionary primacy to the fact of servitude. Nazism, which had been Fascism's foster-child and protégé, put it up as a poor relation; soon it infiltrated, then garrisoned frankly, what

remained of the Fascist Empire; Caesar's mask slipped from the quisling face.

In due time, as the liberating armies surged from Libya toward the Po, what fell from the German Empire fell to the British, with the independence earned in the Risorgimento now a sham in the "sphere of influence" and subtler bonds substituted for the broken chains. A crypto-Fascist monarchy, a Bourbon combine of feudalism and bigotry, capped by a Savoy rajah, and counterfeiting in permanent corruption the dignified stabilities of British royalty, was the proposition of British imperialism for its protectorate in the Mediterranean. America, at present a colossal body of power with no will of its own, and Russia, at present an enormous cloud of world threat or world promise, — nobody is able to say which, — nodded singly and jointly a provisional consent.

Meanwhile the Twelfth-Hour Duce, the fugitive of September, 1943, from accomplice justice, was granted what reprieve he needed to defile what emblems still stood pure in the memory of the Risorgimento. Unseated by the Savoy monarchy, he grabbed as a weapon of adventitious revenge the Mazzinian battle cry of the Italian Republic; he even fell back, at least in words, on the socialism of his recreant youth — Parthian shots meant to blind the minds of his dwindling crowds and, perhaps, to perplex the march of the Western victors. True, Republic and Socialism, People and Liberty, Europe and Humanity, were all through that ferocious year live things in the minds of the guerrillas who, adding Italian blood to the much blood shed by the foreign liberators, made the earth burn under the Nazi heel and dogged with relentless menace the march of Fascism to its last refuge.

Those, however, among them whom the Nazi-Fascist noose or bullet missed were disarmed hurriedly by the AMG, under penalty of death, with "certificates of merit" and priorities in job-seeking, as soon as contact was established between them and the victors they had been prodded to help win. What they did was no less grim and great than what was done by the French underground, but the limelight was denied to them; a thick veil of silence, made of planned censorship and of half-involuntary absent-mindedness, was drawn between their feats and the sight of the world.

For, if the powers that be have decreed that Italy must lose her personality and step down to a colonial status, it must also be decreed that the Italians are unable to fight and die for a cause — a mass, not a people. Were the world allowed to think that they too are able to fight and die for the cause that should unite, not subjugate, the nations, it might also approve of their claim that they are also entitled

to live — even to protest, even eventually to rise against the verdict that expels them from the community of the free. This must be avoided.

True, no Vansittart is visibly brandishing over fallen Italy big scissors of dismemberment. Although the clauses of surrender stipulated in September, 1943, are evidently so immoral that the victors insist, even against the wish of the vanquished, on keeping them secret, it is fair to assume that no thorough territorial disembowelment was prescribed. Outward zones alone, rumor has it, should bleed with well-meaning amputations, such as Trieste's, about which the surgeons feel strangely self-conscious when it should be clear that the Italians, if they realized how they sinned, ought to take them even without anaesthesia.

Otherwise, if they like to stick together in one sub-national body, they may. It seems also that no order in council aligns them by the millions for slave labor in master countries, or marshals them by the millions, each with his bundle of rags, for departures without returns from the acres of their fathers. Punishments of this magnitude suit taller culprits. Degradation, with what it entails in economy and culture, will be enough for the Italians, a destiny more bland — and more final.

Thus the will to primacy of the crazed few boomerangs on all, forcing them to the abject place. Thus their interesting provincial vagary, Fascism, grown to be a universal insanity, reacts on the remote source and engulfs their country in the monstrosity of the consequences.

6

CHRISTIANS or humanists, we cannot help thinking in terms of conversion and progress. It is inherent in the articulations of our minds to remember more vividly the summits when we are deepest in the gorge, to repeat that the dawn is nearest when the night is darkest.

It is a mere act of faith, yet as legitimate as it is necessary, to believe that the days, or years, of world Fascism are numbered, and to interpret the unparalleled fits of nationalism and imperialism we are witnessing as the impetuous flashes that precede extinction. It is faith, which is the evidence of things not seen, yet countenanced by knowledge and reason, to trust that Russia, whatever the detours, will walk the ways that were shown her by the Christian Tolstoy and where she met the Jew Marx. It is not necessarily a political science for Pollyannas to assume that Paine and Whitman, Henry George and Thoreau, do not lie full fathom

five below the surface of America and that America, who was the pupil of England in liberty and excelled the teacher, will be the teacher of England in justice.

Italy, who bore good and evil seeds in the long course of her fertility, who also happened to bear — halfheartedly, half unwittingly — the first germs of world Fascism, is not by far one of the strongest and largest members of the body of mankind. Yet it is Gospel truth that if one member, large or small, of the body rots, the whole body will rot. It is a patent fallacy to suppose that Italy, however secondary and distant, can be condemned to lie a Job among the nations without any contagion spreading from that stretcher to the whole of society. She might start trouble again if she could — with the extenuating circumstance, this time, of offended justice. Were she too weak for that, she might instruct more potent neighbors to start trouble again.

A psychologist of the masses, Gustave Le Bon, whose authority is not always impaired by his biological superstitions, held that the basic trends of a national being are irreducible. It will be difficult to persuade the leading classes of Italy that no other assignment should be available for Italy than a menial and subaltern one; that the nation whose great language they speak, whose universal style is ingrained in their every fiber, should survive, a superannuated Cinderella, in the sculleries of a palatial world controlled by the Big Three or Four or Five.

Two paths, winding through the ruins, call the Italians to a choice. One, visible for a short while only, leads finally to the underground of hatred and conspiracy: Neofascism. Mussolini, when trying in vain to arouse the Italians to the fight he wanted, warned them that the alternative to fight and victory was "national obliteration." Ill-advised democrats in the West have been echoing, more or less automatically, Mussolini's thought, and doing their bit to drive into the Italian mind, albeit unwittingly, the doubt whether Mussolini was not right, "as always."

The other path, beyond the ruins, leads the Italians to the rediscovery and reinterpretation of what has been the basic trend of their collective thought for a score of centuries and more. The concept of human unity became the permanent essence of the Roman Empire; it was inherited, and lifted

to the purpose of a spiritual superstate, by the millennial endeavor of the Roman Church; it built a twice-three-aisle cathedral, not yet ashes, in Dante's *Comedy* and *Monarchy*; translated into modern and secular terminology, it designed the World Republic of Leopardi and Mazzini.

Romans and Florentines in this field of knowledge and hope have been guides — not of tourists alone. If the Italians are allowed to walk on that road again, if intoxication and folly of victors do not bar it to them, they are likely to help themselves and others toward more acceptable vistas.

No sooner had the outmost provinces of Italy been liberated than a remarkable little editorial was printed in a Catania tabloid, the *Corriere di Sicilia*, August 25, 1943. The wrong of Fascism, it stated, was to look backward, to ancient Rome; hence the wreck we contemplate in Rome and the world. "The only possible Roman Empire of today is world coöperation, with all the other Romes partaking equally in the common task." He who worded such plain truths so plainly was presumably an American soldier-writer of Latin descent and background.

His words anyhow had a familiar ring for Italian ears. Elizabeth Barrett had voiced them in her Mazzinian English, from the Florence that is no more, nearly a century ago. "Civilization perfected," she said, "is fully developed Christianity." She said to the Italians of her day: —

Rise; prefigure the grand solution
Of earth's municipal, insular schisms. . . .
Bring us the higher example; release us
Into the larger coming time. . . .

In slightly different terms: as the curtain, or tombstone, falls on Fascism, we gain a more comprehensive insight into its character and career. It was perversion and dementia. It was the fact, or imagination, of power substituted for the idea of justice. It also was a diagnosis of real diseases that lamed and lame the half-civilization we call democracy, with total brutality offered as the remedy. It also was the wrong answer to a right problem. The problem was: How shall we make order and establish authority in the anarchy of the nations? The answer was: Roman Empire, German Empire. That answer is dust. The problem is bequeathed by the dying to the living; as all epilogues are prologues.

DEANS WITHIN DEANS

by JACQUES BARZUN

I

WHO writes the catalogue in an American college? Programs and schedules and courses are formally passed upon by the faculties; actually they are shaped by the deans and the directors of departments. These usually work with the aid of committees drawn from the teaching staff, but deans are in so many ways independent that there exist in most places two unequal bodies of opinion on most matters — the Faculty and the Administration.

Nothing so strikes the foreign observer with surprise as the size and power of American collegiate administration. The best offices in the best building, the rows and rows of filing cabinets, the serried ranks of secretaries and stenographers, make the European feel that he has wandered by mistake into the annex of some large business concern: these thick carpets, the hush and polish of these surroundings, cannot form part of an academy. The foreigner is used to a distinctive shabbiness, to hollowed steps and an inky smell, without which no school, college, or university seems genuine, be the place England, Germany, Italy, or France.

On the Continent, at least, the whole of university administration is embodied in a superior janitor who gives out information, enters names, and in some cases collects fees against a receipt. Beyond sits a rector in a handsome room, but — if I may make an Irish bull — he is never there. In short, European universities run themselves. Their constituent faculties make the few necessary decisions. The state appoints the teachers and, jointly with tradition, regulates the programs; the students take care of

such records as there are. There is no vast office full of clerks and machinery to register marks; instead the European university student has a small booklet in which every instructor enters the grade of the examination just passed. A single small transcript is filed — again, with the janitor.

American institutions, dealing as they do with younger people and furnishing far more numerous services, have to be run by a separate body of diversely specialized managers known collectively as the Administration. The Director of Admissions admits, the Registrar registers, the Bursar imburses, and a galaxy of deans decide. There are a Dean of Men, a Dean of Women, a Dean of Studies, and Freshmen Deans in droves. In a large university, there are as many deans and executive heads as there are schools and departments.

Their relations to one another are intricate and periodic; in fact, “galaxy” is too loose a term: it is a planetarium of deans with the President of the University as a central sun. One can see eclipses, inner systems, and oppositions. But usually more sympathy obtains among fellow administrators than between them and the teaching personnel. If it came to a pitched battle, I feel sure that the more compact executive troops, animated by a single purpose, besides being better fed and disciplined, could rout the more numerous but disorderly rabble that teaches.

Not that it would be easy to find a clear-cut issue for war. The difference of views that exists is ill defined and more traditional than deep-lying. Most deans are beloved of their faculty members, especially when neither person is in his own seat of authority, and the good steady friction that shows the wheels are gripping doesn't come from a single cause. True, the difference of income is important: a dean usually earns two or three times as much as a teacher in mid-career. But this has an obverse side: if the dean is drawn from the faculty, he comes to feel like a deserter and guilty about it, for usually

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he has ceased to teach, to keep up with his subject, and to remember what those things were like. He has become an overworked, harassed arbitrator, housekeeper, public orator, and employer of men.

This last function also has its share in separating him from his faculty — either he has power to hire and fire; or his recommendation to the president and trustees has the same effect; or, possessing no real power (it being lodged in autonomous departments), he has to pretend that his faculty *is* his faculty. In all three cases, he is plagued by awkward personal relations. Contrast these with the Continental practice of licensing all teachers, with appointments guaranteed by the state, independent tenure, and promotion by seniority, and you see at once why to the foreign observer the atmosphere of the American university suggests a business concern.

In smaller colleges, the functions I have ascribed to the dean are exercised by the president, the dean standing to him or her as a special assistant in charge of curriculum, perhaps, or of students. More usually, the president is wholly an “outside” man. His task is to “handle” the trustees, the public, and the money. He makes speeches and contacts, and signs diplomas. If after his term of office he has secured for the college a new gymnasium or library, he is held in as high esteem as if he had contributed an idea or an atmosphere.

2

SO MUCH for the executive branch. In almost all colleges, large or small, there are standing committees of the faculty, set up to legislate. Their purview is infinite: courses, students admitted, infractions of the rules, scholarships, buildings and grounds, library acquisitions — there is no subject under the sun which has not at some time or other been the *raison d'être* of an academic committee. In general, the more “enlightened,” “progressive,” and “democratic” the college is, the more committees there are — and the less the life of a teacher is worth living.

I have sat on a committee so democratic that the chairman, who had received a publisher's circular offering a new syllabus in the social studies, read the letter aloud and asked for a vote to obtain a sample copy. At the other end of the scale, committees meet not to debate over fifty cents' worth of printed matter, but to settle the great imponderables, such as how to ensure in wartime the survival of permanent human values. I am told that on one such occasion a blunt logician pointed out that if the human values were really permanent, the college might let them shift for themselves. This broke up

the meeting, but there is no reason to believe that the other committeemen were properly grateful.

For addiction to meetings is the teacher's professional disease. One can see why. The weakness comes from the nervous strain of teaching, coupled with the burden of a professional conscience. The morning classes once done, a teacher would find it good to do nothing and say nothing for an hour or two. But the day is only half over. If no students turn up for consultation, the only proper thing would be to read or write: there is always a piece of either kind to be worked on. Yet truly, freshness and inspiration are lacking and — a glance at the desk calendar — “there's a meeting on (thank God!). It is important, it must be done, it counts as work.”

And just because the mind is tired, the meeting is bound to be long and tedious, and probably all to do again next week at the same hour. With three committees to attend each week, a teacher may properly be said to be going around in vicious circles.

I shall not go so far as to suggest abolishing committees. Abolish every other one and see what happens. Also, choose chairmen who have a manly conception of what “democracy” is. It does not mean letting everyone speak for as long as he likes on any theme that offers; it means settling questions after a full exchange of relevant views. Relevance suggests the rule: no gavel, no chairman. The best committee I ever sat on, not from my own partial point of view, but according to the consensus of its members, was run by a man of the old school, granitic in look and manner, who after the first meeting was privately accounted a brute. But he was a just brute and he got the best sense of the meeting that our collective noddles could supply. He worked hard and so did we, and by dint of making us toe the true line, we sped to a finish in short order. Our report, drafted by him in three pages, could be understood at sight.

There is of course some connection between old-fashioned ways and expeditiousness, so perhaps my one instance has no value. The “old school” had stiffer manners — our chairman did not hesitate to address us as “Gentlemen” whenever he wanted our attention. In the loose modern style, by which everybody is John and Henry, the goal seems to be not so much to transact business as to stagnate in friendly feelings. These apparently forbid one to contradict, to argue concisely, or to hold any speaker to the point. Under these conditions, if the minutes of the meeting show any sign of consecutiveness, it is because the secretary has a good head and writes them up at home.

As for meetings of a whole faculty, they are closely comparable with the sessions of Congress — some good and some bad, no oratory left, much reliance on

committee reports; with the dean acting as the Chief Executive who wins or loses on the proposals in his "message." There is relatively little caucus work except on rare constitutional questions. Campus politics is of course fact, not fiction, but it takes the form of personal influence upon the executive power rather than moving assemblies to decisive votes.

I must modify this last point to take in certain colleges which have a two-party tradition. Liberals and Conservatives go on fighting, not over the ordinary meaning of these terms, but on local issues that split the old guard from the new. Faculty meetings are trials of strength. A newcomer has to choose between the parties, and his choice determines whom he lunches and plays bridge with and what part of town he must dwell in — not to mention his chances of advancement. Teachers are as passionate as the rest of mankind and are entitled to enjoy the great human pastime of politics. They know how to flavor it with gossip as well as anybody else.

Oddly enough, though politics is tolerable on the campus, and indeed inevitable since real interests are at stake, democracy is not. A few institutions, chiefly state and city colleges, have adopted a system by which the members of a department vote for one another's promotions. The result is a fearful and constant tension, productive of all the practices elsewhere condemned as corrupt — logrolling, coercion, delation, and sycophancy.¹ It would take a philosopher-king to rule such a roost — not that teachers sink lower than other men when tempted, but that their fall from grace infects their merits more directly.

A teacher should not be constantly thinking about his status, his salary, his deserts, and his chances. He ought not, certainly, to associate these thoughts with the sight of his colleagues or his boss. Though the academic grove is not the Garden of Eden, it ought to be laid out so as to guarantee a reasonable freedom. And this matters to the students as well as the staff, since the young are not only quick to detect strain and friction, but are entitled, during teaching hours, to their instructors' undivided attention.

3

BEFORE coming back to the choice of a good teaching staff, I must make here a necessary digression about freedom — the special kind known as academic freedom. This is the principle appealed to when Professor Z has publicly advocated the na-

¹ In one famous Southern university the faculty elect their president. The occasion must be infrequent enough to keep it from creating factions, and yet must afford a highly desirable kind of representation.

tionalizing of peanut stands and the President's desk is flooded with complaints from parents and trustees. The situation becomes really bad when a wealthy or powerful man, an alumnus or the uncle of a freshman on probation, chooses to give himself a little publicity by denouncing the university in his hometown paper. At that point, the university turns into a "hotbed" — one radical being enough to heat a whole suite of beds — and it is found upon investigation that the students are indeed asked to read the *Communist Manifesto* in some history or economics class.

This damaging fact is news to the President; the Dean vaguely remembers that it was true even in his day on the faculty; and both agree that steps must be taken — "measures," "such steps as the situation may require" — in other words, give the public the impression that Professor Z has been fired. Unfortunately, this cannot be done in pantomime, and when it is done in earnest, the students, half the faculty, the Civil Liberties Union, and any number of other organizations jump with delight and defiance into the fray. Publishers rush up to the marked man with signed contracts and he is temporarily the campus Hampden, with dauntless breast withstanding the little tyrants in his field.

From time to time, of course, the battle for academic freedom has none of these comic-opera features. It has the grimness of an execution by the secret police. A teacher is dropped, silently, callously, with the clear intent of an unfrocking and of an attainder against his dependents. The cause is by no means always political; it is sometimes religious, sometimes "moral," almost always bigoted. Against this practice there is no redress, for it occurs usually too low in the world of educational institutions, it concerns too small a post, and it can command no publicity. The victim is indeed fortunate if he belongs to an association of teachers that will look into his pitiable case.

Even in the more common instances I first described, the newspaper account and the facts usually vary widely. Rights and wrongs are seldom evenly divided between the two camps. Yet a distinction can be made between two types of professional "radicalism." I am here assuming, by the way, that "radicalism" is defined by the community. In a bone-dry county, to propose the legalization of wine and beer would be as radical as in an "enlightened" city to advocate government ownership of banks. This being so, three questions may be asked: Has the teacher the right to express his opinion on the moot subject in the classroom? Has he the right to express it outside? And finally, has he the right to use class time to convert students to his opinion?

Everyone would (or should) admit, in answer to the last question, that he has no such right, and that on the contrary the students, who are perhaps compelled to listen to him, have every right to complain if they are preached at instead of instructed. I have known men who thought it fair to indoctrinate the captive freshman, and who yet called it a violation of academic freedom when they were cautioned or restrained. But academic freedom implies no such opportunity: it is even a question whether it confers the right to be systematically boring.

When we tackle the other two questions, we tread on more delicate ground, because the teacher's "opinion" may mean one of two things — his views on a part of his subject, or his views on some matter about which he may feel strongly but know only as an amateur.

Regarding what he says as an authority, his freedom should be absolutely unimpaired, no matter who disapproves and for what reason. The teacher may say that Shakespeare's works were written by Mary Queen of Scots, if he so chooses: a university must always remember that the new truth almost invariably sounds crazy, and crazier in proportion to its greatness. It would be idiocy to keep recounting the stories of Copernicus, Galileo, and Pasteur, and forget that the next innovator will seem as hopelessly wrong and perverse as these men seemed. The cost of this freedom may be a good deal of crackpot error, but nothing good goes unpaid for: this is the price.

With respect to subjects outside his field, the teacher has, not academic freedom, but academic responsibility; that is, he may on demand or of his own accord tell his students what he thinks of psychical research, or the British Empire, or the Brooklyn Dodgers. If he touches subjects more sensitive still, he is bound to observe the same tact that he would in good society. Standing on a raised platform six inches high does not give the right to insult religious beliefs or to outrage moral convictions, however bigoted these may appear to an opponent.

Students, on their side, have no right to publish what is said in class, or they kill its informality. The teacher's sense of fitness naturally involves judging what is and what is not germane to the discussion. I should add from experience that what makes the greatest difference in all these matters of propriety is tone. The teacher can say almost anything, provided he is really saying what he means and not fighting some secret war of the feelings against a particular student or class.

The same formula covers the teacher's outside utterances. He must respect his own status and that of his college, but outside the classroom he has the

full freedom to express himself on all matters that any citizen has. Only, he must make it clear to his hearers or readers when he is speaking as a citizen and when as a university expert in some special branch. Within these limits, inside and outside academic halls, the university leaves the teacher free, so that it may itself remain free, like the editors of a periodical or the master of ceremonies at a public gathering.

All this wisdom, by the way, I produce at second hand. I mean that, having witnessed the political tempests of the thirties on several campuses, I followed up conflicting statements of academic freedom until I ran into the classic and definitive one by A. Lawrence Lowell, which I have roughly summarized here. It was issued during the First World War, chiefly, I believe, in defense of Professor Laski's teaching at Harvard. Set down in eight short pages, it should be reprinted and hung above every president's or dean's desk, for it is as practical as it is definitive.²

4

SINCE fortunately there is in America no nationwide control of teachers and teaching posts and consequently no automatic assignment of teachers, the executive officers — whether presidents, deans, or heads of departments — must appoint them. The American tradition varies as between privately endowed and tax-supported colleges, but generally upholds the free choice of teachers. This method works some hardships — those of unequal treatment — but mobility and variety are enhanced. Most of the hardships are not even inherent in the scheme but rather in the state of mind of college administrators. Without pretending that there is a single such state of mind, and allowing for administrative quirks or genius, it remains true that certain habits prevail at certain times, which constitute the "regular way of doing things," particularly when the things to be done remain ever the same.

Colleges and universities annually face the need to make two kinds of choice: young men must be hired, for elementary work as well as for ensuring the continuity of the several departments; and distinguished men, for advanced work and immediate prestige. The latter are easily singled out by their reputation among their fellows, and the only caution a dean must observe is that he shall not appoint a man so near the end of his powers that he will "retire on salary" and serve the students not at all.

² It can be read in President Lowell's *At War with Academic Traditions in America* and again in the Appendix to *What a University President Has Learned*.

In such a condition he is only an expensive kind of advertising; he may also demoralize the working members of the newcomer's department.

In choosing young men, colleges follow two opposite practices: they take their own graduates or they take anybody but their own. The arguments are evenly matched — one, that colleges know their own product best and think it best trained; two, that filling the ranks exclusively from their own people soon produces “inbreeding.” It is not always clear what kind of Jukes or Kallikaks are expected to issue from an inbred staff, but the feeling is strong that the danger exists.

Both rules, it seems to me, work against the only good rule, which is to judge cases as fully as possible on their merits, and to choose not classes of men but individuals. After all, temperamental differences are greater and cut deeper than academic training. Perhaps the average product of Littleburgh College is uniform; but then, don't take the average product. No staff is better — I won't say than the men who compose it, for that is a truism — but better than the range of differences that the men represent.

This is where deans — using the term generically — have a hard time. By necessity they love peace and hate trouble. But by professional duty they ought always to prefer facing trouble and resolving it if the required effort means getting a variegated faculty. Peace may mean only routine and suspended animation of the soul; trouble may express intellectual vitality and positive accomplishments.

It is extraordinary how many diverse kinds of men and women make desirable teachers. Remember you need lecturers and discussers and tutors. They can differ in endless, unpredictable ways. You can take the halt, the lame, the blind; men with speech defects or men who cannot be heard above a whisper; men gross and repulsive (at first) like my blessed mathematics instructor; men who are lazy and slow, who are bright and unstable, or incorrigible *enfants terribles*; you can even risk some who are deficient in learning, and join them to form an admirable as well as an induplicable faculty. This is possible because the students also display a variety of human traits and cannot all be reached and moved by the same spells.

The important thing is to be sure you are hiring a teacher and not a wolf wrapped in a sheepskin. But it is also wise to bear in mind that any one teacher need only affect 10 per cent of the enrolled student body to be worth his price. If a man regularly exerts a positive influence on 35 out of a graduating class of 350 — I am thinking of an actual case — it makes no difference that the remaining 315 loathe the sight of him. Having such a man

on the staff demands some care in scheduling. Let those who dislike him drop his course; and obviously also, don't fill all teaching positions with similar eccentrics. But the life of mind requires the two components of mind and life. If a teacher has both, he may be forgiven many faults.

I went so far as to say that in some cases deficient learning might itself be acceptable. I recall one teacher, a Scotchman who had made his way from dire poverty to academic standing, and who made up for his humble origin by mastering as many foreign languages as he could. He took pardonable pride in his knowledge and was an admirable teacher. Among other peculiarities he had a set of gestures with which he unconsciously scanned conjugations, so that during class a glance at his left arm sawing the air would tell the student that he should be using the imperfect tense instead of the future. But occasionally our linguist overreached himself. One day the phrase *hoi polloi* came into the discussion, and after giving its meaning, he announced that it was a Hawaiian expression. One of the students remarked that he had always thought it was Greek. To which, imperturbable, the dominie replied: “Right! It comes to us *from* the Greek *through* the Hawaiian.”

5

A LARGE university must maintain, in addition to instructors, a certain number of men whose worth lies in productive research rather than in teaching. They must be used accordingly and not, for instance, let loose upon freshmen in the most difficult introductory course. As supervisor of the curriculum, the dean must think like one well-known physician who was trying out a special diet on a group of patients. It suddenly struck him that it was not enough to have the hospital send up the right dishes: how much went back untasted to the kitchen? The faculty's “program” goes into effect only if it is actually taught; and plainly, the administration is there to administer it.

As for securing teachers who are meant to teach, it should not, in theory, be difficult to find out their qualifications before hiring. The applicant submits a complete scholastic record with letters of recommendation, and he is usually available for interview. In some colleges he runs the gauntlet of an appointments committee. I have been on both sides of such inquisitions and I feel they could be improved.

To begin with, the occasion is falsely considered to be embarrassing; the result is that the interview consists either in small talk or in an exchange of

views on "principles of education." In the one case the administrator learns nothing except that Mr. X has or has not a ready flow of repartee; in the other, the candidate commits himself to positions that either damn him or overvalue him — or more often that mean nothing at all. One person I know was asked whether she thought she could "challenge" students. She could think of nothing to say except "So as to get the password back?" — and this unbecoming levity cost her the post.

Clearly, the only proper topic for such an interview is subject matter. Let the candidate say what courses he would like to teach, in what way, with what books, and so on. If he has himself written books or articles, draw him out on these — never was such a golden opportunity to talk shop! Only, the interviewer should have sufficient breadth of interest to gauge the quality of what he is told.

Since many do not feel competent to do this, they have recourse to questionnaires — a series of them if need be. This is tantamount to abdication. The executive mind is supposed to judge, not to devise tricks by which judgment can be avoided. No counting of Yes's and No's will give certainty in place of doubt. Besides, question-makers always look for perfection: the last man appointed, though good, turned out to have human failings; so the next man must be a paragon.

Just examine a few requirements, taken from an actual questionnaire, six pages long and composed of fifty-eight questions and criteria. According to this "efficient" executive, the applicant must be "the kind of person college students take to with enthusiasm and in whom his faculty colleagues have confidence; in brief, a strong and warm personality." He must have "intellectual ability of a recognized high order . . . ; the ability to participate congenially in the social life of the community . . . ; public speaking ability, so as to discuss his work with alumni and other groups . . . ; excellent health and physical vigor. If a candidate is married, his wife must also possess the characteristics described . . . under . . . [social ability]."

In another part of this self-portrait which the candidate must fearlessly limn, it is suggested that his educational philosophy must be such as to induce him, if he has children, to place them in the experimental school run by the college. A man who could step forward confident of meeting this institution's demands ought to be able to name his own salary, or else should be rejected for megalomania. The whole thing is a farce and an imposition, particularly on the young and poor.

The use of letters of recommendation suffers from the same vices. Since administrators want giants

of intellect and strength, everyone has got the habit of writing only the nice things, even when the statement is confidential and goes direct to the employer. The writer knows he is pushing a good man, so his conscience is clear, but he knows also that to hint a fault here and there will prejudice his protégé's chances as against holders of less candid letters — so that every teacher who has not actually robbed a bank is endorsed in the most unconditional manner for every available position. This being so, letters are discounted by their recipients — the deans — who are thus left in the same old necessity of forming judgments and deciding on the right choice of persons in the good old way.

6

I SAY "persons" because I am also thinking of students. And here in some ways the business becomes graver still. With entrance examinations on the decline, the interview and the school ratings of personality assume a decisive importance. Naturally no system worked by human hands will ensure justice, and the examination in subjects was a hardship for many; but there is a special kind of cant produced by the newer way, which I confess I particularly dislike.

It amounts to a sort of demand for subtle flattery of the questioner or the institution on the part of the candidate. What happens is not easily described; it must be felt. But I think everyone would admit that to ask a young person to say why he chose Littleburgh College before all other places is not fair. And many other "innocent" inquiries are of that character right up to the professional schools. "Why do you want to become a doctor?" The fact of having applied should be enough. No human being at any age should be asked to display worthy motives on demand. Actions come from mixed motives, in the first place, and what people consider worthy to say is by no means a sure test of worth.

I recently heard of an intending theological student who declared that he wished to become a scholar in Biblical study. Unfortunately for him, the authorities of his seminary had recently decided that what the church needed was pastors and missionaries; so that, without even waiting for his purpose to mature or change, he was made to feel the impropriety of his "selfish" choice. He had missed the first trick: just think of the impropriety of calling your soul your own!

At seventeen, this lesson is more cruel than a flogging. Officialdom does not always recognize how

harsh a front it presents, even when outwardly smiling, because it forgets what it is to be young, inexperienced, and constitutionally honest. The upshot is that in many serious matters — of admission, of scholarship grants, of grades and honors — the advantage goes to the precocious worldling who has found out “the ropes,” or to the instinctive hypocrite.

Side by side with the love of interviews, the passion for fuzzy psychologizing has led to the use of tests and questionnaires for choosing and “guiding” students into and through college. The girl hoping to enter college writes for a week — her autobiography, her tastes, her hopes, her fears; she is asked about her parents, her friends, her brothers and sisters. Her mother must also write. The child is so completely turned inside out that it is a wonder she can still look like a freshman. Indeed she is more like an escaped convict, because while she has been doing a Bashkirtseff on her soul, her boarding school has reported all her quirks, failings, and misdemeanors. That vase she broke pursues her to the grave, and her tantrums reverberate down the corridors of time.

It is curious that in the very age when criminology has learned that a fresh start calls for a new environment, with people taking for granted the reformed pirate’s honesty, “modern” education has turned the freshman into an old lag. “Have you read Form A and Form B on Sally?” asks the dean of studies of a new teacher. “No.” “Well, I’ll get them for you, so you can size her up.” Sally’s only hope is that the new teacher will keep the file shut and his mind open.

Meantime the dean has not only read and absorbed but remembered the whole dossier. Twice a year, on the strength of this knowledge, Sally or John will be academically reviewed (and, if need be, interviewed) by this same dean or his assistant. In most small places, the dean makes a point of knowing each student by name, of being accessible at all times, of being “the good old Dean” — a feat which the undergraduates value more highly than anything else. I have heard it said that in the larger centers in the Midwest, with 7000 new freshmen each year, a dean arranges to give each of them three minutes of heart-to-heart talk so as to establish firm relations with them before the end of the crucial year. All this is routine personnel work, which must be done in addition to settling disciplinary cases, financial problems, special programs, and the indescribable demands of parents.

It must be apparent that with such heavy duties

to be discharged, the life of a conscientious administrator is not a bed of roses. It makes as much of a draft on wisdom as any other part of the teaching profession, but calls for it day in and day out, in small change. Seeing this, many teachers who have the requisite gifts decline the opportunity to serve when it comes. They voluntarily give up the tripled salary and the honorable limelight, for the sake of continuing equal toil of a less distraught and impermanent character. As a composer-teacher once put it: “They wanted to make me a musical statesman, but I want to remain a musical citizen.” This means that there has necessarily grown up a class of professional administrators — not members of the faculty, but academic middlemen — who find university life congenial and the students interesting, but who would just as readily manage a brewery or a bank for all the attachment that they feel towards learning.

This only aggravates the personnel situation in all its branches.³ Like businessmen, the managers rely more and more on paper work, filing devices, and punched cards. Casual hearsay of an “objective” sort serves them in place of judgment — I heard one administrator refer admiringly to a candidate for a position as a “two-textbook man.” I did not dare ask whether this great double barrel had written two books or only owned them.

Going by signs means, again, that real quality near at hand passes unnoticed or even arouses unconscious dislike. It is too “intellectual” or too independent. The constant appeal is not to ability but to “the spert of cowopperation.” With such deans or directors, the “good fellows” on the faculty are at a premium. There is unconscious encouragement of the self-advertisers, who turn out more Progress Reports than actual work. The good teacher, by this standard, is the one who constantly uses his students as guinea pigs for some “study” or other. “First-semester sophomores with respect to retention of theoretical materials” sounds to such a dean most interesting and most important.

If the teacher aims at higher scholarship than this, he must write short articles at short intervals and send reprints to “the office” for good effect. Like other “material,” they will be judged by physical and not intellectual weight. That is the logical outcome of the indirect measure of quality, when once the direct sense of it has been lost.

³ To take only one instance, a director of student activities who is in no sense an educated man should not rank higher and earn more than officers of instruction who are his superiors in every other way. Yet on many campuses the uniform eminence of administration as such brings about this topsy-turvy relation.

BREAKING THE BUILDING BLOCKADE

by ROBERT LASCH

1

WHEN the question of revising the building code came before a City Council committee in Chicago last spring, few citizens were on hand. But Paddy Sullivan was there, and Paddy Sullivan expressed himself eloquently against revision. "Shacks for workers!" he thundered.

It was an old and familiar refrain. Paddy had sung it in 1938, with such effect as to block the adoption of modernized building regulations proposed by a committee of architects and engineers. He had sung it again in 1941, when the Federal Housing Administration proposed relaxation of the code to permit construction of urgently needed homes for war workers at minimum cost.

Now, as Chicago groped for some way of converting 22 square miles of slums into decent residential areas, — a project which might arrest the city's characteristic decay and at the same time provide employment after the war, — Paddy counted himself in, and left no doubt that he stood where he had always stood. In Chicago, Paddy is president of the Building Trades Council and spokesman for the established craft unions of the construction industry. Frequently, by accident or design, he is also the spokesman of business interests which, like the unions, have a real or imagined stake in traditional methods of construction.

Paddy and his counterparts elsewhere pack a hefty political punch. That is one reason why many cities have found it impossible to keep their building codes up to date; why home construction often bogs down under artificial costs; why ordinances originally intended to establish standards of safety and sanitation have grown into protective walls surrounding entrenched materials and labor.

High prices, wasteful methods, and archaic standards still bedevil housing and construction projects in the United States. ROBERT LASCH, Chicago newspaperman, finds the building code to be the root of the trouble in that city and in many other metropolitan areas as well. Mr. Lasch's article "For a Free Press," which won first prize in our Freedom of the Press contest, appeared in the July *Atlantic*.

Our national housing needs can be conservatively estimated at a minimum of 1,000,000 new dwelling units a year for at least ten post-war years, as compared with an average of 700,000 built annually during the boom of the twenties. This figure is based upon the accumulated deficit of a long depression, population growth, and steady residential deterioration, particularly during the war.

The need is not for just any houses. It is for low-cost houses. In 1939, families able to afford a house costing less than \$30 a month (rent or payments) provided a potential market for more than 320,000 new homes. But only 12,000 were built to tap that market. Under the traditional organization of the building industry a substantial majority of the population has always been expected to obtain living quarters by hand-me-down. As a study by the Twentieth Century Fund (*American Housing, Problems and Prospects*, 1944) emphasizes, the number of new dwellings fed in at the top to the upper-income third "is too small and too little adaptable to make possible a reasonable standard of housing for the population as a whole." Not only that. It is too small and too little adaptable to permit sustained high levels of activity in the home construction industry. The people suffer from bad housing; the industry suffers from underemployment and violent cyclic swings.

In order to achieve a sustained annual output of a million houses or more, ways must be found to reduce costs without impairing quality of construction. One way is subsidy — an appropriate device in public housing programs designed to eradicate slums and rehouse the lowest-income groups who inhabit them. But public housing does nothing for the great middle group which has the capacity to pay an economic rent but is now compelled to pay it for worn-out, obsolete, hand-me-down shelter. For this group, we need an integrated housing policy, beginning in the towns and cities and reaching up to the Federal government, aimed at bring-

ing down the costs of owning or renting a place to live.

Construction costs are of course not the only barriers. Inflated speculative values of land must be reckoned with. Burdensome real-estate taxation is a factor. Above all, further reduction in mortgage interest rates and amortization charges (along lines already tested by the FHA) offers hope of substantial cuts in the monthly fixed charges.

These savings, coupled with those possible in construction cost, could bring new shelter within the reach of a whole new income range. A 20 per cent reduction in financing costs and a 20 per cent reduction in construction costs — both well within the bounds of feasibility — would lower the monthly carrying charge on a typical home by 30 per cent.

2

HERE is where Paddy Sullivan and the building code come in. The kind of code that Paddy wants to maintain in Chicago keeps the average cost of a house somewhere above \$6000. To make new housing available to more people, our goal must be production of the same house for \$4000 or less.

Chicago — an area having some of the highest costs in the country — has had an illuminating experience with building codes, which might serve as a warning to other cities.

The city set out to revise its code in 1927, during the administration of the late Mayor Thompson, who liked to be known as Big Bill the Builder. For eleven long years, through the upswing of a boom and the downswing of a depression, pressure from the entrenched interests prevented any action at all. When the City Council took up the ordinance at last, it quietly strangled nearly all the recommendations submitted by an expert committee. Clause by clause, progressive measures encouraging the use of new materials and methods in home building were deleted. The new code finally enacted into law required in general the same type of construction that had prevailed for thirty years.

In 1933, Chicagoans had gazed with admiration on modern types of construction exhibited at the World's Fair. In 1938 their City Council outlawed most of these innovations. When it was proposed to permit use of metal or fiber board for exterior sheathing, as alternatives to lumber, aldermen raised a horrified cry of "tin and paper" houses. Memories of the Great Fire were invoked on behalf of traditional masonry construction. At the same time, however, fabricated steel dwellings were prohibited, one alderman solemnly declaring that in case of

fire such a house would fry the occupants as in a skillet.

Cellular steel and concrete floors, used safely for years on railroad bridges, were ruled out for home construction. When the matter of perforated brick arose, the council decided to specify the exact location of the perforations. This had the incidental effect of compelling outside manufacturers either to make a special brick for Chicago or to yield the field to local interests, which, as it happened, made only solid brick.

Nothing illustrated the forces at work better than the case of plaster walls. The experts, acknowledging that wallboard and other dry-wall methods had been developed to provide fire protection equal to that of wet plaster, proposed to permit use of these materials. In committee, at the instance of the plasterers' union (no protest being recorded from the plaster manufacturers), aldermen changed the provision by requiring that any substitute have the same total thickness as a traditional wall. Mayor Edward J. Kelly, who was about to come up for reelection, then persuaded the councilmen to add a further qualification, requiring that any substitute possess the "sanitation value" of a "seamless plaster wall." He stated frankly that he acted at the request of the plasterers.

So a formula was worked out which, under pretense of permitting plaster or its substitutes, actually banned the substitutes. An incidental but by no means insignificant result was that it erected a barrier against all experiments in the building of prefabricated houses. Prefabrication requires dry-wall construction of some kind, and the simplest way to make it illegal, or to rob it of an economic advantage, is to require that interior walls be plastered.

One need not assume the superiority of dry-wall over plaster, perforated over solid brick, fiber over lumber sheathing, to perceive the evil effects of a code which sets up discriminations of this sort. The discriminations are there, not because any material is better than its competitor, or serves the public welfare better, but because some have political pressure behind them and some do not. The consequence is to increase building costs without a compensating increase in safety, sanitation, or any other proper purpose of building regulations.

The root of the evil lies in the legislative method of establishing regulations. There is something ridiculous about city fathers holding long and tedious debates on eight-inch versus twelve-inch walls, brick veneer versus full masonry, metal lath versus wood, and similar subjects of engineering technique. Clearly the intelligent way to establish

home construction standards is to specify certain requirements as to strength, fire resistance, sanitation, and to permit an administrative agency, properly safeguarded from political interference, to authorize the use of materials which meet those tests.

When Chicago's expert committee proposed such an arrangement, the aldermen rejected it as a usurpation of their powers. Whereupon they wrote into law a code which the Antitrust Division of the United States Department of Justice denounced as "arbitrary, unreasonable, capricious," and productive of excessive costs and barriers to interstate commerce. Legal complications unfortunately prevented antitrust action against the code.

Many cities will enter the post-war era unprepared to take full advantage of modern methods of home construction. Legal requirements originating in ignorance of stresses and strains, and based upon the principle of requiring plenty of material just to be on the safe side, have hung on despite the advance of technical knowledge. One study in 100 cities showed all of them specifying masonry walls eight to seventeen inches thick. In Britain, four-inch masonry walls have stood for years, and in this country many new wall materials have been developed which do not depend upon thickness for strength.

Variations among the two thousand codes now in force pose special problems for manufacturers, shutting them out of some markets and preventing standardization. Where different types of construction compete, the provisions of the code may determine which one gets the advantage in a given city.

3

PADDY SULLIVAN makes a convenient target for labor haters; so the unions have borne their full share of the onus of high costs. Certainly most building-trades unions could use more progressive leadership. At the same time, one must recognize that the restrictive practices of unions would not be tolerated if the general commercial atmosphere of our cities did not accept the restrictive practices of business. Whenever a union benefits (or imagines it benefits) from a certain type of restraint, a materials dealer or subcontractor usually benefits too. The plumber who refuses to install a Sears, Roebuck fixture does a valued favor for the big manufacturers. Let us not condemn the unions alone for practices common to the industry as a whole.

In many parts of the country, material dealers have organized local associations to keep prices up.

Union glaziers frequently refuse to install windows fully fabricated at the mill. Electricians and plumbers boycott pre-assembled equipment. Painters rule out the use of spray guns, or even the use of brushes exceeding a certain width.

In Chicago, stone contractors and unions prohibited the use of pre-cut stone from Indiana, insisting that the cutting be done in Chicago. That gave a competitive advantage to the local contractors and a work monopoly to the local union; but it also increased the cost of shipping stone, and so reduced the potential market for it. In New York, lathers refused to install metal lath and metal rods which were not cut and bent, at extra expense, on the job. Thurman Arnold has described the celebrated case of the Houston plumbers. When prefabricated pipe of fitted lengths was delivered to the job with threads already cut, they demanded the right to cut off the threads and rethread the pipe at the site. But by rejecting prefabrication they were narrowing the market for pipe and helping to narrow the market for new houses.

State laws, many of them depression-born, often license local contractors in such a way as to handicap if not exclude out-of-state bidders. This protects "home industry," and likewise enables inefficient competitors to stay in business by a disguised tax on building. What is sauce for the contractor is sauce for the masons' union in the form of ordinances requiring excessively thick walls or masonry construction in outmoded fire districts.

Collaboration between manufacturers and unions has been most strikingly illustrated in plumbing. The Department of Justice contends that manufacturers representing 80 per cent of the business sell their products only to approved jobbers, who distribute them only through approved master plumbers, all at fixed prices. When a price cutter enters the field, he finds it difficult and often impossible to get his fixtures installed.

The hod carriers' union has long banned the use of ready-mixed concrete in Chicago. Mixing it in small batches on each job raises the cost from \$6.50 to \$8.50 a yard, which amounts to around \$100 on a five-room house. In Seattle, the Department charged the sheet metal workers' union with refusing to install any furnace not locally made. Electrical workers have engaged in the same game, using their powers of collective bargaining for the purpose of favoring certain manufacturers. The ultimate result of all such practices is another barrier to a sustained large volume of housebuilding.

So it goes with almost every branch of the house-building industry. A typical house contains 30,000 parts. Into its construction go 200 items of equip-

ment and 500 labor operations involving 40 skills or trades. Each group furnishing the material or labor for one operation yields readily to the temptation to jack up its costs, on the theory that the net effect on the total is too small to affect the market. But the combined effect is deadly.

From 1926 to 1937 the cost of materials rose 10 per cent in relation to other prices. Labor costs likewise went through the depression without suffering the reductions common in other fields. When the long-awaited revival in building showed signs of starting in 1936-1937, home-building costs shot up 10 to 25 per cent a single winter. The boom was immediately choked off. Construction lagged behind needs until the war began. From 1936 to 1939, the average labor cost of a standard six-room house rose 12 per cent and the cost of materials 103 per cent.

This was the state of affairs which induced Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold to launch his antitrust investigation of the industry in 1939. His goal, he announced, was "to reduce the cost of housing substantially, and thereby enable commercial builders to supply the needs of lower income groups, with a consequent enlargement of industrial activity and of employment."

On evidence assembled by a large staff, the Antitrust Division struck at restraints on every level in 100 criminal and civil proceedings. Grand juries sitting in eleven key cities brought indictments against manufacturers, distributors, and installers of plumbing fixtures; against the late Mike Carrozzo and his hod carriers' union for the Chicago ban on ready-mixed concrete; against lumber associations for using their grading systems as a weapon of competition; against contractors and unions in many fields (electrical equipment, plaster, hardwood flooring, sheet metal, masonry and tile, excavating, painting) for a variety of trade practices.

Altogether the investigation produced 90 indictments against 1569 defendants. In Pittsburgh, a series of indictments broke up collusive bidding and showed dramatic results in the form of a 17 per cent reduction in the cost of a public housing project. But on the whole the results were disappointing. Although consent decrees were obtained in 18 civil cases, and although some building groups announced their intention to abandon restrictive practices, the hope of forcing industry-wide reform vanished when the criminal phase of the investigation dashed itself to pieces on the rocks of a Supreme Court decision.

In the famous "carpenters' case" (*United States vs. Hutcheson*), Arnold had sought to bring within the antitrust laws a jurisdictional dispute between A. F. of L. carpenters and machinists, which had

stopped the building of an Anheuser-Busch plant in St. Louis. The Supreme Court ruled that unions had been given antitrust law immunity by the Clayton and Norris-La Guardia Acts. The legality of a union's action was to be judged, the Court said, not by its purpose or effect, but by whether the union acted alone or in concert with business interests. On this rule a conspiracy of electricians and manufacturers to restrain trade in lighting fixtures might be actionable; but a unilateral decision by a union not to install certain fixtures would not. Shortly after handing down this decision the Court, by declining to hear several other cases, indicated its intention to apply the rule broadly.

The building investigation withered on the vine. Arnold concluded that evasion of the antitrust law had been simplified, since a union might with impunity enforce restraints so long as it acted, or pretended to act, on its own initiative.

Arnold had incurred the intense hostility of A. F. of L. leaders, and his experience stands as a warning to future disciples. He was angrily accused of "persecuting" labor in general, and vigorous efforts were made to have his appropriation reduced. Actually, he had drafted his labor policy with extreme care. At the start he had determined not to prosecute any union activities directed toward gaining union recognition, better hours, higher wages, or improved working conditions. The antitrust laws, he emphasized, were not to be used as a substitute for local police activity or as a weapon against collective bargaining.

The Division limited itself to five types of restraint in which unions might be involved: conspiracies to fix prices; graft and extortion; the hiring of unnecessary labor (carefully defined); obstruction of improved materials and methods; and restraints intended to destroy legitimate collective bargaining. The first four of these restraints had been subject to prosecution for many years. Arnold's only innovation was his attempt to deal with the jurisdictional strike, and on this his venture foundered.

4

It is evident that if the Paddy Sullivan influence is to be dealt with effectively, in the interest of a large volume of house building after the war, the strategy will have to be many-sided and resolute. Cities and states, perhaps with Federal help, will have to tackle the building codes; new Federal legislation, backed up by a public opinion intent on building houses and not on baiting labor, must be directed against restrictive practices; and the condi-

tions must be created under which a reorganized construction industry can look forward to a sustained mass market for its output.

No city need have an outdated and restrictive building code if its citizens really want another kind. Since 1935, a committee of the American Standards Association, working with the National Bureau of Standards, the FHA, and various industry groups, has been amassing technical information for the use of cities in revising codes. Communities which lack facilities for elaborate testing of their own can legalize standard tests generally recognized in the industry.

The great need in local codes is for flexibility, maximum receptivity to new materials and methods, and basic uniformity. Recently the idea of state and national codes has been taking hold. State codes, allowing latitude for local variations, would apply minimum standards to suburban and village areas now without standards, and might encourage uniformity among the existing codes.

Whatever form code revision may take, public opinion in each community will be responsible for demanding efficient administration. City building departments which now act as a kind of embassy for the building trades must be made to serve the public. Months after Chicago had revised its code to permit $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch water pipe instead of the 1-inch variety previously specified, it was discovered that city building inspectors were continuing to insist on 1-inch pipe. The purposes of better codes will be defeated if non-political, strictly technical administration is not insured.

Nor will code revision prove sufficient without an attack on the underlying characteristics of the housebuilding industry. What the industry needs is a thoroughgoing reorganization. As the Twentieth Century Fund points out, "Housebuilding suffers from arrested industrial development. It has not created a national, or even a regional market, and within its local markets there is an intense struggle among various components of the industry — more for preservation than dominance. Fearing its own position, each group resists innovations and prevents the domination of the industry as a whole by any one of them. . . . The effect is to freeze the pattern of the industry in its local mold and to deprive it of the flexibility and growing space that an aggressively expanding industry must have."

Supreme Court interpretations of the antitrust laws make new Federal legislation necessary if we are to deal with restrictive practices. If we lack the courage or ingenuity to strengthen the antitrust

laws so that cost-raising combinations can be eliminated, we ought to face the alternative: some form of price-fixing by government rather than by private individuals.

It is not too much to expect help from labor itself. While the old-line leaders of the A. F. of L. building unions have shown little disposition to revolutionize their outlook, even they are on the defensive and may be forced by mounting public opinion to seek a substitute for their philosophy of high unit costs and devil take the hindmost. Meanwhile they face increasing pressure from the more flexible labor leadership in the CIO unions.

CIO thinking puts the emphasis on low-cost, mass housing rather than on the tight control of a narrow housing market. It has more interest in providing decent homes for union members as consumers than in protecting the stake of a few union members as producers. It is receptive to prefabrication, and its vertical organization of mass-production industries is more appropriate to present-day housing needs than the craft principle of the building trades.

Some doubts may exist as to the future of the prefabricated house, but there is no doubt that the rise of a wholly new industry — low-cost home construction — can be stimulated by standardization of parts, pre-assembly of equipment, and modification of habitual construction methods. The house of the future may be built in a factory or, as some developments on the West Coast suggest, it may be built on the site by a portable factory in the form of mobile power tools. In any case, if it is going to be built differently and at sharply reduced cost, a higher order of labor statesmanship, reinforced by new attitudes on the part of business, is sorely needed.

It is quite possible for a new, low-cost, mass housing industry to develop side by side with the traditional custom-building crafts, one serving the lower and middle income groups, the other supplying its usual market in the upper brackets. Indeed, a timed and planned program of urban redevelopment, boldly designed to take up the slack in the business cycle, might sustain the national income so effectively as actually to broaden the market for the custom-built house.

After all, what serves the general interest serves the particular interest of every economic group; using new techniques to build a million houses a year will do Paddy Sullivan and his counterparts more good than a hopeless fight to preserve the old techniques in building half that number.

PINE HILL

by PVT. JOHN CIARDI

FROM Pine Hill where we used to go
To see the valley spread below
In factory stacks and river bend
With fog or harbor at the end
Or watch for ships across the bay
At vision's end of a clear day —
Still far across the sprawling town
I see to where the earth turns down
And think almost — I see so far —
I see where all our past years are.

We played Relieve-O on the rocks
Or sat to hear the bank tower clocks
Ring up the hour at six per cent
Across the bonded firmament.
Or loving height we reached to catch
A pine-top by our longest stretch
Out from the edge of rock, where town
Was blocks and rubble scattered down,
Patterned white and pigmy-size,
Against the day that filled our eyes.
And we were there to play or ponder,
Relieve-O or the rock height's wonder.

Above the spectacle of cash:
The house that smelled of bootleg mash,
The meadow where steam shovels grazed
Until the final knoll was razed
To suburb and new mortgages, the pike
That crackled underneath a bike
And lost its surface every storm
To keep the mayor and counsel warm —
We learned. And taut and insolent,
Plunder was our first intent.

Yet rock and pine survived, and we,
Wish-surviving, scattered free
Beyond glad-handing counselors,
The three knocks at the peephole doors,
The brown cigar, the spittled lip,
Bribes and liquor on the hip,
And the trained voices suave to cry
Halos in the public eye.

And awkward, grave, above the town
We spoke our wish, and down and down
Bank towers, headquarters, city hall,
Drew their histories to a fall.

And far across the blur of bay
We cleaned our sight at the edge of day.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

COLONEL MOTLEY

by SQUADRON LEADER H. E. BATES

COLONEL MOTLEY lay alone in the sun. By pressing down his hands so that the bone-cream knuckles touched the dusty hot lead of the balcony floor he could raise himself up in his chair just enough to look through the openings of the stone balustrade to where the deep ring of rhododendrons broke and revealed, across fields of oak-brown corn, the line of the sea. The balcony was built above the portico of the house, facing southward. Beyond the rhododendrons, flowerless now, dark without that Indian glory the Colonel loved, he could see also his only gardener cutting with a horse-mower the wild outer fringe of lawn, and he could smell the sweet, light fragrance of it drying in the August heat.

The terrace, the gardener, the horse, and the sun were practically all that was left to him of his life before the war. Not, he often reflected, that they were very much good to him. He could no longer ride the horse, and the gardener was a witless bounder who abused him to his face and raided his tobacco jar behind his back. That left him only the terrace and, if he was lucky, the sun. All the rest had long since been given up to what he always called the young Air Force gentlemen. They had long since invaded the solitude, broken the silence, and recolored, sometimes excitingly, the gray privacy of a house that was anyway too large for one man. All that remained to him now was a single room

above the stables and, by a purely compassionate arrangement, the terrace in the sun. The young men had long since filled all the rest of the place with their eating and drinking, their laughter and their language that he could never quite understand, and he in turn had lain for four years in the sun, whenever there was any sun, and watched the faces of them come and go.

He had not been lucky with the sun since invasion day. The papers were saying that it was the worst summer for forty years. The cold gales that had swept down from the north in June had broken the oats into shabby and forlorn wreckage and had burned the tender leaves of the limes. The Colonel, who felt the cold easily and bitterly, lit the gas fire in his room in the evenings, or sat on the balcony with his overcoat on and read over and over again the invasion news in the papers. After the first few days there was little flying. The cloud seemed solid, unchanged by terrors of wind, and dark over the whole world. Ten-tenths, the boys called it — which seemed a curious arithmetical and more difficult way of saying complete, he thought.

But then he had no knowledge at all of the language of modern war; he had lost touch with its progress; at eighty-three he had fallen a long way behind. The young men who came and talked to him in the garden, and even on the balcony, talked to him constantly in a language which it seemed to him made practically no sense at all. He discovered in himself a depressing and uneasy ignorance as they talked of kites and pieces of cake, of the shaky do and a curious situation in which they informed you that you had had it. Language in his day had

One of England's ablest authors, H. E. BATES has served as an intelligence officer in the RAF since 1940. His writing has been pushed into the spare moment; yet in his novel, *Fair Stood the Wind for France*, he has written an unforgettable account of the airmen who returned to England via the underground.

been rather a pompous affair, but at least you could understand it. He did not understand this other at all.

And yet he liked talking to them. He liked it very much; perhaps more than he cared to say. When flying began again he found himself alone on the balcony all day in the sun, bored with the remote context of the newspapers, missing the immediate touch that he got from talking with those who only an hour before had been over the battlefield.

That also was a thing he could not get used to. In his day you went off to war after a series of stern farewells; you lived a life of monastic remoteness somewhere on a damnable plain in India or you went to the northern hills and were cut off for some months at a time. Or if there was no war you went pig-hunting or you had furlough; and if you liked that sort of thing, you arranged something unofficially delicious in the way of women. You needed the hide of a pig yourself not to be affected by all this, and you did in fact come back with that sort of hide, sun-brown or yellow, and as harsh as rind. You looked like a soldier.

But nowadays these young fellows flew out and put the fear of God into what they called a gaggle of wolfers or a bunch of tanks at four-thirty in the afternoon and at seven they were lying in the hay with a young lady or drinking gin in the local bar. For some reason or other they hadn't any kind of soldierly look about them either. He sometimes saw instead a touch of dreamy feminacy about some of them. They were quiet sometimes and had long-seeing eyes that seemed to be dreaming in planetary distances. They were boyishly hilarious and laughed fantastically behind quite impossible unclipped mustaches. There was none of that heroic stuff at all.

He spread out his fingers loosely in the sun. It was now about twelve o'clock, and if he was lucky one of the young night flyers who slept all morning would be waking up now and would come up to talk to him before lunch. The war was going well at last and the night flyers now talked about beating the daylights out of Jerry.

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HE SAT for another ten minutes or so alone, listening to the clap-racket of the horse-mower and the soft wind that lifted gently up and down, in slow dark swells, the flat branches of the two cedars on the lawn. He felt the sun beating not only into his fingers but down through the closed lids of his eyes, which seemed transparent in the vertical light. Then he heard sounds in the bedroom that opened

out onto the balcony, and the voice of one of the young men was saying, "Good morning, sir"; and he opened his eyes to see Pallister, one of the night pilots, standing there quite naked except for a pink and white towel round his loins.

"Ah, young fellow," he said.

Pallister danced from one foot to the other on the hot lead of the balcony, and then dropped the towel and stood on it. His body was brown all over, a light buttery brown, except for paler islands of skin on the inner flanks of his thighs. The Colonel knew all about those islands. The skin from them had been used to re-cover the burned lids of the boy's eyes.

The Colonel watched Pallister spread out the towel and then sit on it, cross-legged, like one of the Indian boys the Colonel so clearly remembered. The boy sighed and screwed up his eyes and put on a pair of dark-lens glasses.

"Too hot for you?" the Colonel said.

"I just can't have enough of that sun soak into me," the boy said.

"It's certainly beautiful," the Colonel said.

He wanted to talk about the war, to get that intimate touch of fire no newspaper ever gave. But Pallister, behind the dark glasses, suddenly looked remote and anonymous, and was cut off from him. But after a few moments he got used to the dark glasses; he concentrated on the lips of the boy instead. They too were friendly and, unlike the eyes, had never been burned out of the shape of youth. They had a way of looking awfully cynical sometimes that only made them more youthful still.

"Well," the Colonel said, "what is it like over there?"

He supposed he always asked that. He could think of no other way of beginning.

"It's a bloody ramping mess," the boy said. "Looks like Fair Day."

"Even at night?" the Colonel said. He wondered if the August moon showed this rampant detail.

"It was light already when I was coming back," the boy said. "There was a bit of a doings."

"You shot something down?"

"Up," the boy said. "Road stuff. And a Ju. 88 down. Piece of cake."

"Tell me about it."

"Oh — it was just a hell of a nice bang on the ground and a hell of a nicer bang upstairs," the boy said. "Very smooth do."

The boy grinned as he spoke, and the Colonel got the impression of an idol, darkly eyeless, laughing up into the sun. The eyes in their unalive darkness were for the Colonel the symbol of the fact that there had been a time, only a summer ago, when the boy had really been eyeless and for many months

practically dead. Flak over Denmark had hit something in his Mosquito and had driven white whirlwinds of flame down through the aircraft with terrible fury. It burned the face of the boy for a few moments as the heat of a blowtorch burns off a skin of old paint.

The boy had heard himself screaming against the death that was coming up to seize him, with a terror that made a lacerating shriek throughout the whole of his body. Instantaneously he was dead but alive: the death living and torturous in a second of screaming flame before its hellish and complete extinction of him. He knew in this awful interval what it was to be burning alive, to be dying, and to be aware — to be aware and to be quite helpless. The flame leaped up for an awful and final moment of savage agony and slit the light out of his eyes and left the light of his body and the terror of his mind completely extinct.

He did not know quite what happened after that. The flame went out into instantaneous darkness. It seemed never to have happened; there seemed never to have been a flame. He was afterwards told that for a long time he did not utter a sound; but he had a fanciful and utterly private impression of talking the whole time. It was fanciful, but it was also quite real — an impression of repeating to himself a frenzied catechism: "I can see, I can see, I can see." And then: "I will see, I will see. God! I will see!"

Then it appeared that at last he did begin talking and did amazing things in the way of instructing Jackson, his observer, to fly the aircraft. He was reported as being nervously and consciously active over the whole seaward course. Among other details, they said he kept naming the stars. He had again the private and absolute conviction that all this was nonsense. He had never talked at all. He knew that he was not even very good at naming the stars. He was quite certain about these things. And yet it was certain also that Jackson had flown the aircraft home and could only have done so under his advice. As he struggled afterwards to get at the truth of the long darkness, he fell back on the simple defense against terror that was its own dissolution. It was just one of those things.

There followed nine months in hospitals. The Colonel knew all about that time. Sometimes the boy talked well. Even so, the Colonel got the impression that, as often as not, he did not talk to him. He lay flat on his back, perfectly naked, outstretched and very brown except for the white patches on his thighs, and talked upward to the sun. He talked rapidly, giving no sign of his high-pitched nervousness except that he drummed his fingers restlessly on the lead of the balcony.

It might have been, the Colonel thought, that he was sometimes very much afraid. In a laconic and careless way he talked of the miracles they had done to him in hospital. For there was no doubt that they were miracles: hideous miracles, fantastic miracles, and also very wonderful. The Colonel, simply by sheer repetition, got to know some part of the surgical language of them; he got to know about Tiersch grafts, pre-anaesthetic injections, and God knew what. He heard how those grafts had left the boy for some time looking like a young cuckoo, his face a mess of puffed sewing that had a foul baldness not yet touched by sun. He heard of physiotherapy and occupational therapy and how, at last, the boy had come out of it, less shocking to look at than he had feared, with the fierce light of living in him, and able to see.

3

AND the miracle of it had almost been lost. It appeared from the livid language of the boy, who could outswear an Indian regular sergeant without effort, that there had been a fool of a psychiatrist who had made the suggestion that he was mentally unfit to fly. It had had a violently opposite effect. It instantly brought to the surface, in a high emotional temperature, all the symptoms of the disease from which the Colonel now knew the boy was suffering.

For as the Colonel lay on the terrace day after day and talked to the boy, it seemed to him that the great differences between war as he had fought it long ago in northern Indian hills, and as the boy fought it over the fields of France, was not a difference of time, of latitude, of speed, or of weapons, but something more simple and more amazing. The Colonel had gone into war as another man might go into business: respectably, steadfastly, following his father in a line of succession. For the boy it was different. Flying was a disease.

He did not know if the boy was aware of that. He had only recently become aware of it himself. Something not wholly conscious had sent the boy into a frenzy of antagonism and scheming against all authority, until at last authority had given way and let him fly once more.

Thinking of this, and then letting it slip away from his mind, the Colonel once again spoke to the boy. What was now happening in France interested him greatly. He longed to get a picture of it, fixed and clear, as the boy might have photographed it from the air.

"Tell me about this Seine thrust," he said. "What do you think of it? Does it aim at the coast?"

"I never really trouble what the Brown Jobs are doing," the boy said.

Once again the Colonel was up against a term he did not understand. "Brown Jobs?"

"Army."

"Oh!" the Colonel said. "Oh." He understood now. Of course, apart from the slight contempt, it was apt and very typical.

"Yes, but it's a combined operation," he said. "You are all in it. You depend very much on each other."

"I know," the boy said — as if he did not know at all.

The Colonel did not know what to say. The astonishing realization that the boy did not know what was happening on a general scale stupefied him. It seemed an incredible thing. It seemed to arise from a different sort of blindness — not physical, but from the blindness of this intense and narrow passion to fly. To the boy all horizons beyond these narrow limits of vision were closed. His life soared furiously and blindly between.

"Without you," the Colonel said, "the Brown Jobs might never force the issue."

The boy slightly tilted his head, turning towards the Colonel a pair of black sun-glassy lenses, as if to say, "Force the issue? What the hell does that mean?"

For a moment the Colonel felt that he did not know what the hell it meant himself. He lay quietly in his chair. Across the garden now the horse-mower was silent and there was no sound except the sea sound of cedar branches now and then gently uplifted. It seemed now to the Colonel that the battle front, really half an hour's flight to the south, was a million miles away.

"There is no bloody issue except killing Huns," the boy said. "That's all that matters." He looked, as he spoke, straight up into the sun.

There was an essence of individual cruelty in this remark that shocked the Colonel. It startled him so that he lifted himself up in the chair and looked at the boy. In the hot sun the face had a pure and impersonal immobility. The savagery of the remark was quite natural. To the Colonel there seemed a certain absence of ethics in the whole of this careless and calculated attitude of the boy's towards fighting. In the Colonel's day there had been, in fighting, some sort of — well, he supposed it to be some sort of ethical waterline. You kept above it. The people who sank below the waterline, who made public a private desire to kill the man on the opposite side, were not thought very much of.

It was like a game, and all the wars in which he had played it were really, beside this one, very small.

They seemed important then but were quite forgotten now. He supposed perhaps that was finally the essence of it: the hugeness of the thing. The boy had in his hands, like the rest of his generation, a frightening and enormous power.

4

"WIZARD day," the boy said. As suddenly as he spoke he curved up his long legs and outstretched them again, in a slow convulsive movement of pleasure in the sun. "Bloody wizard." He took great breaths of the warm, noontide air and breathed them out again.

The Colonel, startled out of reminiscence, did not speak, and the boy went on, talking as if to himself.

"Gosh, the trees," the boy said, "and the smell of the bloody hay and the lime trees and all that. After all those months of smelling hospital wards and anaesthetics, God, it's good! Did I ever tell you what it was like in Normandy — I mean in the D-minus days?"

"No," the Colonel said. He had given up.

"Not all the orchards? You could see them all in blossom at night, in the full moon. Miles of them. You know how short the nights are in May. Never quite dark. You could see everything. Every puff of smoke from a train, and the rivers, and the orchards in blossom. Bloody wonderful, Colonel, I tell you. You never saw anything so lovely as the sun coming up and the moon not set and the sky half pink with sunlight and half yellowy with moonlight, and all the color on the French orchards. I tell you, Colonel, you never saw anything so wonderful."

So much for the passionate; impersonal cruelty of the boy, the Colonel thought. So much for the notion of calculated savagery. It now seemed monstrous beside the tenderness of that description of orchards in May. He could see that the boy felt it deeply and he tried to remember if, so long ago, he too had been touched by anything like that, but he could remember only the scarlet rhododendrons, in fantastic cascades, on a wild furlough trek above Darjeeling: how they fell bloodily into the rocky spring valleys there and how impressed he had been and how for that reason he had planted them liberally in the garden here. But the glory of them was never quite the same. The scarlet wildness was never renewed. There was something hot and foreign and un-English about them anyway — not like the orchards, which were so cool and cloudy, like the northern skies. It pleased him that the boy liked them. It seemed to make him human again.

And to his dismay the boy began to get up. He stood up, naked, and took off his glasses and turned away from the sun. His eyes had the oddest appearance of not belonging to the rest of his body. The pale new tissue, not yet merged into the older skin of the face, seemed lividly dead. It seemed literally to have been grafted there from another person altogether.

"Must you?" the Colonel said. "So soon?"

"I'm as hungry as hell," the boy said. "I've got to get dressed, and lunch is off at two."

"Well, nice of you to come up," the Colonel said.

"I do so appreciate it."

"Can I send you up a can of beer?" the boy said.

"No. No thanks. I don't think so."

"The orderly can bring it up."

"No, thank you. Thank you all the same." He did not want to offend the boy. The pilots were kind to him sometimes like that, sending him up tobacco or chocolate, or a glass of beer. "Perhaps tomorrow. Perhaps we might have a drink together. I should like that."

"Good show," the boy said.

"About this time?" the Colonel said.

"Yeh. I'll get the orderly to bring the beer up."

"I'll wait for you," the Colonel said.

The boy tucked the towel round his loins and hopped over the hot lead of the terrace into the bedroom, calling back over his shoulder something about the Colonel having a sleep, and as if in obedience the Colonel smiled and closed his eyes against the brassy midday light — the only light in which, after many years in the East, he ever felt really warm.

He lay there the next day at about the same time, in much the same attitude, waiting for the boy. The sweetness of the grasses had faded overnight. He caught it only at odd moments, in brief renewed waves, in the seaward wind. But the branches of the cedars rose with slow placidity up and down much as they had done the day before; and beyond them, if he raised himself up on his creamy fleshless knuckles, he could again see beyond the brown cornfields the blue-gray edge of the sea.

He waited for just over an hour before deciding to go down into the garden to see if he could find the boy. He was permitted to use the back stairs, once the servants' stairs, on which now there was always a loathsome smell of stale cooking. He did not like these stairs and he was glad to be out of them, past the back entrance and the heaps of boiler coke, into the garden and the sun.

At eighty-three he walked slowly, with a deliberate

majesty, keeping his head up more by habit than any effort, and it was some time before he could walk far enough across the lawns to find someone to ask about Pallister. Groups of young officers were playing croquet on the farthest outer lawn, and the knock of balls and the yelling of voices clapped together in the clear air.

Under one of the cedars, in shadow that was almost black, an officer in battle dress was lying on the grass with a book. He had "Canada" on his shoulder.

"Excuse me," the Colonel said.

"Oh, hullo, sir," the Canadian said. "How've you been?"

"I was looking for Mr. Pallister," the Colonel said. "We were to have a drink together. I thought you might have seen him somewhere."

"I guess he bought it," the Canadian said.

The language that he did not understand left the Colonel without a reply.

"Yeh!" the Canadian said. "I guess he bought it. Over France last night."

The Colonel still did not speak.

"Bad show, sir," the Canadian said.

"Yes," the Colonel said.

Now he understood. He began to walk away quietly, across the lawn, back to the house. Beyond the trees there was a jubilant row going on among the croquet players, and as he drew nearer the house he could hear a gramophone playing ferociously gay music at an open window. He walked straight on, round to the back entrance of the house and up the stairs that he hated so much and so out on to the terrace, on the south side. As he walked he felt uneasily conscious of the sound of his own feet. It seemed even louder than the shouting of the croquet players or the noise of the gramophone. It reminded him of how in the past, if someone in the house had died, he had never allowed the sound of raised voices or running feet, and how every yellow Venetian blind had been drawn and closed against the sun. He was troubled by the difference now.

He sat down in his chair on the terrace and lay back and shut his eyes. He lay for a long time without moving, listening to the sound of voices, the music of the gramophone, and the wind moving the cedars. He waited in the vague hope that someone else might come up and talk to him of Pallister and how it had been, but no one came.

And when finally he opened his eyes to look at the view he knew so well, the light was so dazzling in its downward power that he was blind in the sun. He could not see the sea, the cedars, or the sky. They were all beyond his vision now.

THOMAS J. WISE AND HIS FORGERIES

by JOHN CARTER

1

TEN years ago a group of over fifty rare nineteenth-century "first editions" were exposed as frauds. A verdict of forgery against a person or persons unknown was secured, with almost no dissentients, from the reviewers, the experts, the book-collecting world, and such laymen as were interested. The two comparatively junior "attorneys" who presented this case to the public (both of them members of the London rare-book trade) arraigned as an accessory after the fact the eminent and internationally respected book collector and bibliographer, Thomas J. Wise, who was then still alive (he died in 1937).

Mr. Graham Pollard and I did not, however, accuse Wise of being a witting accessory; nor did we suggest in print that he might actually have been himself the forger, in spite of our private conviction that he was. But during the succeeding decade others have taken a hand in the further investigation of this fascinating, and in its day sensational, case; and since some new evidence bearing on the responsibility for the forgeries is now being put before the public by Miss Fannie Ratchford in her new book, *The Letters of Thomas J. Wise to John Henry Wrenn* (Knopf), it may be opportune not only to comment on that evidence but to supply a few footnotes to the original indictment.

Before proceeding to consider the new evidence and reconsider the old, it will be well to recall briefly the contents and conclusions of *An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets* (Scribner), as our treatise was with calculated mildness entitled.

This book was a fully documented exposure of a group of more than fifty "first editions" of such

eminent authors as Wordsworth, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, the Brownings, Swinburne, George Eliot, William Morris, R. L. Stevenson, and Rudyard Kipling. These items were mostly of the "privately printed" or the "pre-first" pamphlet type. They appeared in all the standard bibliographies and had been generally accepted for upwards of thirty years. Yet, in the light of the evidence assembled, more than thirty of them were shown to be forgeries and the status of the remainder to be open to considerable suspicion. As a result of our *Enquiry*, the pamphlets have all been reclassified in the British Museum Catalogue, whose editors are not prone to sudden enthusiasms.

What put Wise head and shoulders above any other recorded practitioner in fraudulent printing was his early realization (after a few experiments) that *imitations* of books are always discovered: that you must *invent* an edition if you are to avoid the ultimately fatal comparison with a genuine original. Wise was not a forger in the literary sense, like Chatterton or Ireland or the several fabricators of the lost books of Livy. His formula, as simple as it was effective, consisted in taking some suitable piece from a published volume, printing it in pamphlet form with an earlier date, and thus *creating* a first edition for the collectors' market.

So long as he was careful to print from the logical text; if the format and imprint were appropriate; if the hypothetical circumstances of publication and the position in its author's bibliography were plausible; and if he could then get his product onto the right shelves and into the right reference books, it was possible, as Wise proved in spite of mistakes, to get away with murder. His wide-ranging operations were only finally unmasked by the application to each pamphlet of such technical tests of its type design and paper content as were hardly to be anticipated in the 1890's, the decade of his main activity as a forger.

Formerly a director of Scribner's London house, JOHN CARTER is an Englishman now working in this country with the British Information Services. He prepared this article for the *Atlantic* under difficulties, for most of his files are buried — safely, he hopes — in a London cellar.

In 1934 we could not prove that Wise, who promoted, established, and marketed the forgeries, was also their actual creator. It was for this reason, and not from fear of the libel laws, as has been mistakenly or disparagingly suggested, that we did not accuse him of full responsibility. But any candidate for the honor had to pass a series of tests:—

1. The forger must have had a large and regular account, and preferably an account of a special character (for example, type-facsimile reprints), at Clay's, who had been proved to have printed the forgeries and had admitted it. Wise had such an account, as did no one else connected with the forgeries.

2. Proof sheets, being rather special items, usually have a traceable origin. If they could be completely and correctly traced in the case of one or more of the forgeries, they must lead back to the forger. Proof sheets of several in fact were located and they all derived from Wise. He had supplied them, of course, with bogus pedigrees when selling them.

3. The forger must originally have possessed all the copies of all the forgeries. Therefore, while possession of a single copy of one of them has no significance, and possession of a dozen very little, the greater the number and (more importantly) *the greater the number of each* that are found together, the nearer we are to their original source.

Possession of a long run of titles might indicate nothing more than the owner's keenness on nineteenth-century first editions—there were twenty-four in the Lapham sale in New York in 1908 and Mr. John H. Wrenn owned a complete set; the British Museum possesses twenty-eight, and the Widener Library twenty-five or more. But the only people who had the forgeries in wholesale quantities were Herbert Gorfin and Thomas J. Wise. Gorfin was first Wise's office boy and then Wise's agent in his extensive rare-book dealing, before setting up in business for himself; and he had documentary evidence of the purchase of his holdings from Wise.

So quite apart from the cumulative evidence of Wise's vigorous promotion and, when necessary, defense of the forgeries (others helped to promote them), and of his wholesale dealing in them (others had them in duplicate and sold them, including dealers of the highest repute), there seemed to us no reasonable doubt that the man who passed those three tests must be the forger. That man was Wise; and his reactions to the exposure, both as first laid before him privately by us, eight months before our book came out, and after its publication, only confirmed our suspicions.

There were many, however, who found it impossible to accept even that breath of suspicion which undoubtedly lingers round the scrupulous phrases of the *Enquiry*. They could not believe that a man of Wise's prestige, eminence, academic honors, and (by that time) affluent circumstances

would have done such a thing. They had forgotten, or never knew, that Wise, the substantial merchant, had been a rare-book dealer on the side all his life; that at the time he was laying the foundations of his splendid and expensive library he was earning only £500 a year (with a wife to support) and must have needed money badly; and finally (for I think this contributed to his motive) that aspiring bibliographers thrive on the announcement of new discoveries, of which the forgeries provided the most promising aspirant of his day with about half a dozen a year for a decade.

Wise discontinued production, as far as we know, about the turn of the century. He went out of wholesaling between 1909 and 1912, when he jobbed off to Gorfin, in a series of transactions, the main bulk of his stock. One reason for this move may well have been the decline in bibliophilic popularity of a number of the authors represented in the collection; and indeed the prices at which he cleared his shelves stamp this as a "remaindering" operation.

But even in the 1920's, a West End dealer once told me, you could always get a copy of the bogus "Reading" edition of Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* from Wise's stock, by applying through Gorfin. And if Wise discovered that a friend had been taken in by the forgery of *his* forgery of Swinburne's *Dead Love* (1864), which always made him furious, he would give him (or sell him) a copy of the "genuine article." The perpetrator of this ironic trick, who produced an imitation of Wise's bogus original, has never been publicly identified.

2

GRAHAM POLLARD and I placed the full evidence for our exposure before Wise in October, 1933, in order to give him the opportunity to make a statement. He preferred to prevaricate to us while making every effort behind the scenes to mend his fences for the forthcoming challenge. Mutual friends of Wise and our publishers warned them, in the friendliest but weightiest way, against putting any confidence in these "wild young men." (Wise was describing us in private correspondence as "sewer rats.") Mr. A. Edward Newton wrote me of the "horrible shock to those of us who are and for years have been playing this book collecting game" which he anticipated from "this horrible scandal," in which "one of my oldest friends seems to be implicated." "The man," Mr. Newton continued, "is almost a National figure." And so on.

More significantly, Wise bethought him of Gorfin,

with whom he had been out of touch for a decade or more, and invited him to tea. He did not know that Gorfin had "come clean" to us, and he broke the news, as he supposed, that there was "some talk going on about some wrong things" among the pamphlets of which he had sold Gorfin so large a number twenty years before. He suggested that it would be best for all concerned if he took back whatever Gorfin had left "at their market value," which he estimated at a total of £25. Gorfin did not dare tell Wise that we had already taken down his evidence, but he had enough sense to say he would think over Wise's offer. He came straight to my office, and he was still sweating slightly: Wise was an extremely formidable character, and although Gorfin was free, white, and fifty-five, in that choleric presence he was again the subservient office boy. We advised him to write the truth to Wise if he did not, as he insisted, dare to tell him to his face.

He did so, and the result was electric. A series of telegrams summoned him "immediately" to 25 Heath Drive, where Wise offered to repay his whole original investment (£400, *sixteen times* the previous day's offer) in the now worthless pamphlets, on one condition: that Gorfin would endorse his intended statement that they had all come from Harry Buxton Forman, editor of Shelley and Keats, and a notable book collector of Wise's period, who died in 1917. Gorfin declined to support this story, which he then heard for the first time, and again left, promising to consider Wise's revised offer.

We advised him to accept it, accompanying his acceptance with a specific repudiation of the Buxton Forman story, which seemed to him (and to us) to be an alibi for which Wise needed any support he could beg, borrow, or in this case buy; and we recommended that he get a lawyer to draft the letter. He did so; and he got the £400 in exchange for his stock of the pamphlets, which Wise's lawyers, Messrs. Gedge, subsequently certified were burned in their presence. The repudiation of the Forman origin, however, availed Gorfin little, for Wise, both in interviews and letters to the press, made it his main alibi and cited Gorfin in support of it. This moved Gorfin to an indignant protest in the *Times Literary Supplement* (July 19, 1934).

The account which Wise had previously given Gorfin had already been retailed to us, as follows: that a certain agent had in the late 1880's offered to Robson's, antiquarian booksellers of Coventry Street, London, a large bundle of "publishers' waste," or "remainders," deriving, he said, from the Edward Moxon sales (1873 and 1878) and possibly elsewhere; that Robson's had declined the lot

but had suggested that Wise, who was known as a specialist in pamphlet first editions, might give him £5 for it; and that Wise had done so, to the great profit of himself and, in a much lesser degree, of Gorfin. In short, Wise's commission agent and the subsequent owner of the remainder stock of the forgeries decisively contradicted the origin which Wise was endeavoring to establish for them.

The Wise alibi, however, received support from another and perhaps more telling quarter. The letter in the *Times Literary Supplement* to which Gorfin had replied (and to which I shall return in a moment) had been at least partially supported, in respect of the alleged Forman origin, by no other than Maurice Buxton Forman, son of the impugned scholar and bibliophile, and himself a distinguished authority on Keats and the bibliographer of George Meredith. His two letters — one to Wise, quoted in full by him, and the other direct to the editor — did not exactly confirm Wise's story that all the forgeries had derived from Forman; but they supported Wise in general and they described Forman's "salting down" of "remainders" and "swaps" with Wise in such a way as to indicate a state of affairs that was not inconsistent with Wise's account of the matter.

3

IN MAY, 1934, Wise, on the basis of our disclosure of our case to him six months earlier, had decided to anticipate publication of the *Enquiry* by a dogmatic letter to the *Times Literary Supplement* defending himself against the expected attack in respect of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, the most interesting of the forgeries (and the most lucrative, for it has brought as high as \$1250 at auction). He had not understood clearly the technical tests of paper and type which we had applied to his productions, and his rebuttal was consequently rather an amateurish affair.

This and the other letter bore Wise's signature. But they had in fact been drafted by Mr. Frederick Page, of the Oxford University Press, who had constituted himself Wise's "counsel for the defense" and who relied for "advice" on two senior officers of that august institution. Mr. Page called on us in July, 1934, disclosed his status and his authorship of the letters to the *Times*, and demanded to see the affidavits which we had taken care to have Gorfin swear for those statements of his on which we had drawn for some of our evidence.

Since Mr. Page seemed genuinely to believe in Wise's innocence, we told him enough, in addition to what we had printed, to convince him that he

and his advisers were making themselves practically accessories after the fact by their assistance to Wise; and we warned him that if the defense persisted in their behind-the-scenes attempts to discredit Gorfin or continued to throw the whole responsibility for the forgeries on Forman *without offering any evidence to support the alibi*, we should be compelled to publish a few such damaging facts as Wise's attempt to suborn Gorfin's testimony.

Mr. Page took these warnings so much to heart and so little to head that he wrote Wise a letter not only abandoning his defense but conveying some threats which we did not make and were in no position to have made. He sent us a copy of this letter, and we had to point out its inaccuracy as a report of the interview; for Mr. Page had represented us as pro-Gorfin and pro-Forman, whereas we were in fact only concerned to prevent Mr. Page from assisting Wise to throw the blame, *without citing any evidence*, on one man who was dead and could not defend himself, and to discredit another whom we believed to be, however dubious a character in other respects, innocent of complicity in the forgeries. Mr. Page revised his report. But a copy of its inaccurate predecessor was sent (by Mr. Wise) to this country, and further copies of it were circulated by the recipient. Miss Ratchford quotes it in full in her book and draws a number of misleading conclusions from it, although she was advised in 1935 of its inaccuracy.

Wise had also prepared a full-length defense to be printed in the *American Book Collector*, a periodical edited by Mr. Charles Heartman. It is understood that Wise cabled instructions to suppress this "defense" as a result of Mr. Page's representations; but he did not have, or did not exercise, any such control over Mr. Gabriel Wells, the prominent rare-book dealer in New York, who among other activities wrote a pamphlet in his defense called *The Carter-Pollard Disclosures*. This was considered by many to have done considerable disservice to the cause it was intended to support, and ironically enough it put one of its readers onto the track of a crucial piece of evidence against Wise, as we shall see.

Messrs. Clay's own opinion as to the identity of the only one of their customers who was in a position to have the forgeries executed at their plant was expressed to us privately; and we did not print it since, besides being private, it was only an opinion. But Mr. Wilfred Partington, in a biographical study of Wise called *Forging Ahead* (New York, Putnam, 1939), printed a verbatim record of an interview between Wise and Mr. Cecil Clay, communicated to him by Mr. Clay, which included Wise's question:

"Can't you say you had nothing to do with these things?" and Mr. Clay's reply: "How can I, when you know we printed them for you?"

An important contribution to the forgeries affair in general was made by Mr. Roland Baughman of the Huntington Library, who discovered two fresh additions to the group. Mr. Baughman found Tennyson's *Becket* (1873) to be printed in the forger's favorite type; but, more significantly, he proved that in 1893 Wise had relapsed into the imprudence of imitating a genuine article. He faked copies of his avowed type-facsimile reprint of the recently discovered and very rare *Alaric at Rome* (1840, Matthew Arnold's first publication) and sold them as originals.

4

Most of these developments had taken place in 1934. In March, 1935, I was invited to the library of Mr. Carl H. Pforzheimer, one of America's foremost book collectors, and offered the opportunity to inspect a document bearing on the origin of the forgeries, on condition that I should not publish it until its owner gave me permission. Mr. Pforzheimer explained that a reference in Mr. Gabriel Wells's polemical pamphlet to Harry Buxton Forman's authorship of an anonymous article entitled "The Building of the Idylls" (of Tennyson) in *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century* (edited by Wise and Robertson Nicoll), which we had mistakenly attributed to Wise, had reminded him that there survived in his possession the corrected proofs of this article, with some manuscript notes attached. These had been sold with the Forman Library. The manuscript notes, to which no great attention had previously been paid, were found to consist of several letters from Forman, one of the principal contributors to *Literary Anecdotes*, to its editor, Wise. Wise had commented interlinearly on a number of points in these letters and sent them back — hence their presence among Forman's effects, where they had fortunately escaped the notice of Wise and the executors when the library was sold to America.

It was my view, expressed then and on numerous subsequent occasions, that these documents ought to be published, for they threw a very interesting light on the relationship existing between Wise and Forman at a time when, as one among them proved, that relationship was particularly important to the elucidation of the chief unsolved problem in the forgeries investigation — namely, their authorship. Mr. Pforzheimer, for reasons which I have never understood, persisted year after year in declining

either to publish them himself or to allow anyone else to do so.

Later, Miss Ratchford was permitted to inspect the documents; but she also was unable to get leave to cite them. As this article goes to press, Mr. Pforzheimer is understood to be in process of printing them in the form of a brochure, and it is much to be hoped that they may now, after being withheld for ten years, be made available to scholars and students in their entirety.

As I must consider myself bound by the letter of my original undertaking, I cannot divulge the contents of these documents. But it will sufficiently indicate the interest of one of them to say that it convicts Wise in his own handwriting of the responsibility for one of the forgeries and includes Forman in the responsibility. Since the *Enquiry* established the homogeneity of the whole group, confession in respect of one forgery would almost automatically extend to them all, even if the pamphlet named were not, as fortunately it is, one of those printed in the forger's most frequently used font — the font peculiar to his printers, Messrs. Clay.

The fact of Forman's complicity in the production of at least one of the forgeries is no longer in doubt, but the degree and nature of his complicity in the affair as a whole remain speculative. Strong views on this point have at one time and another been adumbrated by Miss Fannie Ratchford, the well-known Brontë expert and librarian of the University of Texas Rare Book Collections. These views have now been set forth in full, with a quantity of evidence, inferential and other, to support them, in the long introduction to her book, which is subtitled "A further inquiry into the guilt of certain nineteenth century forgers."

This substantial volume also contains 460 pages of Wise's letters to his best customer, ranging from February 20, 1894, very early in their acquaintance, to May 13, 1911, the day of Wrenn's death, when the two had been close friends for a dozen years. If anyone doubts the extent of Wise's activities as a dealer in rare books, let him watch the man in action here: it is a full and a masterly performance, from which many professionals could glean a tip or two.

As Miss Ratchford points out, Wise on the whole served Wrenn shrewdly and efficiently, and many of her readers will wonder at the curious psychology of the man who could treat a customer and a friend so well 90 per cent of the time and swindle him so thoroughly the other 10 per cent. But it is that other 10 per cent which is our concern here: for Wise sold Wrenn at various times copies of every one of his forgeries, duplicates of several, and proof sheets of

two. And his technique of promoting these sales is both fascinating in itself and significant, because it presumably illustrates his methods with his many other customers. He raises expectations and recounts imaginary bargainings; he pulls off gratifying deals with nonexistent owners; and he often supplies plausible, but of course completely bogus, sources — Walter Harrison, "nephew of Moxon," Edward Carpenter, Frederick Crawley (Ruskin's old valet), Mrs. Dykes Campbell, R. H. Horne, Miss Tadema (daughter of the painter), a mysterious and almost certainly fictitious "Dr. Underwood," and several more.

Miss Ratchford, in her Introduction, is naturally at pains to vindicate the main bulk of the Wrenn Library, since 1918 one of the prime ornaments of the library at Austin, from those suspicions which have attached to its contents since Wise, who supplied perhaps three quarters of the volumes, was exposed in 1934 as, if not actually a forger, at least a careless judge of a book's authenticity.

5

MISS RATCHFORD is mainly concerned, however, with a re-examination of the question of the responsibility for the group of forgeries then exposed. She does not dispute Wise's involvement, but she challenges what she rather sweepingly calls "Carter and Pollard's *conviction* [my italics] that the whole burden and range of guilt for the forgeries was encompassed in Thomas J. Wise." Miss Ratchford does not cite any evidence for this conviction except the inaccurate (and known to her as inaccurate) Frederick Page letter to which I have already referred — and in fact we had, I think, reasonably open minds all along.

But in 1934 we lacked *evidence* against anyone but Wise, and even against him we lacked enough to justify an accusation. Some evidence of possible connivance we subsequently discovered ourselves in respect of Clay's foreman, though it remains circumstantial. The *Literary Anecdotes* document provides evidence of complicity against Forman in addition to completing the case against Wise. But it remains for Miss Ratchford to convince her readers, as well as Messrs. Carter and Pollard, of the existence of what she calls (on page 77, before she has presented any of her evidence) "the Wise-Forman-Gosse workshop," and of the complicity of Herbert Gorfin.

Miss Ratchford builds up her case against Forman with vigor. She cannot play the ace because Mr. Pforzheimer has it, and has no more allowed

her to use it than anyone else; but she knows it is there, and if she can only refer to it in a sad and tantalizing footnote, that knowledge enables her to ruff and finesse elsewhere with a freedom which she may be thought to have exercised rather too enthusiastically. She does, however, make several telling points based on factors which Pollard and I insufficiently appreciated; and even if some of the clues lay in the hitherto locked files of the Wise-Wrenn correspondence, it must nonetheless be a legitimate satisfaction to Miss Ratchford to be able to establish (albeit with the final proof uncited) what she has long believed — that Forman was implicated.

But she has permitted herself a certain amount of special pleading in her case against him, particularly in respect of the sensibility to similarities or differences in commonplace contemporary type designs which can legitimately be postulated in the compilers of author bibliographies and the editors of volumes of poetry (such as Forman). She herself has not apparently appreciated one factor recognized in the *Enquiry*: that in the 1880's and 1890's the same specific founders' types, in the regular 10 and 12 point text sizes, were being used in dozens of printing shops all over England. It is hardly reasonable to accuse Forman of failing to recognize one or another of half a dozen such fonts when he saw it again, while she herself argues as if she attached as much guilty significance to fonts common to Clay and many other printers as to the key hybrid font which was *peculiar* to Clay.

Many a bibliographer examined the "Reading" *Sonnets* with care, if not with skepticism. But it took the eagle eye of Stanley Morison, the most expert living analyst of type, to perceive for the first time in 1932 the significant features in its type; and it was only by what we described as "a lucky accident" that Pollard and I in 1933 identified that type in an honestly imprinted book and so traced it to its origin. Is it reasonable, then, to take for granted such microscopic discrimination as Miss Ratchford finds it incredible that Forman should not have possessed?

The employment of this sort of special pleading, needless against Forman, whose complicity is certain, cannot but affect our readiness to accept Miss Ratchford's indictments against her other defendants, in respect of whom no such conclusive evidence as the *Literary Anecdotes* document exists. She applies to both Forman and Edmund Gosse (an equally distinguished littérateur and an equally keen, though much less accomplished, book collector) the argument that the inclusion, in their libraries of nineteenth-century first editions, of a

substantial number of the forged pamphlets automatically implies a guilty knowledge of their character. "The Buxton Forman Library," Miss Ratchford writes, "contained thirty-two forgeries plus eleven duplicates. . . . Again, as in Gosse's case [Gosse had twenty], this is too large a number for so astute a bibliographer to have held innocently." Yet that reasonably astute institution the British Museum held more than Gosse, the Huntington and University of Texas Libraries more than Forman. Were these also guilty?

6

ASIDE from this general, and as I think untenable, inference, Miss Ratchford's case against Gosse rests on two arguments. First, her belief, fortified by that of "a score or more of persons accustomed to judging and identifying handwriting," that the correction *mangoes* for *mangos* in the margin of the proof sheets of the fraudulent E. B. Browning pamphlet *The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point* is in Gosse's hand.

When years ago Miss Ratchford, with the courtesy characteristic of the library at Austin, provided us with photostats of these proofs, we were after careful comparisons "unable to identify" the hand. Those photostats are in London; and on learning of Miss Ratchford's identification, I sent a cable to Graham Pollard, asking for a further scrutiny. I transcribe his reply (purged of one or two misprints pardonable in an un-bibliographical cable operator): "Mangoes hand unascrivable but more like Wise than Gosse stop letters not Gosse type." Miss Ratchford has reproduced the relevant page in facsimile, with a selection of words from Edmund Gosse's regular handwriting alongside it; but her readers will note that the only professional expert whose opinion was sought (the Chief of the Identification Division of the Texas Department of Public Safety) found the specimens "insufficient and not the proper standards upon which to base an opinion." Yet even if her readers follow Miss Ratchford in seeing a similarity (as I do not), they may think (as I do) that a single word, written in the careful but not always characteristic script normally adopted for proof corrections, in the margin of a book unconnected with Gosse by any other evidence, is an uncommonly slender thread with which to hang a man.

Miss Ratchford's second specific charge against Gosse is that he fathered the story of the printing of Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets* knowing it to be false and "deliberately propagated it for the purpose of

authenticating the forged pamphlet." She concludes that "Gosse divides the guilt with Wise, in fifty-fifty proportions." Gosse certainly introduced the bogus "first edition" of the *Sonnets* to the world, in 1894; and since he did not list his copy in the 1893 catalogue of his library it is reasonable to suppose that he had only just acquired it. In the *Enquiry* we inclined to the idea that the anonymous informant whom Gosse quoted as his authority for the whole story of Mrs. Browning's coy disclosure of her poems to her husband, of his reactions, and of the subsequent private printing, was Wise himself. But besides misreading some of the evidence then at our disposal, we had been unaware of certain letters written by Gosse in which, in replying to inquiries how the poems could have been printed in 1847 when letters to Browning himself show that they had not been disclosed to him till 1849, Gosse, abandoning the fictitious intermediary, had stated (letter to J. R. Burton, 1927) that he had had "the story regarding the authorship of those poems" direct from Browning himself. If we had known of this evidence, we should have realized, as perhaps we ought to have done anyway, that it was necessary to distinguish two elements in Gosse's story, first printed in 1894, but best known in *Critical Kit-Kats*, 1896: first, the major part, the picturesque account of wife and husband and the love poems; secondly, the brief passage giving particulars of the alleged "Reading" edition.

The first element, except for some differences of detail, is confirmed by several other accounts deriving direct from Robert Browning. The second element, being false, must have come from some other source. We thought, and I still think, it came from Wise, with a copy of the book (at a bargain price, no doubt) to provide ocular evidence; and was incorporated by Gosse in his main story without that "most careful investigation and certain proof" to which Miss Ratchford justly thinks he was "obligated," but which was not in fact characteristic of Gosse's work either as biographer or critic. I think Gosse was gulled by Wise, as I think he was in the matter of Swinburne's *Dolores* (see *Enquiry*, page 273), which Miss Ratchford, rather surprisingly, does not cite. I think that in later years, when he was cross-questioned by Lilian Whiting and J. R. Burton, he realized there was something seriously wrong with the book, and that he took the line of least resistance, brushing off his questioners with a rather high-handed statement of half-truths. Gosse defends (with perfect justice) "the story of the *authorship* of those poems" (my italics): he says nothing about their printing as the "Reading" *Sonnets*.

This must remain a question for the jury, and lack of space may have caused me to do some injustice to Miss Ratchford's argument in respect of this particular book. Though she does not cite any evidence for his connection with any other specific forgery, yet with her reference to the "Wise-Forman-Gosse workshop" and her inferences from Gosse's holdings of the group of forgeries and the sum they netted him when his library was sold, she lines him up against the wall as a full-dress fellow conspirator. I propose, therefore, to put in evidence two letters: one from Wise to Gosse about selling him some of the forgeries; the other from Gosse to Wise acknowledging the gift of another forgery. The first is inserted in Gosse's copy of George Eliot's *Brother and Sister*, one of the forgeries, and is dated "Mon. 19th (no month) 1896."

MY DEAR GOSSE,

Thanks for yours. I am so glad the little books please you. You shall most certainly have the "Agatha" [*by George Eliot — a forgery*] as soon as I can find it. It is generally understood and I think rightly, that 25 copies of "Brother and Sister" [*another forgery*] were printed — as there were of "Agatha" — But I have no absolutely certain and unquestionable evidence to go on as I have in the case of "Agatha."

It may interest you to know that the copy of "Leoni" [*by Ruskin — a forgery*] I sent you was formerly the property of Fredk. Crawley, Mr. Ruskin's old factotum, now living at Oxford upon a pension of £100 a year allowed him from Brantwood. I looked him up in 1889 when I was hunting all round for material for my Ruskin Bibliography. I bought from him all the relics he had — books, letters, sketches, among other things this tract.

Forgive this haste.

Yours

T. J. WISE

The second letter came from the library of H. T. Butler, a friend of Wise, which was sold in 1934, and it was very kindly transcribed for me by its subsequent owner, Mr. Robert Metzdorf of Rochester, New York. It is dated from 17 Hanover Terrace, London, 27/10/09.

How generous and kind of you, my dear Wise, to give me this beautiful copy of the 1867 "Dolores" [*by Swinburne — a forgery*]. I am very grateful to you.

Have you ever solved the mystery of its production? I have very minutely collated it with the text of 1866, and there are three extremely trifling variations. All three are errors in 1867 where 1866 was correct. I wonder whether Hotten [*the publisher of Poems and Ballads* (1866), whose imprint was quite plausibly used on the title page of the forgery (1867)] had any secret object in this production? Why he

did it, in fact? It would be interesting to try and work out the causes of the reprint, which I suppose, from its present rarity, was very limited. . . .

Yours sincerely,
EDMUND GOSSE

I will ask the impartial reader of these letters, which have only been preserved by accident and can hardly be supposed written "for the record," whether they read like those which fellow conspirators would exchange about the fruits of their conspiracy. If Gosse was a partner in the "workshop," why does he write in 1909 like a delighted amateur to a benevolent professional? Why is he treated in 1896 — the very year in which, according to Miss Ratchford, he was knowingly promoting one of the group — to a "promotion and sales" letter which is the spitting image, in tone and tactics, of a score of those printed by Miss Ratchford to illustrate Wise's technique when selling forgeries to Wrenn?

7

THE remaining object of Miss Ratchford's accusations is the late Herbert Gorfin, who has been referred to already in this article. Gorfin, who was Wise's office boy in the essential oil business and his agent and factotum in much of his book dealing, must have known very well that Wise was up to all the tricks of the trade (and to many which the antiquarian book trade at least would indignantly spurn). He himself acted as Wise's "front" in deals with Wrenn and many another — at Wise's office he was "Herbert," and when Wise was writing to Wrenn in Chicago to offer a bargain he became "Gorfin, a small bookseller of Hither Green" — where, indeed, he operated a small mail-order business from his home address.

But there is a wide gap between lending oneself to shady deals and conspiracy to forge. Pollard and I, who had the advantage of confronting Gorfin in person with the facts, cross-questioning him and putting him through his evidence on oath, concluded that he did not know the pamphlets were forgeries. He was ten years old when the earliest appeared, and twenty-one when the last that we know of was produced (1899). Miss Ratchford be-

lieves that he must have known, then or later, what they were; but beyond general inferences of probability she adduces only one piece of evidence against him.

That evidence is a receipt purporting to be signed by Walter Harrison ("Moxon's nephew") and accompanying a copy of the fraudulent Tennyson's *Morte D'Arthur* (1842) sold by Wise to Wrenn, which Miss Ratchford believes was written by Gorfin, using a sharp pen to disguise his hand. She reproduces this document in facsimile, along with other examples of undoubted Gorfin script, and I dare say most of her readers will concur in her identification. But Wise provided bogus origins for many other books he sold besides the forgeries, and Gorfin certainly knew it. So that even if the writing were agreed to be his, it would not necessarily imply a knowledge that this particular book was a forgery, or do anything to promote Gorfin from his present grade of jackal into that of fellow conspirator.

In conclusion: the Pforzheimer document will be seen, when its owner finally publishes it, to be a cardinal addition to the evidence in the forgeries affair. It is highly satisfactory that Wise left, in his own hand, even summary evidence of his guilt; and the inclusion of Forman in that short but sufficient sentence confirms some at least of the suspicions which Miss Ratchford has long held and which she has so amply expounded in her book. But if that document had been published in Wise's lifetime, it might, conceivably, have extorted a full confession from him. And at the least it must have elicited *some* statement, *some* addition, from the best possible authority, to the story of the most ingeniously conceived, the best executed, and the most successful fraud in the history of book collecting.

Meanwhile Miss Ratchford has reopened the whole case with some new evidence and a salvo of new accusations. I am not myself convinced by all her deductions; and in the complicity of Forman there remains much uncertainty as to its degree and its extent. But even if her readers now conclude, or further discoveries should suggest, that the forgeries were the work of a ring, I shall be much surprised if Thomas J. Wise has to be dethroned from his commanding position as the master mind.

THE CREED OF AN AMERICAN ZIONIST

by RABBI MILTON STEINBERG

1

A GENERATION ago the native-born, homebred American Zionist was a *rara avis* indeed. Some few of the species were about, men of insight and courage — Louis D. Brandeis, for example. But most American Jews were altogether indifferent to the Zionist program. And as for the rabbinate, only the Reform branch was articulate at the time, and that was anti-Zionist almost to the last man.

Now, three decades later, there are still many Jewish anti-Zionists, among them men and women of intelligence and sincerity. That they have a case can be seen from Rabbi Morris Lazaron's thoughtful article in the November *Atlantic*. Yet American Jewry as a whole no longer accepts that case. It has turned overwhelmingly Zionist.

When ninety rabbis recently issued an anti-Zionist pronouncement, almost nine hundred rabbis joined in repudiating it. Witness the fact that the Central Conference of American Rabbis — representative of the Reform ministry and once the fountainhead of anti-Zionism — has of late consistently voted pro-Zionist by approximately two to one. Let the American Jewish Conference speak — an assembly of five hundred delegates, appointed one-quarter by all important national Jewish organizations, and elected three-quarters by popular vote. That body went on record, with only *four* dissenting ballots, in favor of a Jewish homeland and commonwealth in Palestine. And whereas a generation ago anti-Zionists were anti-Zionists without qualification, they tend these days to be anti-Zionist but “pro-Palestinian.”

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What has happened to the Jews of America in all their varieties and conditions? Have they, as has been suggested, yielded to counsels of desperation? Have they succumbed to the wild chauvinism now sweeping mankind? It would be a most unusual madness that could unhinge so many Jews of deep religious convictions and broad human perspectives. Besides, Jewish chauvinism could scarcely fire non-Jews into incandescence — non-Jews like Jan Smuts, Reinhold Niebuhr, Wendell Willkie, Dorothy Thompson, Henry Wallace, and Walter Clay Lowdermilk.

No, the great transformation in the attitude toward Zionism is neither aberration nor despair. It reflects simply the cogency and practicality of the Zionist idea. What is that idea? Put tersely and in the idiom of official documents, it is that a politically secured, legally recognized Jewish homeland be established in Palestine, in which Jews who so elect may settle as of right; and that this homeland become ultimately a Jewish commonwealth. As for the practicality and cogency of the idea, let me present it as it appears to a typical American Zionist — myself.

Perhaps I ought begin by clearing the ground of a stubborn misconception. It is not true that I am a Zionist because I am not content to be an American, or because I doubt America's future. This land, I am deeply convinced, is on its way to new horizons of freedom and justice. In other words, it is not the fact that, pessimistic about the Jewish prospect in America, I have one eye cocked on Palestine — just in case. And I am no less sanguine about the future of democracy elsewhere. I make this point so explicitly because it has been bruited about by some Jews that to be a Zionist is to be compromised in Americanism and deficient in democratic faith. On behalf of hundreds of thousands of American Jews who, like myself, are Zionists, I wish to affirm that these grave allegations represent, at the best, ignorance and, at the worst, slander.

2

IN PART I am a Zionist because of the record of Zionist accomplishment. Inspired by the Zionist ideal, supported by Zionist funds, operating under conditions made possible by Zionist political effort, thousands of Jews migrated from Europe to Palestine and there set about incarnating an ancient dream. It was from many points of view a grotesque enterprise to which they committed their lives. They were told that the whole business was superfluous — Jews in the West being already free and in Eastern Europe on their way to emancipation; that an emigrant from the Old World had the whole globe open to him; that Palestine was an arid, backward country where Jews could not survive, let alone be creative; and that in any case it could absorb no more than a handful of settlers. Discouraged from all sides, grappling with heartbreaking difficulties, these Jews accomplished the impossible.

What an achievement is theirs! In one generation they built a community of almost 600,000 persons, free and self-reliant. Out of ghetto alleys they took Jews who had lost all rapport with soil and workshop, and made them into farmers, mechanics, sailors, and fishermen. They caused the desert to blossom and sand dunes to hum with the myriad sounds of cities. They evoked a great flowering of Hebraic culture — the greatest perhaps in two millennia. They experimented boldly and idealistically in new forms of social living, in coöperatives, collectives, and communes. They introduced modernity and democracy into the Near East, awakening it from its immemorial medievalism.

When liberty stood with its back to the wall, they rallied to its defense. About 35,000 of them enlisted in the British military forces — the equivalent proportionately of an American volunteer army of seven millions. From their farms they helped to feed Allied armies; in their upstart factories they forged or repaired military matériel. And meantime they gave refuge in ten years to 280,000 of their brethren, who otherwise would now be dead to the last soul.

This is a superb record, achieved, be it remembered, by Zionists, not by anti-Zionists, not by non-Zionists, not even by pussyfooting “pro-Palestinians.” Of and by itself it constitutes a compelling Zionist case. And yet I cannot claim it as the ground of my conviction. For, truth to tell, I was of my present persuasion before that record was achieved. Which brings me to the core of my case.

I am a Zionist in the first place because I am a religious Jew. From my Judaism I have derived a

God faith, an ethical code, personal and social, a pattern of observances, but also, interwoven with these, a love for Palestine and the yearning that at least a part of the House of Israel be restored to its soil. That aspiration is written deep in the Bible. It is inscribed boldly in the whole rabbinic tradition, ancient and medieval. And it pervades Jewish ritual. My religious heritage, then, makes me a Zionist.

Does this sound unrealistic? We shall soon see that it is not without common sense. But since at the moment I am in peril of being hanged as a sheep, let me be bold enough to perish as a wolf. Let me confess to an even wilder vision, to the historic confidence of the Jewish religion that something is destined to come out of the reassociation of Israel with Palestine. Twice this people struck foot on its ancestral soil and wonderful events occurred. The first time, prophetism came into being; the second, Rabbinic Judaism, Christianity, and the foreshadowing of Islam. I should be less than candid if I did not admit to a high expectation concerning the third encounter — an expectation of new instruction coming out of Zion, of some fresh word of God sounding in Jerusalem.

But my thinking on Zionism is not altogether so high-flown. I advocate Zionism as the most immediate and practicable answer to a vast, terrible, and very tangible need. Long ago, in the halcyon days of the nineteenth century, Herzl and his associates already perceived the incipient pressures of political reaction, economic constriction, and psychic mass embitterment. They foretold that brute powers might bring down in ruins the centuries-old edifices of European Jewry. They pleaded that, against the evil hour, the Jews should prepare a homeland of their own.

And has not the Old World House of Israel been trampled into blood-drenched splinters? And in all the grim devastation, does not Jewish Palestine shine as a joy-bringing, hope-dispensing beacon? What is more, the need of a haven of refuge will in the future be more, not less, acute.

No Jew, no Zionist, no person of good will and democratic persuasion, can tolerate the thought of any Jew's being denied residence and equality of status in the land of his birth or citizenship. For this objective, among others, the present great war is being waged. The continued abuse of Jews in Europe would mock our professions and sacrifices alike. As I have already intimated, I have warm hopes for the future peace and security of Jews who elect to remain in the Old World. For a time, until mankind returns to sanity and the democratic

spirit reroots itself, the United Nations may have to guarantee the rights of all minorities. But in the not too distant future, I expect, every European, regardless of creed or origin, will sit under his own vine and fig tree, and none shall make him afraid.

And yet there will be thousands of Jewish survivors for whom a return to former scenes will be impossible. First, anti-Semitism will not immediately vanish from Central and Eastern Europe. Again, there are those whose last roots have been severed. No person, synagogue, household, or occupation will remain to draw them back. And for still others the very word *home* will be surcharged with unbearably painful recollections. Those who want to go elsewhere must have the full right.

And where, one asks, are they to turn? In the earliest days of Hitlerism, the Evian Conference demonstrated that no government wanted homeless Jews. Now, what with World War II, with demobilization, reconversion, and the dread of mass unemployment, immigration barriers almost certainly will go up, not down. As for undeveloped areas, the earth has been combed for possible havens for Jews. The result — next to nothing. Each suggested territory, it turned out, was either already overpopulated, or unsuited for colonization by Europeans, or closed by political considerations. And all suffered from a common disadvantage — years would be required to prepare them for mass colonization. Meantime, what are the homeless Jews of the world to do with themselves?

I would not be misunderstood. In proposing Palestine as the focus of Jewish migration I do not debar other sites. The position of European Jews is so tragic that they can no doubt use many centers of resettlement. I do mean that we must not lose the bird in the hand for any in the bush. Palestine is assigned by international covenant to large-scale Jewish settlement. It is ready now, without the spadework necessary elsewhere. Jews *want* to go there — no trivial consideration. Witness how before the war they clamored for visas; witness further the preferences expressed by refugees in Italy.

The country, small though it is, is large enough. It now has a population of about a million and three quarters. How many more can it accommodate? In the first century of our era, according to historians like Baron and Schürer, it contained anywhere from 2,500,000 to 4,000,000 human beings, and that without modern agriculture and industry. In our one generation it has absorbed a half-million Jews, and the saturation point is not even remotely in sight.

What is the maximum? Estimates vary. A group of Jewish authorities hold: "Palestine should be

capable of absorbing another three million inhabitants." But these are Jews speaking; their pleading may be *ex parte*. Consider then the conclusions of Walter Clay Lowdermilk, Chief of the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. After a long study, he has decided that the country is capable of receiving *four million* immigrants beyond its present population (*Palestine, Land of Promise*, page 227). Let us cut his estimate in half. Six years ago, what remains might not have been equal to the needs of European Jews. Today, alas, it will suffice.

3

BUT I am impelled to Zionism by a more personal consideration, by the needs of my own spirit. No tradition can coast along merely on past momentum. Every religion and culture must for its health be constantly regenerated with new elements fashioned after its genius but stamped in the mold of the day. Now, though Judaism is extraordinarily rich in accumulated resources, it too requires infusions of the fresh, novel, and contemporaneous. Yet it is everywhere a minority religion and culture; even its most devoted adherents expend themselves mainly in the larger civilization. To Judaism they come with the remainder of their time and energy. But people are not normally creative under such circumstances, as the state of Judaism demonstrates. Hence there must be a place where Hebraism will be a first culture, where it can flourish without hindrance, and whence transfusions of new values may emanate.

Nor is this abstruse verbiage. The brilliant renaissance in Palestine, the revival there of Jewish music, art, letters, folkways, the theater, and the Hebrew tongue have invigorated, stimulated, and enriched every Jewry in the world. That too is why I am a Zionist; because, while I would remain a Jew without Jewish Palestine, my Judaism, by virtue of it, is more meaningful to me and my Jewish fellows.

There are other reasons for my Zionism, over which I cannot pause: the contribution it has made to Jewish self-respect at a time when so many forces conspire to break it down; the promise inherent in the social experiments afoot in the Jewish homeland. But tempting as such themes are, I must forgo them to deal with another matter closer to our line of inquiry: How, if all I have said is true, can any Jew be anti-Zionist?

In posing this question I do not have in mind dejudaised Jews, indifferentists, escapists, or psychic rebels against being Jewish. Such negative Jews

will all be anti-Zionist. I mean, how can informed professing Jews resist Zionism?

Differing conceptions of the nature of Judaism and the Jewish identity — here is the continental divide where Zionists and non-Zionists part. To the non-Zionists, Judaism is purely a religion, the Jews members of a church. Hence notions of a homeland and commonwealth are altogether inappropriate.

But is this definition valid? Obviously not. For, if it were, no Jew could be irreligious and remain a Jew. And yet there are atheists, agnostics, and skeptics who consider themselves, and are universally considered, Jews. Even some of the leading American anti-Zionists, who are most insistent that Judaism is a communion only, neither profess nor pray, feast not on festivals and fast not on days of penance. A pretty paradox! For how can they be Jews by virtue of a faith they do not possess?

Incontrovertibly, religion is a motif in Jewish living — the major motif, I should say. But other elements are involved also. Race, anthropologically speaking, is certainly not one of these. A culture is. Present in the Jewish patrimony are a large literature, secular as well as sacred, music, folklore, art, mores, and institutions. But many a modern Jew acknowledges the culture no more than the faith, and is yet subjectively and objectively a Jew. Something more remains. That plus is a social identity. It consists in the fact that Jews are a historic entity, an organic group sharing memories, interests, and hopes; that they are in sum a *people*.

The first error of the anti-Zionist is that he misconstrues Judaism. He blunders again for lack of imagination. It escapes him that other Jews live in scenes different from his, and that circumstances alter cases. America is a uni-national and, except for secondary cultures, a uni-cultural land. Judaism here naturally takes the form of a religio-cultural entity. But Poland, Rumania, and the Soviet Union are composed of many peoples, cultures, and nationalities. There Jews also constitute in law and public opinion a *nationality* body.

As for Palestine, there the Jews are a nation in maturation. Being a people as well as a communion, why should Israel not take on various forms with various settings? With these actualities the American anti-Zionist refuses to make peace. He will not allow other Jewries any status but his own. Having misinterpreted Judaism, he compounds his fallacy by generalizing it. Willy-nilly, all other Jews must be what he is, exclusively a member of a sect.

But would not Jewish "nationality" status in Eastern Europe, and especially a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine, affect the political obligations of American Jews? Would Jews not owe allegiance to

the Jewish homeland? Did the establishment of Norway or Eire as a self-governing state modify by a hair's breadth the relation of Irish or Norse Americans to America? The American Jew has only one political duty: to America. To Palestine he will be bound by ties of religion, sentiment, and culture, as other Americans are so often related to their lands of origin. But whatever Palestine is or may become, the American Jew remains an American citizen, knowing no political sovereignty save the American.

The anti-Zionist is troubled further lest Zionism contravene the great universalistic motif of Judaism, its glorious doctrine of the primacy of mankind over individual, clan, and nation, its historic ministry as a "kingdom of priests and a holy nation." Is not all this ado about culture, commonwealth, and peoplehood a retreat from the advanced position so long and so nobly maintained? Does not Zionism constrict the wide horizons of the Jewish spirit?

To which my response is that over objectives there is no dispute among us. Where we differ is on method. Anti-Zionists seem to feel that Jewry does best by mankind when it suppresses all distinctiveness except in religion. Zionists hold that Jews can give more to the world by developing their peculiar heritage to the full, provided always that the heart is firmly set on the service of all humanity. This position I accept, first because it is sanctioned by the very prophets who conceived universalism. As Scripture testifies, they loved mankind and the world, but Israel and Zion also, loving them for themselves, and as witnesses to God's Kingdom. Besides, I cannot see how either an individual or a group, possessed of talents, benefits anyone by being less itself. To me the indicated course would appear self-cultivation dedicated to the overarching ideal.

But Judaism, religion and culture alike, needs Jewish Palestine for its fulfillment. Wherefore considerations of universalism, far from negating Zionism, endorse it. For only when enriched and stimulated by a Jewish homeland will Jewry be equal to its destiny.

4

ANTI-ZIONISTS, last of all, exhibit a distaste for certain words. It was Thomas Hobbes who, anticipating semantics, pointed out that words are counters, not coins; that the wise man looks through them to reality. This counsel many anti-Zionists seem to have neglected. They are especially disturbed by the two nouns *nationalism* and *commonwealth*, and by the adjective *political*. And yet these terms on examination are not at all upsetting.

Jewish nationalism means no more than recogni-

tion of the peoplehood of Israel, and of the propriety of that people's being a religio-cultural group in America, a nationality in Eastern Europe, and in Palestine an actualized nation.

Nor is the word *political* more horrendous, even when it precedes *Zionism*. For what does it signify? It refers either to methods for realizing the Zionist objective or to the objective itself. If to the former, it denotes the World Zionist Organization, the Jewish Agency for Palestine, and their transactions with the Mandatory Power and others on immigration into Palestine and related problems. If this be *political* Zionism, what can be wrong with it? Anyone wishing Jews to be free to enter Palestine knows that governments must be dealt with and understandings negotiated. Or are there some so naïve as to approve of results but not of the only means for attaining them?

Or is the *politics* in Zionism against which anti-Zionists protest a matter of ends? Is their objection leveled against the ultimate establishment of a Jewish *commonwealth* in Palestine?

If so, let it be noted first that when organized Zionism supplanted its traditional slogan, a "Jewish State," with the formula, a "Jewish Commonwealth," it made its program pliable, adaptable to future circumstance. *State* is a very precise concept with clear connotations of unrestricted political sovereignty. A *commonwealth*, on the other hand, can be a state or a dominion or a locally autonomous unit within a federation. The Zionist proposal then is that Jews, when conditions are ripe, be accorded some as yet unspecified type of self-determination. And can any request be more reasonable? If Jewish immigration into Palestine continues, as it must, the Jews some day will constitute the preponderant element in the population. Shall they, just because they are Jews, be forever denied the fact or hope of autonomy?

But why do Zionists press their political goals? Why not simply allow immigration to continue? Because without the commonwealth formula there will be no further immigration! On May 17, 1939, Britain issued the notorious White Paper that first repudiated its obligation to establish a Jewish commonwealth, and then, once that was out of the way, limited all future Jewish immigration to 75,000. That policy, the misbegotten child of Chamberlain appeasement, was denounced in Parliament by persons as diverse as Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Herbert Morrison. Winston Churchill called it bluntly "a breach of faith." It was castigated by the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. It has contributed to the death of thou-

sands of Jews. So it has engendered the bitterness that recently breached with acts of terrorism the splendid, long-sustained self-discipline of Palestine Jewry. Still it stands. And if it continues to stand, an intolerable paradox will come into being: Palestine, the land assigned by international agreement for Jewish settlement, will be open to all immigrants except Jews.

On what ground is the White Paper assailed? As inhumane? Only in part. After all, Palestine has done its philanthropic share for the Jews. The real bases for protest are public covenants, notably the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate. And these as interpreted by Balfour, Wilson, Lloyd George, and Churchill boil down to a commitment for a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine. This pledge is the writ by virtue of which the abrogation of the White Paper may rightfully be demanded, the lease whereby homeless Jews claim entrance to the land. It is Jewry's *locus standi* in its crucial cause now hanging in the balance. At all times it must be presented in evidence before the bar of humanity's conscience.

5

ONE question remains: Where does this leave the Arabs of Palestine? Does it not entail the gravest injustice, moral and physical, to them? Arab-Jewish relationships in Palestine are complex, far too tangled for proper presentation here. But let me at least indicate the chapter headings of the Zionist view on the matter.

First, I think we ought look at the record. What has been the effect of Jewish immigration and achievement on Palestinian Arabs? Whereas in near-by Moslem lands populations have remained static, in Palestine Arab numbers have soared from 664,000 in 1918 to over a million at present. This increase has been due in part to the better living conditions, to the modern hygiene, and to the advanced agriculture Jews have introduced. But in addition Arabs by the thousands have been immigrating into Palestine from all Near Eastern countries. Jewish enterprise has made the land one of promise for them as well as for Jews. Further, the value of Arab industry in Palestine quadrupled between 1922 and 1937, the area of land under cultivation increased by over 50 per cent. Even Arab culture has benefited. Thanks to the taxes paid by Jews, the country has been able to maintain educational facilities such as would otherwise have been impossible.

Nor is there any reality to the notion that Arabs have been driven from the soil. That charge, once

noised about widely, is heard no more — at least not in responsible circles. For when the British government went looking for Arabs made “landless” by Jews, it sought everywhere but found only a corporal’s guard. And of these, many had been tenant farmers who had been compensated but had preferred not to invest their reimbursement in farms. But how is this possible? Much of the ground occupied by Jews was not only uncultivated hitherto: it was classed as uncultivable. No one lived where now Tel Aviv stands, and almost no one in the recently drained Huleh Swamps, or in the once malaria-infested valley of Esdraelon. Again, where land under cultivation has been purchased, a portion of it has been given to its former tenants, who, freed from the sharecropper’s lot, now get along better than ever.

But if the Arab has not only not been hurt but even helped, why his fierce resistance? In the first place, that opposition is less universal than is supposed. Of what there is, some is the class interest of rich landowners and urban employers of Arab labor whose feudal grandeur is being threatened. Some reflects the natural resentment of any populace over the entrance into its midst of new elements. Some echoes Axis agitation, propaganda, and bribery. Some reflects the weakness of the Mandatory administration. But much of it — perhaps most — is straightforward, unexceptionable nationalism. The Palestinian Arabs know that but for the Jews they would some day enjoy autonomy. Now at the best they will have to share political authority with another group; and should Jewish migration continue, they will in the end occupy a minority position. This is a real, in fact *the* real, grievance.

In sum, two legitimate ideals have come into conflict in Palestine. Two peoples are attached to the land: Both have deep aspirations concerning it.

Quite clearly, as Reinhold Niebuhr once put it, neither perfect satisfaction nor perfect justice can be rendered to both sides. The best to be hoped for is the greater justice, the minimal wrong.

What are the alternatives? One is the freezing of Jewish Palestine in its present dimensions and, if the former Grand Mufti and King ibn-Saud have their way, even the expulsion of the Jews now in the land. The other is the continuance of Jewish immigration, the achieving of a Jewish majority, the establishment of a Jewish commonwealth. In this commonwealth all Arab rights, religious, cultural, economic, civic and political, whether individual or group, would be guaranteed. Arabs would of course vote and hold office, conduct their own school system, follow their own culture and faith.

Now, how do these prospects stack up against each other?

As to urgency: On one side the Palestinian Arabs, injured not a whit, are denied only a political aspiration. On the other side are Jews by the millions to whom entrance to Palestine is truly a matter of survival.

In terms of *Realpolitik*: Which is the safer solution, a Jewish minority in an Arab majority, or an Arab minority in Palestine protected by guarantees and backed up by a deep Arab hinterland?

In the broader view: Has not the Arab world as a whole vast territories on which to realize political autonomy? Is not Palestine a mere 5 per cent of that world? Are not the 95 per cent, often without effort on their part, achieving independence? As for Israel, where else can it incarnate fully its peoplehood and culture?

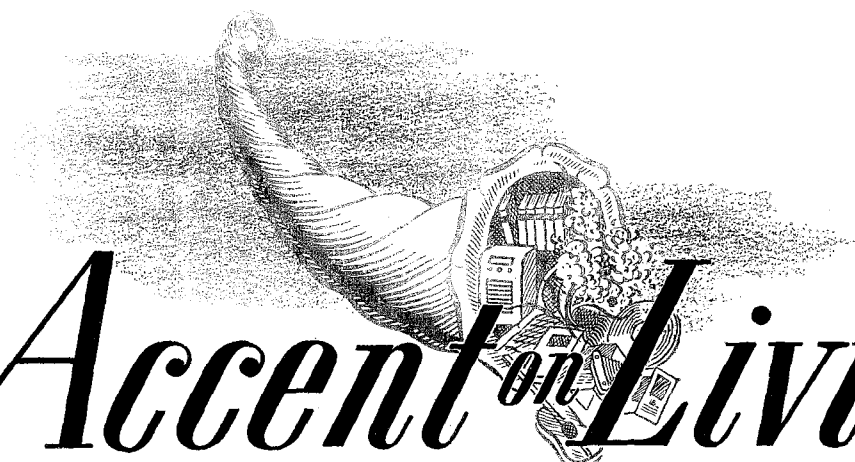
With still wider vision: Jewish Palestine is the outpost in the Near East of modernity and democracy. Will not the prospect of the entire area be brighter if the Jewish settlement continues to grow?

And for the advantage of universal humanity: The most that mankind can expect from the Arab prospectus is the establishment of another Arab state. The Zionist program means the salvaging of lives, the rebirth of Hebraic culture, the promise of a progressive Jewish Palestine for the Levant and the world, and, let it not be forgotten for a moment, the solution of the centuries-old and otherwise insoluble problem of Jewish homelessness.

There is, I repeat, an Arab case. But not in anguish, urgency, or import does it begin to equal the Jewish.

How, in conclusion, do I as an American Jew and Zionist envisage the future of Jews and of Judaism in the emerging world? I see a society in which all men are free, politically, economically, culturally, spiritually. I see Jewries at ease and secure in the various lands of their residence, devoted citizens of these lands, and at the same time the bearers and the transmitters of a living Hebraism, significant to them and to the world. And I see in Palestine a Jewish Commonwealth where the homeless Jews of the world shall have found rest; where the Jewish spirit shall have been reborn; whence shall flow to the Jewries of the Dispersion inspiration and the stuffs on which it feeds.

This dream has been spoken to me in almost every syllable of the religious tradition I cherish. It represents a desperate need, physical and spiritual, for world Jewry. It is fraught with infinite promise for Israel and mankind.



Accent on Living

Twilight of a Faun

By ROBERT FONTAINE

IN THE days in Canada when my father conducted the orchestra in the pit of a large vaudeville theater, there was given to me, once a week, a special privilege. I was permitted every Saturday to attend the matinée performance. Equipped with two packages of Necco Wafers (thin, multi-colored, many-flavored sugar candies) I would arrive at the theater with my father a half-hour before the performance began.

I would go backstage with him — really downstairs *under* the stage — where the dressing rooms were. Here, while he sorted music, made important pencil marks, and played a little rummy with the others, I would sit, usually on a large, heavily labeled trunk, my legs dangling.

Performers who were getting dressed or just hanging around would often talk to me, and even show me tricks of magic, feats of juggling, or small dance routines.

I had been going to the theater every week for several years and some of the performers I knew from previous engagements, since they went around the circuit often.

One of them was a dancer named LaSalle Dubois. He danced with a large lady in something called "The Faun Dance." It was very serious and very classical but I, personally, did not comprehend it.

ROBERT FONTAINE has served a varied apprenticeship; he wrote radio scripts for Joe Cook; worked on the staff of WLW and the Mutual network; was a Washington correspondent — and then started to free-lance. He lives in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Nor did I comprehend M. Dubois, who was the saddest-looking man I had ever known. Every time he came to Ottawa he sat quietly outside his dressing room, his long, hairy head cupped in his hands, his eyes large and wistful. He spoke very little.

The day of the twilight of a faun, then, M. Dubois was once more with us and sadder than ever.

My father was rearranging cues on the top of sheets of music when I asked him about the dancer.

"Papa," I inquired, "why is it M. Dubois is always like he will cry soon?"

My father shrugged. "He is sad."

"*Pourquoi?*" To me actors were never really sad, except on the stage. In the dressing rooms and backstage they were forever gay, good-natured, and full of wine.

"*Je ne sais pas*," my father replied. "There are many reasons for being sad in this world. One's stomach, perhaps, revolts. One's heart beats too fast. One marries the wrong woman. One marries the *right* woman. Many reasons."

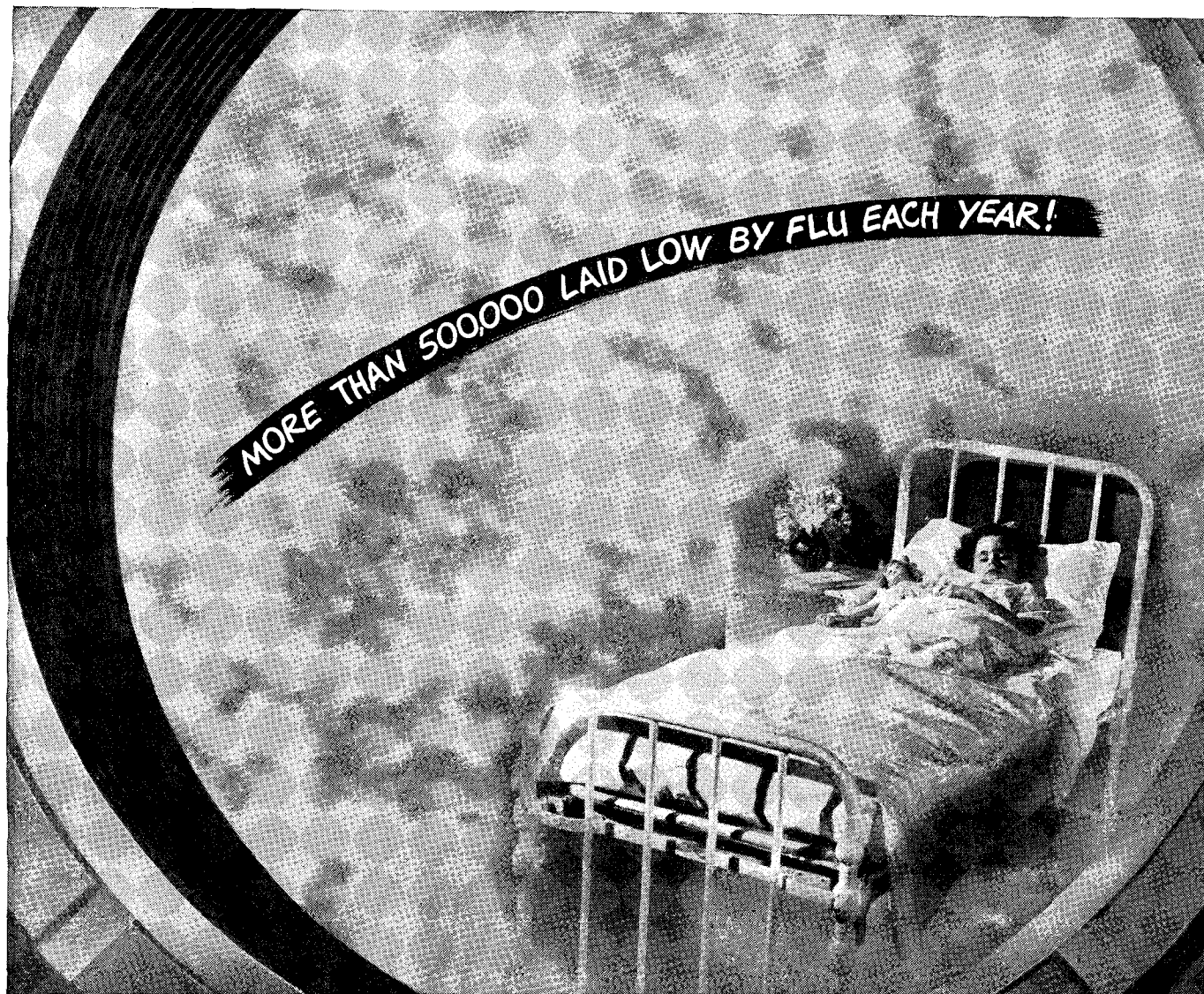
I knew that my father must be busy and not thinking clearly, for his explanation did not satisfy me at all.

"No," I protested, "these are not the reasons for the sadness of M. Dubois."

My father stopped working, looked at me and smiled tenderly. "*Eh bien!*" he observed. "*You* go then, young philosopher, and discover for yourself why fauns are sad."

I took him literally. I went to the dressing room of M. Dubois, where I found him putting on his suit of hair to become a faun. He was also drinking cognac from a bottle.





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Optical microscopes, however, were not powerful enough to "draw an accurate bead" on the deadly virus that caused influenza.

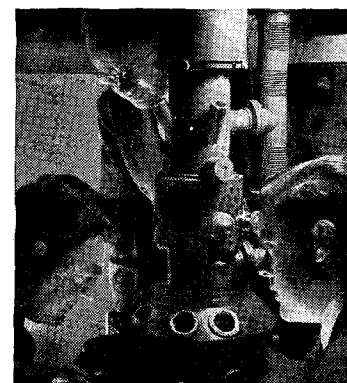
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PIONEERS IN PROGRESS



He said nothing when I ambled into the room and sat myself down on a trunk marked with red and white letters: "The Faun and The Nymph: Keith Circuit."

"*Bon jour*," the faun said gloomily.

"M. Dubois," I began hesitantly, "why is it you are all the time so sad? Me, if I were always on the stage with a nymph, I would not be sad. Especially traveling all over the world and seeing the beautiful scenery."

M. Dubois stopped his making up and regarded my reflection in his dressing-table mirror.

"You say this because you are not an actor."

"Some day, maybe I will be an actor."

"Better to die young," said the faun.

"An actor is not so bad," I countered. "It is better than to be a grocer and have all the time people shouting about the high price of the sausage. Or to be an umpire of baseball and be all the time struck with dead eggs."

"My wife and I, too, have been struck with dead eggs. Also sick tomatoes. Soon the time is coming, if you ask me, when we will be struck again."

I waited patiently while he placed on his feet the artificial hoofs of what seemed to be a goat. Then he drank once more a large portion of the cognac.

"If it is so sad to be a faun chasing always a nymph on the stage, why do you do it?" I questioned.

M. Dubois said, "Pah!" as if he were removing from the end of his tongue a fly which had died in the cognac.

"Eh?" I said. "*Pourquoi?*"

"Pah! Pah!" repeated the faun.

I waited. M. Dubois pondered.

"Ah, well," he said at length, "often to myself I have imagined how it would be to appear on the stage wearing a suit of red and white checkers and a green hat, making songs and dances and funny sayings — no longer to chase across the stage, forever and ever, a nymph in many coats of cheesecloth. Yes, I have imagined it to myself in every province in Canada — in every state in the U.S.A. In Australia I imagined it and in a music hall in London. Pah!"

"And why not?" I questioned. A small bell rang to announce that the short moving pictures which preceded the vaudeville had begun.

"Why not?" the faun repeated dully. "The faun is an old faun who cannot now even keep up with the music — although your father is a genius and plays

it as slowly as possible — and the nymph is a fat nymph whom no faun would really chase anyway."

He pulled a few hairs from his faun's suit. "What," he asked me suddenly and loudly, "is a woman for?"

I shrugged. "To take care of babies; to make pies; to have clean sheets for the beds; to kiss good night. Some other things, maybe."

M. Dubois took an exceptional helping of cognac.

"Not to run around in public dressed only in cheesecloth which ripples from the fat?"

"But no," I agreed.

"Ah—" He heard the loud voice of his large wife coming downstairs from the stage entrance. He put the top on the bottle of cognac hastily and was about to slide it furtively into his trunk when he stopped.

"Regard me!" he commanded. I regarded.

"Am I," he went on bravely, "a mouse or a man?"

"A faun," I said.

"So! A faun is more than a man, no?"

"Yes. He is a man, but he is wild like an animal too, and strong," I agreed.

"Good," the faun announced firmly. He put the bottle back on the table and removed the top. He sat down calmly in his chair, crossing his arms and hoofs.

In a moment the nymph, wearing a large straw hat full of red roses and a dress covered with painted morning-glories, appeared. She removed her wine-colored gloves and with one of them slapped the faun across the hairy back.

"LaSalle," she cried in the accent of the London music halls, "you've bean drinkin'!"

"Certainly," the faun said calmly.

"Down't leave me ever catch you at it agayn!" she shouted. She began now to remove, over her head, the dress of morning-glories. I observed with interest.

When the dress was almost removed, she placed her red head through an opening and asked, "'Ow hold are you?"

"Ten," I said.

"Get hout!" she said.

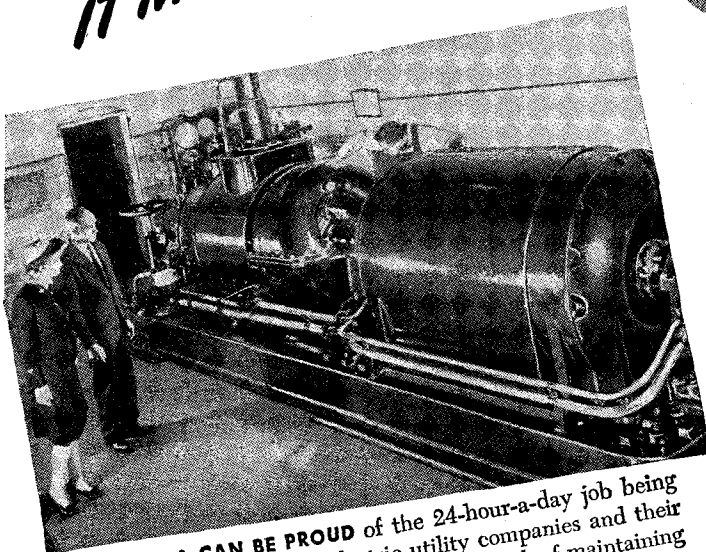
I hesitated, but the faun nodded in agreement with his nymph. I sighed and clambered down off the trunk. The bell had rung, anyway, for the first act of acrobats and I was just as glad to leave.

I went, as usual, through the little door into the orchestra pit, while the house lights were still up. I climbed slowly over the brass rail and the deep-

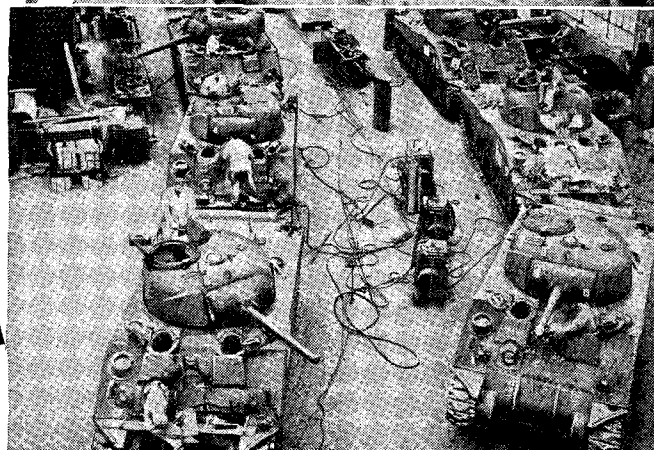


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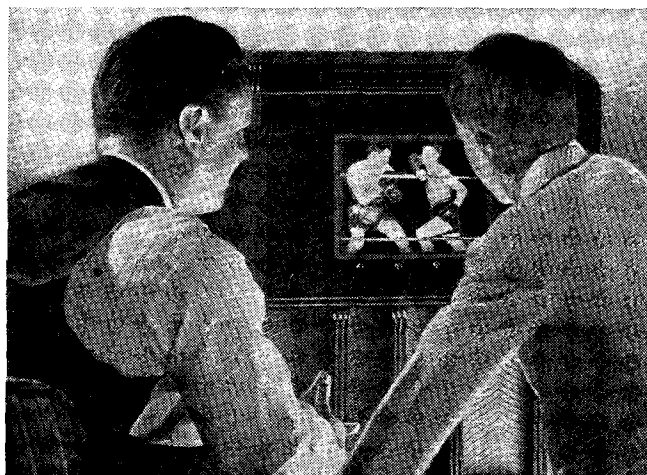
IT MAKES THE WIRES HUM!



ALL AMERICA CAN BE PROUD of the 24-hour-a-day job being done by the nation's 1150 electric utility companies and their 204,000 loyal employees. Theirs is the vital task of maintaining a steady, dependable supply of electric power for our factories, farms, and homes. And the coal industry is justly proud that 55% of all this electrical energy is generated from—*Bituminous Coal!*



COAL IS THE SOURCE OF ELECTRIC POWER for most of this country's production lines—it is also a *basic material* from which many products are made, such as plastics, nylon threads, dyes, and many drugs—including the new life-saving sulfas! In addition, the production of steel, paints, explosives, thousands of chemicals, and some 200,000 other products depends on coal!



TELEVISION, one of the post-war wonders that will be yours, depends on electricity. So do your refrigerator, telephone, radio, washing machine, lights. Electricity powers the automatic coal-stoker in your basement. And remember, most of America's electricity comes from coal! On top of all this—*Bituminous Coal* heats 4 out of every 7 homes in the U.S. Truly, *Bituminous Coal* is the *Faithful Servant of Home, Farm, and Industry.*

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Last year, for electric utilities, railroads, home, factory, and farm, the coal industry produced over 600 million tons... more coal than has ever been mined in any year in any country in history! And the industry is hard at work to make your post-war coal

for home heating in more uniform sizes, practically dustless—cleaner than ever.

Surprising facts about Bituminous Coal

1. Electric utilities are the fifth largest consumers of coal... using in excess of 76 million tons annually! More electricity is generated from coal than from all other sources combined!
2. Electricity generated from coal costs less to produce—by a wide margin—than electricity generated from "free" water power! And modern coal-burning steam plants are the *most efficient* power-generating plants.
3. Experts say that without electric power generated from coal, over 700 million additional workers would be required for America's annual industrial production.

Bituminous Coal Institute, 60 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

red velvet curtain which set the orchestra off from the theater proper.

This was my method of announcing to the audience that, while I was one of them in fact, at heart I was really a child of the other side of the footlights. My silent announcement over, I took a seat behind where my father would soon tap his baton on the music rack.

The acrobats were, as ever, wonderful. The three girls, beautiful beyond description, who came next and sang popular songs were, of course, divine. The two colored boys with faces like milk chocolate danced as no one dances today. The sketch, the fourth act, was brilliantly dramatic, full of gun shots and wavings of the French flag, with a brief appearance of Napoleon himself.

At last came the faun and the nymph. The spring-like music began. The faun sat on a cardboard rock pretending to play pipes. Pretty soon, who comes to tickle him under the chin and make him nervous? Of course, Mme. Dubois — no longer enveloped in morning-glories but draped in cheesecloth. I regarded with new eyes the nymph. M. Dubois was right. She was indeed too fat for a nymph, and the cheesecloth made her even more so.

Now the faun arose, threw down his pipes, and jumped up and down, chasing after Mme. Dubois, who bounced and quivered across the wooden grass until she hid herself behind a paper tree, which shook with her weight.

The faun pretended the nymph had disappeared and he went back to playing sadly on his pipes, sitting again on his cardboard rock.

But is the nymph satisfied? No!

Once more she sneaks up behind him and waves a cheesecloth under his nose, like a promise.

Up jumps the faun! Away bounces the nymph! This goes on and on for many, many minutes.

To myself I say: "I can understand M. Dubois now. In every province in the Dominion, in every state in the U.S.A., in Australia, and in London he has chased the nymph who makes him nervous when he wishes only to rest and play the pipes. And the worst part is that he has never caught her."

It made me very sorry for M. Dubois.

This was the only time I had really no reason to be sorry for the faun, because this day the act was different from what it had ever been before. I did not know it, but here history of a kind was being made.

The faun, at last, threw down his pipes and flexed his muscles.

He pawed the wooden grass for a while with his imitation hoofs. Mme. Dubois nervously waved the cheesecloth nightshirt under his nose.

With a jump he was after her!

It was so real the audience burst into applause as when the cowboys suddenly come near to the Indians.

Mme. Dubois jumped quickly behind the paper tree and over some cardboard rocks. The faun was right after her. He pushed over the rocks with his hoof. He tore up the tree by the roots, in a manner of speaking.

Mme. Dubois, definitely frightened, ran off the stage at one side. The faun ran after her.

She reappeared at the other side and dashed across the stage, cheesecloth flying.

She was not fast enough for the faun, who, running behind her, lifted one hoof expertly

and kicked her soundly in the round, fat backside.

The curtain came swiftly down and, in spite of the loud applause, the cheers, the happy whistles, it did not go up again on the act of the faun and the nymph.

It did not ever again go up on the act of the faun and the nymph.

Six months later there was on the program, as I regarded it in the dim light (back once more in the front row, center, with my Necco Wafers), an act entitled: "LaSalle Dubois: Songs — Dances — Funny Sayings."

I waited, entranced, for his appearance.

Yes, there he was, surely enough — looking ten years younger. He clog-danced out of the wings, briskly and happily, wearing a red and white checkered suit and a hat of bright green.

All alone, I applauded furiously, stamped my feet and whistled. It was contagious and those beside me began to applaud and soon everyone in the audience was clapping.

M. Dubois rose to the occasion. He executed two somersaults without touching the floor with his hands.

The drums rolled and the cymbals crashed with joy. And all was well again in the world of make-believe.

Fauns we do not need here, I reflected. Nymphs should be home with the babies. What we want are men in bright suits with songs, dances, and funny sayings.





... and the hours shall become minutes

—As Guy Lombardo Found!

"Can we make it short?" asked Guy Lombardo. "I have to be on my way to rehearsal in five minutes . . ." The popular orchestra leader had long been hoping for this opportunity to hear the Meissner. "But now I'm afraid I can't do it justice."

Guy, himself, touched the button starting the automatic record changer and watched the metallic arm as it quickly, silently selected a record and gently placed it on the turntable. "It's amazing," he said.

Even more amazing was the Meissner's ability to play both sides of a record in sequence or repeat any record. "You could enjoy this for hours without touching a record," Guy said, "but now let me hear this Meissner play . . ."

All else was forgotten, now, as the music took command. First, came a

series of the great classics—with each note as clear as if the musicians had been in that very room at that very moment. There were no "missing elements" here to annoy the experienced listener—nothing blurred or adulterated.

"You know," said Guy, "it's hard to believe that good reproduction alone could make such a difference. I've heard those records before—but never have they sounded like this . . ."

Later, much later, Guy Lombardo looked at his watch. "Well, I guess the band got along without me," he grinned. "But they'll forgive me when I tell them about the Meissner. What a set it is!"

☆ ☆ ☆

Guy Lombardo had just been listening to the only Meissner radio-phonograph in existence—perfected just before war turned all of Meissner's skill and knowledge to the manufacture of electronic

war equipment. The instrument is now on loan "for the duration" to the high school in Meissner's home community.

Your luxurious postwar Meissner, in a distinguished cabinet, will combine unexcelled reproduction and completely automatic operation with Frequency Modulation, Super Shortwave, and a host of other advancements now being engineered into Meissner electronic equipment for our armed forces.



Uh Huh?

By MARY MAXTONE

FOUR years ago, as a British immigrant struggling with some of the eccentricities of the American language, I was continually puzzled by a nasal honking sound which seemed to recur in nearly all conversations, though I seldom saw it in print. I started to tackle it as a problem in semantics.

First, I went to the dictionary. Unfortunately, it wasn't listed, though I looked under E for *erh her*, H for *huh unh*, and U for *uh huh*. Nothing daunted, I decided to listen carefully, jotting down parts of the conversation in which the word was spoken, in order to learn its meaning. I found the term "meaning" to be a classic example of British understatement. The word — if it may be called a word — had not one but twenty meanings. Consider these typical excerpts from my notes: —

1. "Do you like spinach?"
"Unh unh." (*No, certainly not.*)
2. "Would you like to see something nice?"
"Uh huh." (*Yes!*)
3. "Have you written that letter?"
"Unh unh." (*No.*)
4. "I have been all round the world."
"Uh huh?" (*No, really?*)
5. "Where are you going?"
"Uh huh huh." (*I don't know.*)
6. "Will you do me a favor?"
"Uh . . . huh." (*Well — yes.*)



A fascinating study! To my untrained ears, the pronunciation seemed to be exactly the same each time; I later learned the immense variations of accent and inflection, the subtle nuances of tone, which could give such different meanings. I discovered the spelling, which, although not standardized, usually consists of *u-h h-u-h* for the affirmative and interrogative, and *u-n-h u-n-h* for the negative. I even found out the regional characteristics:

Now in her middle teens, MARY MAXTONE is an old *Atlantic* contributor, having published in this magazine at the ripe age of twelve. She is a senior at the George School in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

in the South, it has four syllables; in the West, it is pronounced *erh her*; in the Middle West, the faint rumble of an *r* can be detected.

My next step was to attempt to add the new word to my own vocabulary. I practiced it frequently, and went around muttering "Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh" until my friends began offering me Kleenex.

One day at a dinner party I tried it.

"Would you like some potatoes?" asked my hostess.

"Uh huh," I replied bravely.

"Oh, so you're on a diet!" she exclaimed, and passed me my plate potatoless. Irritated, I attributed it to her poor hearing.

A few days later, I was asked the usual question: "Do you like living in this country?"

"Uh huh!" I answered enthusiastically. The questioner looked pained and surprised, and murmured that that was too bad.

In the middle of a long story, a friend of mine said politely, "I do hope I'm not boring you."

"Unh unh," I said, trying very hard.

I never heard the end of the story, and my friend hasn't spoken to me since.

Requiem

By E. D. VAUGHAN

THE visitors who never come
Have flocked across the floor,
The clock that never has been wound
Goes ticking as before,
And all the mute gigantic shapes
Are loud beyond the door.

The finger now at ten to one
A final flaw detects,
The blinded eye in sharp delight
A printed page inspects,
And gelded in their infancy
The ancients speak of sex.

Is this the path to paradise,
Is this the way to hell,
Or does the spirit soaring up
Forget the time it fell
And hear the thunder of the gods
In every dinner bell?

(To ask them this, to ask them that,
And never to reply
For fear they peer behind the words
And guess the reason why
We walk the darkened labyrinth
That lies within the eye.)

As the Escrow Flies

By GORDON KAHN

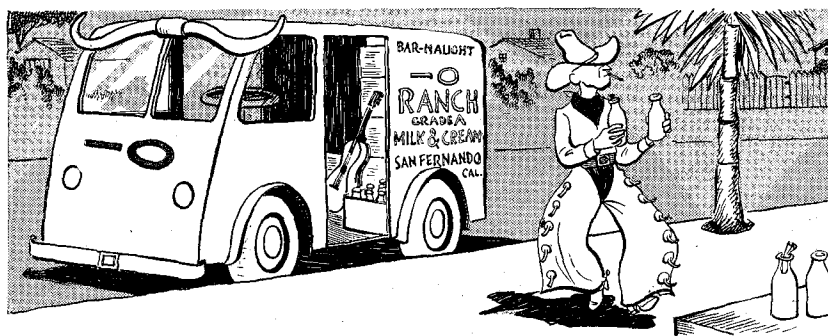
DESPITE the long eminence of "I'm Packin' My Grip; or, San Fernando Valley," I apprehended the perfidious lyric of that song for the first time only a few days ago. This is due, in some degree, to the manner in which the divine Cecílias of Frequency Modulation extrude the words through a surgeon's mask. I may be slow to riddle a dithyramb, but when the muezzins of the Hit Parade, in adenoidal concord, fuse it into a Nesselrode of solid sendings, the burden of a cantata reaches me as rumor.

From what I could gather on radio or well-tempered juke box, the psalmist of "I'm Packin' My Grip" was merely hankering in B-flat for a life of flagrant indolence surrounded by fat kine that would always be calving. He, the Darby, and the patient heroine of all these canticles, the Joan, would munch flapjacks of lotus-flower meal all day long, and in the Western gloaming would read to each other from the annual folio of Peruna testimonials and other therapeutic intelligence which would come to them by rural free delivery.

Although the phrase "San Fernando Valley, my home" was clearly audible, I scoffed at the notion that it could mean the San Fernando Valley which is a municipal segment of the City of Los Angeles and is serviced for its entire breadth by the red trolley cars of the Pacific Electric R.R. For didn't the balladeer sing, "a-headin' for the cow countree" and "forward my mail care of R.F.D." in the same canto? "I'm Packin' My Grip," then, was some simple cowhand's capriccio in which frivolity limped with poetic license.

Additional assurance that the song referred to some distant clime lay in the phrase "where the West begins." For as every Californian knows, and every song writer concurs, here is where the West ends. Surely the man must mean Fernando de Noronha, which is on the Atlantic Ocean and serves as a place of banishment for Brazilian criminals; or Fernando Po, — in some geographies Poo, — likewise on the Atlantic, whose inhabitants, according to my atlas, are called Bubis, wear little clothing, and are slowly dying out because of their addiction to strong wines.

But now that I have a copy of the sheet music and see clearly that he means California, I realize with



shock how he has traduced that Beulah Land which is only three miles from my own keep in the yucca-speckled Hollywood Hills. With that document as proof, I accuse him of laying violent counterpoint to this tranquil settlement.

The solitary particular in which his song subscribes to the facts is that it is a valley, lying north of the Santa Monica Mountains and trailing off into the Santa Susannas, the "Little Sisters of the Sierras," as these dun hills have been named by the real-estate agents. Its sixty square miles were once a smelter in which only salamanders and Gila monsters could live, but the place is now irrigated by torrents pilfered from the Owens Valley, many miles to the north. Occasionally the men of Owens Valley dynamite a section of the siphon just to show Los Angeles that they haven't forgotten.

San Fernando Valley was named in honor of Ferdinand III, King of Castile. According to my pocket hagiography, which I bought thinking it was about hags, the good San's specialty was persecuting the Albigenes, who no doubt had it coming.

As for its being cow countree, I know of only two representative herds. One is tended by the undergraduates of a boys' reformatory. The other is a sodality of milkers owned by a large dairy corporation. Their queen bossy is a grand old udder just giddy with blue ribbons. They rarely appear under God's sky, except to be viewed by nature-study classes.

The horse is known here, too; a traffic-wise animal which must be shown a signed receipt for \$2.00 from its owner before it can be mounted and ridden for an hour. And in the sparse hills north of the settlement of Granada, a pungency like the crash of cymbals betrays the existence of a few camorra of goats.

Once I saw an elephant piling teak on Sepulveda Boulevard, which roughly bisects San Fernando Valley; and at Gay's Lion Farm, admission to which is 50 cents plus tax, a man lectures every afternoon on the camel, using as his subject a ship of the desert that is just about ready to spring its rivets.

If only the bard of "I'm Packin' My Grip" had mentioned a rumpus room in his ditty, he would have been forgiven every insolence. It is the rumpus room, with some aid from the FHA, that has really

Our Hollywood correspondent, GORDON KAHN, takes the role of Baedeker here to warn us that parts of California, notably the San Fernando Valley, are not always as advertised in popular songs. This is the fifth in a series of reports by Mr. Kahn.

populated the San Fernando Valley. No home is too humble for one of these ping-pong shrines. It may be done with floors of terrazzo and walls paneled in tooled sandalwood, or it may be a cellule of beaver board; but if you haven't one, your esteem in the community is at low ebb. Kids naturally abhor a place set aside for their romping, but these rooms are ideal for training a puppy, simply by covering the floor with newspapers and removing one sheet daily. What the puppy learns by that method is to read.

Every plot of ground that nourishes four walnut trees is called a ranch.

A holding with two trees and a patch of lawn, in the language of the San Fernando realtor, is known as a ranchette. One with a back yard, a barbecue pit, and a rabbit hutch is a ranchito. There is also a variety of seigniories at inconvenient locations. To these hermitages no gardener or other domestic assistant will venture. These places are called estates. Those nearest civilization are "Exclusive Homesteads"; those deeper in the veldt are advertised as "Gentlemen's Hideaway Estates." Here a man can breathe — get away from it all — and still be within thirty minutes of the Mocambo or Clover Club.

Perhaps the first writer to colonize here was Edgar Rice Burroughs. He named his domain Tarzana in grateful remembrance of Lord Greystoke. Other writers have settled around Tarzana in the southwestern quarter of the valley, but none has come so close to the soil as the real-estate agents who brokered the property. These land merchants can knock off a strophe with the best of them.

One, in the school of Edgar Guest and the Prince Albert tobacco advertisements, announces a certain property as: —

AH-WILDERNESS

There's a Bluebird o' Happiness awaitin' you, just aroun' the corner, know that? Well, that's right! Yes, sir. Well, pardner, snap out of it. I got 'er. I can't describe this dwellin' 'cause I don't know how, but to be to the point! — She's got about an acre o' land, 3 sleepin' quarters and you can all clean up at the same time without no buttin' in; one o' them lazy

rooms goes along with it, too. An' snoopin' around, you walks into where they prepare the vittles. Well, that's got me, so I wanders through the veranda, onto the patio and smells those steaks a-cookin' o'er hickory charcoals, and looks out into the trees, the rose bushes and the world, squats down and says: "Brother, if she were only mine." Please don't wake me up! If you don't want to buy 'er you might want to rent. Take your choice.

There are 225 real-estate men besides the author of that sprig of Yellow Bantam. One of them writes his sales manifestoes on a large blackboard with the snap of a war bulletin. "D-Day," it screams. "The Invasion of San Fernando Valley is now on! Establish yourself a beach head. Here's one you can storm on your first approach. Ranches for sale are as scarce as Germans in Rome. However, there remain a few select ones that are offered at the right prices, not booby traps. Pardner, when you sing 'Home, Sweet Home' in a rented house, you're serenading the landlord."

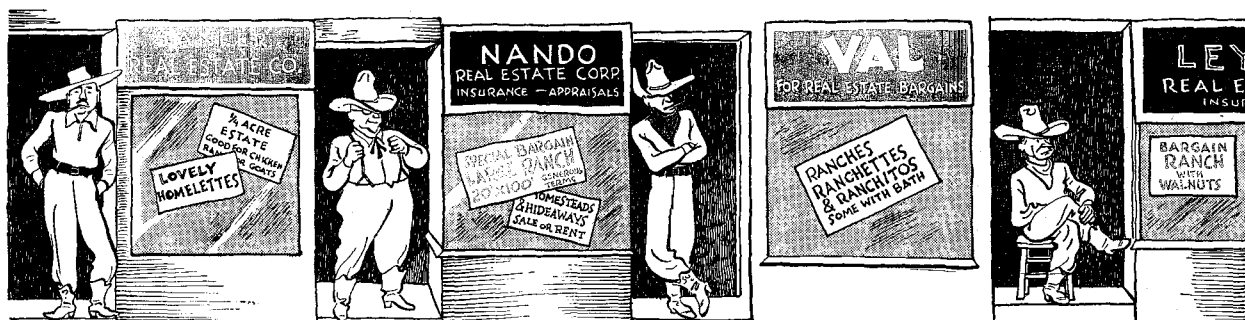
Some of them, with a slender advertising appropriation, use a peculiar realtor's shorthand. Only the veteran prospect or some other realtor can make this out: —

Com. 2 b.r., dn., din., l.r., 2 f.p., r.r. pan. Phi. mah.
Over 20 f. & s. ts., pers., apr., wal. Spr. sys. St. fen.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a. sui. tur. chix. 17 thou. $\frac{1}{2}$ csh.

Decoded, this means: Compact two bedrooms, den, dinette, living room, two fireplaces. Rumpus room paneled in Philippine mahogany. Over twenty fruit and shade trees, persimmons, apricots, walnuts. Sprinkler system. Steel-fenced one-half acre suitable for turkeys or chickens. Seventeen thousand dollars. Half cash.

Real-estate agents to the number of 226 in this community may seem a fantastically large figure. Yet they prosper, and as experts in valley geopolitics they resent as upstarts their rivals in Beverly Hills who have begun to offer Valley property with a flippancy that indicates they deem this region a poor second choice to Bel-Air and its woodsy canyons.

The 56,000 inhabitants of San Fernando live well, in a hedonistic sort of way. They are kept beautiful



One of the leading television engineers of France just okayed CBS' firm belief that postwar television can and should produce a clearer, sharper, larger picture than is now available. He says that his company has actually produced one.

René Barthelemy, chief engineer of *Compagnie Francaise de Television*, said to Charles Collingwood, CBS correspondent in Paris, only a few weeks ago:

"It has been suggested in the United States that the 1000-line television which we have developed... is of no practical importance. I can only say that I and the firm with which I am associated feel that 1000-line television is ready for exploitation and that it is perfectly feasible... There is no longer any insurmountable technical obstacle to putting it into general use.

"... Our idea is to perfect a system of television which would produce an image equivalent to what you see on the movie screen. We consider that we have succeeded."

This was also CBS' idea as far back as April, 1944, when it was uttered explicitly. The utterance, you recall, met lively opposition from people who said coarse-screen television standards (i.e., prewar) were "good enough." Then CBS backed up its belief by ordering from two of America's largest manufacturers of electronic equipment two television transmitters designed to send the fine-quality picture. When they're ready to send fine-screen pictures it won't be one minute too soon for the public to see them.

★

At the suggestion of Major Gen. Lewis Hershey, some 6700 Selective Service directors throughout the country take time out each Saturday to listen to CBS' notable rehabilitation program *Assignment Home* (4:30 p.m. EWT). They hear the case of a veteran of 30 bombing missions now out of the service and facing the prospect of finishing school. They hear a story called the *Ribbons You Never See* of the man with a medical discharge but no visible scars to prove his heroism. Then they hear how they can help these men and thousands like them readjust to the normal routines of civilian life.

Further evidence of the mounting attention being given to *Assignment Home* is the request of the National Association of Manufacturers for the scripts of each program. Medical staffs of various Army Service Commands hold seminars following the broadcasts. The Army's Separation Classification School at Fort Dix, N. J., uses the programs as texts each week.

Humble, earnest letters pour in from listeners:

"... I am asking you if you would forward me a copy of today's program... The reason why I am requesting this story is that I have a son 18 years old who has just been medically discharged from the Navy and my wife says how the story was told so it fits our son who is very restless."

★

James Fassett, CBS supervisor of music, opened a letter on his desk and read:



"Imagine my nostalgia Monday afternoon when I tuned in the CBS symphony and your 21-year-old contralto (very good voice, too)! I believe that to be the first time I have heard 'my old program' since I entered the army nearly two years ago. To my mind that spot remains superb for both the radio audience and young American artists; and I wish I could appear as one of your returning 'discovery' programs.

"It might interest you to know in what circumstances I listened in Monday afternoon. I was flying my B-24 in formation with other ships while P-40's flew simulated attacks at us and our gunnery students 'fired' cameras at them. All this over the desert near the Rio Grande and Mexico. While I was holding position I listened for something interesting on my radio compass receiver and bingo! there it was. Less than two years ago Jennie Tourel and I were holding forth in that same spot..."

The writer Lt. James Pease, USAAF bass baritone, got his start on CBS' young-artists program *Songs of the Centuries* in 1942, went from there to win the Metropolitan Opera auditions, thence into the Air Force. The singer he heard in the rarefied

Arizona air was Sally Moore. You can hear her, too, any Monday or Friday at 6:30 p.m. EWT on CBS.

★

In the course of a year at least 13 million phones ring in American homes and if you're home you hear a voice ask "What program are you listening to?" You may or may not answer depending on your mood and circumstances, but most people do, and pleasantly. In this way broadcasters find out how to give listeners the kind of programs they like.

A special direct-mail survey made for CBS disclosed that 1 out of every 3 homes-with-radios in the country listened to its exclusive broadcast on the Army-Navy football game. That's better than 10 million families, and doesn't include the millions of men in the service who heard the game by shortwave.

★

Just before Christmas OWI's radio outpost in New Zealand got a request from a listener for a program describing a small town American Christmas. The OWI picked Holden, Mass. as a typical community, borrowed some mobile recording equipment from WTAG, the CBS affiliate in Worcester, and set about producing the program.

Sidewalk interviews with Holden citizens on Christmas Day, church services, and the voices of Holden families speaking from their homes, all tied into a narration by Deems Taylor, made up the program.

When the record was cut and replayed only one section was eliminated as being non-typical. During the recording of the Christmas services at the Holden Congregational Church the microphone picked up the whisper of a little girl saying "My mommy says we're going to have pot roast and ice cream for dinner today."

★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

by 140 beauty salons, cosmetologists, and scalp masseurs. They keep their skin and muscle in tone at 17 Turkish baths, 5 of which specialize in a rare miasma known as eucalyptus steam.

For more serious ministrations they have 75 physicians and surgeons and an assortment of 90 who are osteopaths, naturopaths, or chiropractors.

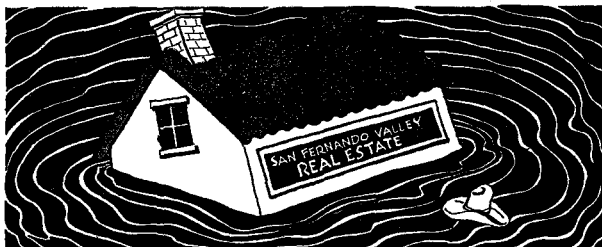
For the last offices to their dead they have 26 morticians, but for the quick there are 88 restaurants, 24 night clubs, 59 retail liquor stores, and 18 pastry shops.

True, there is only one branch of the Los Angeles public library, but for the adornment of their persons and homes they have 70 cleaners and dyers, 11 custom tailors, and 43 interior decorators.

Once I too thought I would inspan my oxen and quit the hills for San Fernando Valley. Secretly I read the advertisements, eschewing the bold ones. I sought the ones that whispered in shallow lineage such secrets as "Owner Going East," "Bank Close-Out," and "Forced to Quit." That last one needed only a nudge, I learned after talking to the real-estate man. Five thousand above the mortgage would send him spinning back to Wounded Knee, Nebraska. I was shown the house, and it was as the realtor described it — all wood and a wide yard. It was picturesquely situated on the edge of the Los Angeles River, in which I had never seen enough water to moisten a stamp.

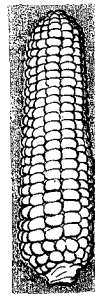
The papers were drawn, there was a libation from the real-estate man's office bottle of Old Smuggler, and I was to return the following day with the plunder. As I left, a bird — a raven, I think it was — cawed dolorously from the limb of what I recall was a gallows tree. North, over Tujunga Canyon, the clouds gloomed like a tragedian's cloak, and lightning sliced the horizon. I chose to regard all this as a fanfare rather than an omen.

The next day was March 2, 1938. Look it up. Ventura Boulevard, which led me back to the realtor's office, was a lagoon. By expert seamanship I made the opposite shore with the bullion. The Los Angeles River was a millrace. I made landfall and looked for my real-estate office. And there it was, listing heavily to starboard and heading out to sea at a good eight knots. I never saw the real-estate man again.



Corn

By LT. FRANK C. HIBBEN, USNR



THERE is a humble plant that everybody eats and nobody really knows. Ancient civilizations were based on it; modern America depends on it. It is helpless to grow and seed itself without man, and man is well-nigh helpless without this plant. Man developed it, and it developed early America. This plant is corn, which typifies American agriculture.

In the first place, "corn" is a misnomer. The word "corn" is an old Greek word which means any kind of kernel or grain. In old English writings you can come across the words "pepper corn" or "barley corn" meaning grains of these foods. We use the term in "corned beef," which is beef prepared with "corns" or grains of salt. Corn as we know it should really be called "maize," for that is the original Indian name for the product. However, if a restaurant advertised maize on the cob, I dare say very few would order that item from the menu.

The very fact that we in the United States use the word "corn" without ever a thought that it might mean something else is indicative of the importance of this plant in our life. Corn is more important than all the other grains grown in the United States. In farm value, it far outweighs any other grain commodity grown in this country.

Corn is not American because we made it so. It has always been so. When Columbus landed, first in the West Indies and then on the mainland of South America, he found the Indians everywhere growing the plant which they called maize. As the European whites pushed into the eastern fringes of North America and also South America, they were amazed to find Indian tribes of every conceivable variety growing this particular plant. Over most of this area it was the major agricultural product.

Our early settlers were equally amazed to find that this corn which the Indians grew with such skill was already diversified. The Indians were planting and harvesting over three hundred different varieties of corn. When the Spaniards finally penetrated into our southwestern section they found, for instance, that a single tribe, such as the Hopi Indians of Arizona, knew and grew eighty varieties of corn.

The Indians of North America and the northern portion of South America had already developed, by the time white men came, every kind of corn which is known today. The Indians of Colombia and Ecua-

Now in the Navy, FRANK C. HIBBEN was formerly Professor of Anthropology at the University of New Mexico. He is a Princeton graduate and received his Ph.D. from Harvard.

SPEECH UNDERSTANDING TEST

FOR THE HARD OF HEARING

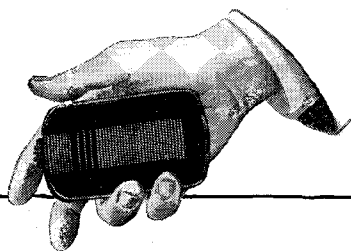
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2. Name the tree on which bananas grow		
3. Explain the purpose of fire drills		
4. Name a state which has no seacoast		
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AMERICA'S FINEST YEAR 'ROUND CLIMATE

dor grew pod corn, which is a peculiar variety with each kernel enclosed in a separate pod. Popcorn, with its characteristic pointed kernels, was a favorite of the Indians of the Middle West. Flint corn was a favorite of many of the Southwestern Indians, who ground the hard kernels into flour between two stones. Dent corn, which is the yellow corn that we see in the fields of Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, and Ohio today, was a favorite Indian variety in those regions.

The Indian farmers of long ago also had soft corn, starchy sweet corn, and all the varieties of corn which we now plant in our Victory Gardens. They had already developed white corn, red corn, black corn, blue corn, and striped varieties. Even the brightly colored kernels which we call "Japanese corn" were a product of the American Indian. The development of corn is closely identified with the development of America.

When we lightly speak of "developing" such a plant, we are dealing with a process which even today is only slightly understood. The domestication of some plant originally wild is a process which involves literally countless generations of such a plant over immense periods. First there must be a guide with understanding of what he wants, and then other men or guides to carry on the work through generations. In the highlands of Mesopotamia it took possibly 5000 years to develop wheat. In China it took an equally long time to develop rice. Corn is much more highly developed than either of these. And corn was developed entirely in the New World, where man supposedly is not so ancient as in Asia or Europe.

Corn as a plant is peculiar. It is a grass, and a very highly specialized grass. It did not become so specialized through any fault of its own. Man made it that way. By selection, by crossing, by every horticultural contrivance that man could devise, this plant, which we know as corn, was developed from some innocuous-looking, seed-bearing grass of ancient times.

What vision some ancient fellow must have had to start this process! Can you imagine some primitive hunter of long ago as he sat at the mouth of his cave after an unsuccessful hunt? This man's empty stomach had stimulated his mind and he began to reason, which is the process that distinguished this man from the animals which he hunted. A bird was eating grass seeds be-

fore him. If only those seeds were as large in relation to the man as they were to the bird! Could they be made larger? Possibly by picking out the very largest seeds and those which tasted the best, and planting them next year, he might have a larger plant with larger seeds. The process was started.

As corn is identified with the development of man so closely, it is of extreme importance to try to trace it back to its original state. Many scientists have attempted to do this, with little success. There is only one seed-bearing grass — which grows in the highlands of Guatemala — which bears any relation to corn as we know it. This grass is called teosinte.

Teosinte will cross-pollinate with corn, but otherwise bears no relation to it, and certainly does not look like corn. Pod corn, which is apparently a native of the northwestern part of South America, may be another ancestor of the corn plant of today.

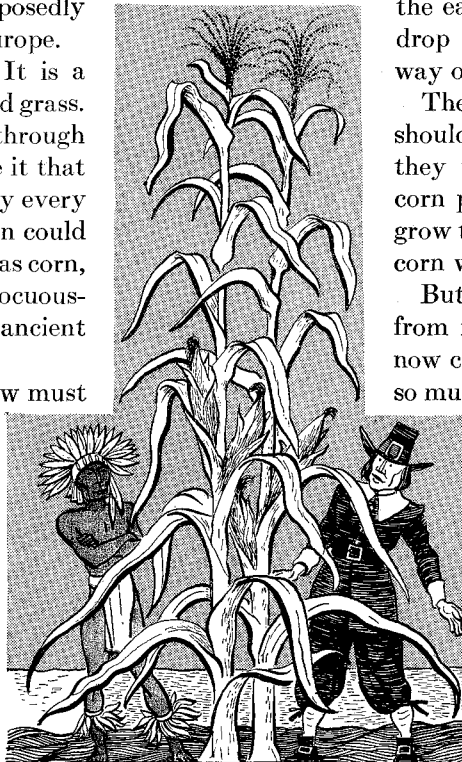
Whether teosinte or pod corn — or both — was the original ancestor, there is no doubt that the development of the modern corn plant as it was found here when Columbus landed was a very long process. With all that we know of modern horticulture and the development of plant strains, it has been estimated that it would take twenty thousand years by purposeful development to produce the corn plant we know.

To illustrate how highly developed this plant is, it is only necessary to remark that corn has no way of seeding itself. If a corn plant could grow wild, the ear, with the mature kernels, would drop at the foot of the plant, with no way of spreading itself.

The next year, if any of the kernels should sprout from the half-buried ear, they would produce a clump of small corn plants so thick that no ears would grow the second year. The third year the corn would die out completely.

But corn has been developed so far from its original state that the plant is now completely dependent upon man — so much so that it can no longer revert to

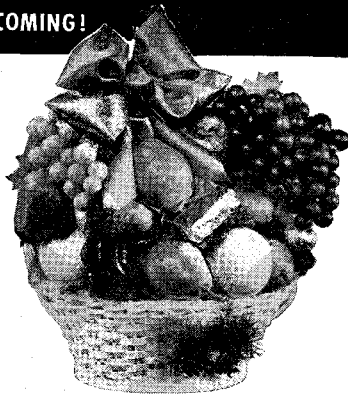
the wild state. Unless it is cultivated by the hand of man, corn cannot compete with other vegetation; it soon loses out and does not reproduce. Many plants which have been domesticated by man simply turn back to their original form when they grow wild. Corn is so highly developed that it dies out.



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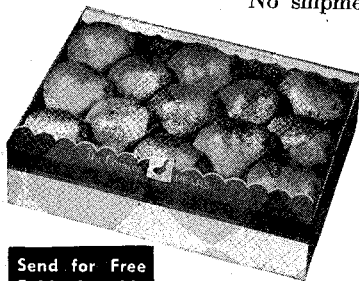
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Confucius

By LANGDON WARNER

DEEP in bright iron of the past he cut
His chiseled sentences. They still remain.
Their meaning spells no Peradventure, But,
Nor If. And in cold iron, might and main,
At that same smithy worked his forebears who,
In homely words, drove home by hammer blows,
Wrought sentences the earlier sages knew
Not other than the Truth our people knows.

And yet when men today would write on steel,
Thin ardent acid bites a facile line
Etching a witty phrase. Who reads this fine,
This shallow-bitten, mannered stuff shall feel
Quadruple loss. Where is the smith, the power,
The sledge blow, and the chisel for this hour?

Our Slightly Confused Tradition

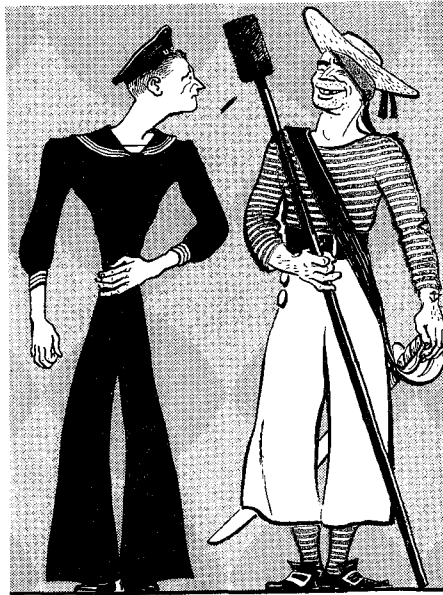
By W. S. B. TATE

I WAS a lover of Tradition — a hidebound, pot-soaked lover of it. The Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, the shattering of an emptied wineglass following a toast, Morey's and the Yale Fence, baked beans on Saturday night — these held for me an ineffable significance. They made me one with a revered past.

Following a certain untraditional event, I heeded my country's call and planned to become a bluejacket in our Navy — a Navy that is itself wrapped in Tradition, a Navy that seems more Institution than Organization. I was enraptured. My enlistment in that Navy would mean that I could at last express my admiration for things traditional. I thrilled at the prospect of Saluting the Quarterdeck. How I should enjoy the mental calculus entailed in determining the time of day whenever a ship's clock chimed its double notes. My knowledge of the historic background of the Personal Salute would enable me to render this traditional gesture with a gusto and a polish marking me as a model of military bearing.

With the shrill of an imaginary bosun's pipe ringing in my ears, I joined the Navy, and over-

W. S. B. TATE is a Chief Specialist (Teacher) in the United States Naval Reserve. He is assigned to the Teacher Training Department of the Naval Training Station at Newport, Rhode Island, where his duties are mainly editorial. He has been in the Navy nearly three years, and has spent a good deal of that time in the uniform of which he writes.



night my adoration of Tradition became tempered. In my enthusiasm to become a part of Tradition, I had overlooked the fact that, on becoming an enlisted man in the Navy, I must *wear* a Tradition. I refer, of course, to the bluejacket's dress uniform, on the specifications of whose components let me refresh your memory.

First, and perhaps most striking, a heavy wool blouse, or "jumper," theoretically blue, with tight-buttoned cuffs, a V-throat before, and a wide expanse of collar draping the shoulders aft. Constraining this collar, a rolled black neckerchief, loose-knotted and flowing. The whole jumper is so adorned with stripes, stars, bars, emblazonments, embellishments, and what not — these depending on the wearer's length of service, his type of duty, and the number of times he has been back and

forth through the Panama Canal — that it has room, this jumper, for but two minuscule pockets. The outer of these pockets invariably contains a deck of cigarettes, while the inner, which can be reached easily by simply removing the jumper, is entrusted with the sole function of carrying its owner's most prized possession — his liberty card.

Next the trousers — an essential even in the Navy. Here it is necessary to correct a lay impression that the nether garments of all bluejackets are still bell-bottomed. Wide, yes — but not all are belled; in fact, regulations scowl on the practice. No, when first issued, the legs of the trousers are equal in diameter throughout their length; and it is only after finishing recruit training that some bluejackets — roughly 80 per cent — dash to the nearest tailor shop for a job of "spiking," or taking in at the knees, which flares their trousers and gives these young salts, they believe, their *soigné* air.

To continue with the trousers, again we find a dearth of pockets: two more tiny little fellows combining with their mates in the jumper to provide their wearer a total of four pockets and a maximum carrying capacity of perhaps one cubic inch. Thus, if the bluejacket wishes to transport anything bulkier than money or stamps, he must make use of the blouse effect of his jumper; this either makes him appear *enceinte* or renders him likely to be mistaken for a mother kangaroo out walking her young. After reminding the reader that it is this part of the uniform which features the familiar thirteen buttons,

little else can or need be said save to remark that the bluejacket is required not only to wear his pants creased inside out, but to wear them, in the opinion of many, hind side to.

Topping the whole, a round, flanged, flat-crowned, beribboned hat bearing the legend — as though there could be any mistake — U. S. NAVY.

Trying to be fair if not philosophical as I surveyed myself in my new outfit, I decided tentatively that this — this costume must have been retained down through the years because of its extreme practicality. I would make inquiry.

Cornering a grizzled old petty officer, I asked him to satisfy my curiosity. He pressed Lever No. 3 and began. The jumper, he told me, was originally provided with a leather collar to protect it from the oily pigtail affected by Jack Tar of yore. Running my fingers reflectively through my own close-cropped thatch, I nodded my informant encouragement.

The hat, he said, was made flat so that it would not be knocked off its wearer's head by the dangerously swinging booms and gaffs of the days of sail. With a quick sideways glance at a sleek new destroyer riding at anchor in the Bay, I muttered for him to continue.

He told me that the uniform was designed to give its wearer full freedom of movement in the performance of his duties aboard ship, as well as quick access to his limbs should he fall overboard.

With voice cracking somewhat hysterically, I brought the old fellow up short. Why was it, I challenged him, that for a broad-shouldered, normal-waisted man to get in and out of a reasonably fitting jumper required all of his own wriggling exertions plus the zealous administrations of at least two shipmates? And, I snapped, how come a man, if he cared to wear pants that fit, must sacrifice his eternal privilege, his natural right, of sitting down in comfort and without fear? Speaking of pants, I snarled, since when had thirteen buttons (one for each of the original colonies) replaced the zipper in ease and speed of operation? And besides, — I screamed this last reproach at his rapidly retreating back, — who ever heard of bluejackets wearing their dress uniforms at sea in time of war?

Obviously I should get no satisfaction from Navy sources; I must conduct my own research. Surrounding myself with books, I set to work.

I learned that the whole ensemble is patterned after the uniform of the British sailor; that the triple stripes on the collar and cuffs of the jumper commemorate the three great English naval battles — the Defeat of the Spanish Armada (1588), the Battle of the Nile (1798), and Trafalgar (1805); and that the black neckerchief is worn in mourning



for England's inspiring naval hero, Lord Nelson (1758–1805).

How nice, I thought; how simply dandy. The English are a splendid people. I admire them and their traditions immensely — I really do. I recall being thrilled by the historic accounts of those three magnificent victories. And I have only pleasant thoughts for Lord Nelson.

But if I must wear a uniform that's steeped in Tradition, why can't that Tradition be *American*? Why can't I commemorate, say, the Battles of Lake Erie, of Mobile Bay, of Manila Bay? (We might even add a fourth stripe for Midway.) And why can't I mourn our own John Paul Jones — or Decatur or Hull or Lawrence — or Farragut or Dewey?

Shades of Marryat! Whose Navy am I in?

Olympian

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE critic sat within his book-lined study
Scalpel in hand, and coldly eyed mischance.
Though some men's heads were bowed, his was not
bloody.

He scorned the feverish clutch of circumstance.

For to create at all is hot and daring,
So he had given few hostages to fate.
There's trouble, if the tortoise takes an airing,
And he withdraws into his armor-plate.

The critic smiled and viewed his words with relish.
How smoothly from that author peeled the hide!
If one fierce phrase seemed really rather Hellish,
That it was true was not to be denied.

And truth is Beauty — and Truth — well, well I
wonder?

He punned. Oh, blast these books I founder in!
When will it lightning, when will it even thunder? —
Asked Jove, while the world shook — and sipped his
gin.

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By CARLTON BROWN

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I TRAVELED along the Missouri Valley this early winter, just after an ice storm had tipped the trees with crystal. Then the sun had come out and in the twinkling morning air I saw the big cock pheasants rocket from cover to cover in the glades. For reasons best known to themselves, the pheasants have decided to take over the Dakotas; and they have been multiplying, and eating the crops, at a rate which has the farmer down.

In the low floodlands where the river spills over into the cornfields, I saw more ducks and geese than had ever entered my sight. The harvest hereabouts may leave behind as much as four bushels an acre on the ground, a delicious handout for the teal, the mallard, the pintail, and the Canadian geese which, as they were roused by our train, whirled up in flocks not of hundreds but of thousands. And they kept coming in like bombers, so steady and black against the December sky.

This increase in population is due in some part to the shortage of shotgun ammunition, but much more to the intelligent planning, since 1940, of Ducks Unlimited in Canada. This private organization of North American sportsmen observed the devastating effect of the drought (1929-1934), and with dismay they watched what the water drainers had done in Saskatchewan and Alberta. As the

water was drained off the ancient feeding grounds, the ducks began to die in thousands, not from the lead pumped into them, but from botulism, the alkali poisoning. Unfortunately, there is no open season for water drainers, either in Florida or in Canada. But Ducks Unlimited went to work with a vengeance: they built dams, they restored the water table on Crown lands, and so helped to link the nesting grounds in Canada with the winter refuges we have been protecting on our side of the border.

Hunters went on to tell me of what has been done to protect wild life in the Montana mountains where the Missouri has its source. There the Bighorn have been threatened with extinction, and the story of how our rangers have trapped alive these rare, beautiful mountain sheep and of how the bucks have been distributed in new flocks to prevent inbreeding is now being written for the *Atlantic*. It gratified me to hear that beaver had been moved from mountain streams down to the slopes and lakes where erosion was setting in and have gone industriously to work in their new homes. The deer are being repopulated, the bear are being watched. At a time when men are at each other's throats, there is a quiet irony in our tenderness towards animals.

In its serpentine course the Missouri travels some 2500 miles. It is one of the longest and steadiest-flowing rivers in our country. When we are beginning to add up the exhaustion of our soil and minerals, we may turn to the Missouri Valley in search of a new frontier for industry. The first man to see this vision in

detail was an Army engineer, Colonel (now Brigadier General) Lewis Pick. Working from his headquarters in Omaha before the war, he envisioned plans of flood control, irrigation, and water power which, if

IN THIS ISSUE

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Reviewed by Major General Sherman Miles

WIFE TO MR. MILTON · By ROBERT GRAVES
Reviewed by Eleanor Ruggles

ARTIST IN IOWA · By DARRELL GARWOOD
Reviewed by Leo Lerman

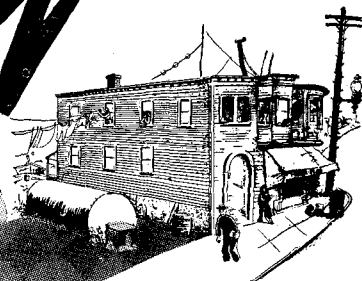
MY COUNTRY · By RUSSELL DAVENPORT
Reviewed by John Holmes

ONE DAY ON BEETLE ROCK · By SALLY CARRIGHAN
Reviewed by David McCord

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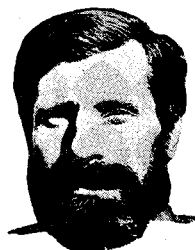
Air Marshal "Billy" Bishop

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J. Donald Adams

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SO SORRY, NO PEACE



carried out, would make the MVA four to five times as large as the TVA. General Pick is now in Burma, building the Ledo Road, but the dream he left behind him may some day prove to be a bonanza to homecoming veterans. Conceivably it could bring some 200,000 new people to the Missouri Valley farms, 600,000 to the cities. But if dams and irrigation were to raise the water along the Missouri's course, once again the Missouri's ducks would be without a home.

The anatomy of humor

One occasionally hears the thoughtless comment, "What's happened to American humor? Where has it disappeared to?" But it hasn't disappeared. Fred Allen and Bob Hope have taken the humor of vaudeville onto the air. The *New Yorker* of Peter Arno and James Thurber is more laughable than the *Life* of the Gibson girl and the *he said*s and *she said*s. Walt Disney's studio is another proving ground. And the most recent is the Army weekly, *Yank*, whose columns have developed the talents of Sergeants (once Privates) Hargrove, Breger, Stein, and Baker.

Sgt. George Baker drew his first picture of the Sad Sack, that droopy-looking draftee, in the *Yank* of May, 1942. Since then the Sack has become the personification of the Army's little man, as much of a hero as Bruce Bairnsfather's Old Bill in 1918. Before he went into uniform, Sgt. Baker was one of the Disney artists. Anyone who studies the hundred and fifteen cartoons now published as *The Sad Sack* will note that his hero, the Sad Sack, resembles the droopiest of the Seven Dwarfs. Here, too, is the stylized group of villains so characteristic of the Disney imagination — a pouchy sergeant with dreadful teeth, the blistering colonel, the bosomy, grotesque women. The Sack is a man of few accomplishments. He is forever swabbing latrines or shifting refuse, his seat at a camp show is always in the last row, his affairs with the ladies always fizzle. On rare occasions when he reaches actual combat, he manages to shoot down the American plane instead of the German, or to wind up in a P.O.W. stockade when his fondness for German souvenirs causes the guards to mistake him for a Boche. GI's write to the artist telling him of troubles they have been through (and which they hope he will pass on to the Sack) and again and again they petition that the Sack be promoted to Pfc. But so far, no luck. He continues to be the hopeless underdog with no stripes and no glory and no friends. The difficulties he survives are those of the average GI. Where Sgt. Baker's sympathies lie is well illustrated in that single drawing entitled

"Mechanized Warfare," which shows a mountain road jammed with trucks, guns, tanks, all the way back to the horizon, all at a standstill, all waiting while the solitary figure of the Sad Sack plods ahead on foot with his mine detector.

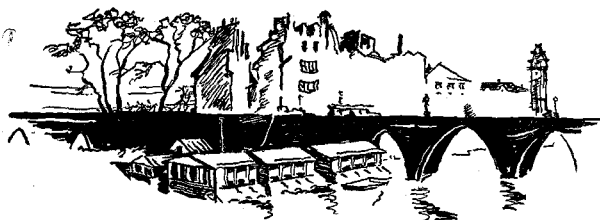
Humor and melancholy

No contributor to the *New Yorker* is more versatile — certainly none is funnier — than James Thurber. I rate him as the best humorist now writing, and I pray nightly that Hollywood will never find work for him to do. To define what is funny in Thurber is like trying to tack down a pool of quicksilver. I can only suggest his elusive essence, and specify those humors which I most enjoy in *The Thurber Carnival*, a selection of the best of Thurber's nine books, dedicated "with increasing admiration, wonder and affection" to his editor, Harold Ross.

What takes me first is the novelty of these brooding bloodhounds, these lumpish men and their rebellious women — they strike me as new symbols of a hidden laughter. Their meaning is by no means as simple as their line: you come back to them repeatedly with pleasure and surprise. Thurber was drawing dogs — all breeds — while an undergraduate. There is a whole roomful of his pictures at Ohio State today. But dogs are not his obsession. In fact he writes about them rather rarely.

The story of his Secret Life, as a boy growing up in Columbus, Ohio, is one he tells straight with an array of homely, unforgettable details. The chapters on his English teacher, Miss Groby, his drilling, and his shortsightedness at O.S.U. are period pieces as authentic as a cast-iron dog. Then somewhere along the line, Mr. Thurber took a deep dive into Freud. That immersion gives point and depth and the twist of melancholy to his sketches of the drunks and the psychiatrics ("The Cane in the Corridor"); it provides what he needs when he, too, comes to write about the little man, as he does to perfection in "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty."

Freud would surely have been a four-star general in Mr. Thurber's "War Between Men and Women." Thurber's Interview with a Lemming, his parody of Salvador Dali, lead us into the land of Lear, the realm of animals, solemnity, and nonsense, in which Thurber talks to himself about the Owl in the Attic, the Cockatoo, stuffed, with its eyes shut, and Mr. Jennings's Bear. Not since the passing of Clarence Day have there been funnier or simpler drawings than these. Mr. Day was Mr. Thurber's peer, and when I remember that the one wrote against arthritis as the other draws with a fading sight, that, too, adds measurably to my admiration.



Timeless France . . .

France of vineyards and of Paris—the France which existed before this war, which was cherished in the hearts of Frenchmen during the occupation and which stirs again with the liberation—is beautifully and faithfully set down in

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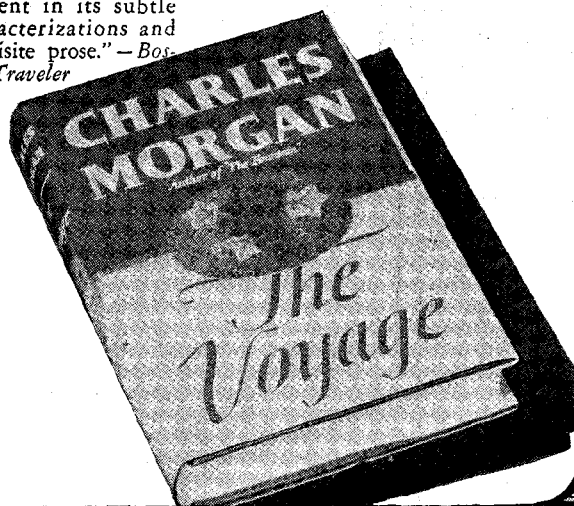
The Voyage

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For years past, scholars have been steadily accumulating the source material for a copious and popular biography of Samuel Johnson. As letters and private papers came into the possession of collectors and college libraries, each added its sidelight to the whole; and when Colonel Ralph Isham acquired and brought back to this country the journal in blank verse, the letters and unblushing self-revelations of James Boswell which had lain unsuspected by the world for something like a century and a half in a certain "ebony cabinet," the impetus was at hand for an American scholar to enlarge on a subject more exacting and more challenging than any other in British biography.

Boswell's senior partner

Boswell's *Life* is by common consent the best in the English language; thus it takes a brave writer and one with knowledge and style to dare the comparison. But this is precisely what **Joseph Wood Krutch** has done in his large and leisurely portrait, *Samuel Johnson*. In his modest Foreword, Mr. Krutch explains that his book is not addressed to scholars. What he has done is to draw from the vast literature now available about Johnson and his friends that detailed, continuous, and carefully reasoned story for the layman which did not exist before.

In Boswell's *Life*, Dr. Johnson bestrides the story as he bestrode the age, a colossus from start to finish. But in Mr. Krutch's pages we see the more awkward and much more human beginning. We see the bright, oversized boy, farmed out by his ineffectual parents; we see the maladies which were to limit his enjoyment of life and which contributed so to his black moods. We see his short, sardonic days as an undergraduate, and we follow with rising interest, and with what is for me a fresh understanding, his struggle against poverty, his love of Bohemian London, and his year to year advance from a drudging journalist to the Great Moralist. We see how his marriage with Tetty, nearly twenty-three years his senior, threw him more and more on the town for congeniality. We mark the growth of his courage and self-confidence; we see his struggle with continence (which Boswell was later to emphasize "with that scientific cruelty characteristic of him"); we see his life-long search for religious faith; we understand his loneliness and why he became "almost desperately sociable"; we scrutinize and accept the reasons why Johnson "must dominate any group of which he did not expect to become quickly the butt."

In thus setting forth the makings of the man, Mr. Krutch writes with a happy accord of serious-

ness and wit, and he balances with accuracy the comparison between the eighteenth-century judgment and our own.

Not until *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, *The Rambler*, and *The Idler*, not until *Rasselas* and the *Dictionary*, had been written; not until Johnson was fifty-three and so well-established that a pension was being prepared for him — not until then did young Boswell walk into his life. The years that followed were the years of authority rather than the years of struggle, the years of the Club, of the conviviality with the Thralls and of the journeys to Scotland and the Hebrides, the years of acceptance and veneration. The story of those years is a more familiar one, and in telling it Mr. Krutch obeys a natural impulse and competes with Boswell more openly than he intends. But rivalry aside, in this rich, highly readable, and illuminating biography, he has not only enlarged our knowledge of the Doctor, but has left us with a greater affection for the Senior Partner than was ever inspired by the Junior.

Left readers

I have been touched by the number of teachers and parents who have written or spoken to me about their left-handed children whose reading has been arrested by the left dominance. Many corroborated the danger signals which I had marked in my own nine-year-old, a few questioned my statement that one child in every seven was so troubled, but all were agreed that more patience, more time, and more knowledge would be expected of the adult.

Francis A. Caswell, Headmaster of the Dexter School in Brookline, Massachusetts, sent me interesting notations from a new book, *Improvement of Basic Reading Abilities*, by Donald D. Durrell, Professor of Education and Director of the Educational Clinic at Boston University. In his effort to dispel the mystery which formerly surrounded the basic tendency in reading, Dr. Durrell has this to say: —

Many children with reading difficulties show hand and eye confusions. However, surveys show that almost an equal per cent of normal readers have similar confusions. As to reversals, first grade teachers know that almost all children confuse *on* and *no*, *was* and *saw*, as well as *b*, *d*, *p* and *q*, but later overcome the difficulty. . . .

Almost all problems in reading can be traced to a poor beginning, with difficulty increasing as the child progresses through the grades. This does not mean that first grade teaching is exceptionally poor. It means that confusions and difficulty appear early in the reading process and that special effort should be made to analyze them and to provide for individual differences early in the first year.



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From Dr. Edward Liss, of New York City, comes this suggestion which we should certainly follow: —

In the November *Atlantic* you, as “The Peripatetic Reviewer,” talked on a problem which I think merits more than the short notice which your able and understanding words gave it. The problem of reading difficulties is a very serious one and the figure which you quote of one in seven children, when soberly considered, implies a most common and prevailing handicap which, if it had been due to disease, would have aroused the medical profession and the public profoundly.

I should think that the subject merits considerable investigation and elaboration in an article in your worthy publication.

And from Howard Hayes, a reader in Brooklyn, New York, comes this observation: —

That was an interesting piece on “left dominance” and the trouble it causes in reading, and yet I wonder if your Harvard friend has considered all the dope?

For example, down here in New York, you’ll see Jewish people on the subway reading their papers from right to left. And I understand that all the Semitic writing runs that way. And then you’ll see some of the same people turn to an English language paper and read from left to right as we do. I’ve had Jews point this out to me with amusement. The Jew who can read both Jewish and English is therefore, in a way, ambidexterous. And so where does he come in with this right or left dominance theory?

But what is more profound is this question: If it is natural for a right-handed reader to read from left to right, and painful for a left-handed reader to do so, then how in the world did the Semitic peoples, who are probably as right-handed as we are, ever get the idea into their heads of making their writing go from right to left? What made them choose “the hard way,” if it is such, and what made us choose our way? And just to make it more confusing (for rights and lefts alike), why do the Chinese do their writing up and down? And what does that mean? And why do we Americans drive on the right side of the road while the English drive on the left? There may be less here than meets the eye.

I should say that there is more here than meets the eye. Mr. Hayes is talking not about children in a formative age, but about adults whose habits, be they fast or slow, are now formed. Why certain races prefer the right or left way of doing things is another and larger question than I had in mind. I should say that the Chinese system was organized to equalize the difficulty of direction, although the primary cause for their up-and-down writing may be traced to the type of scroll they wrote on in early days. Semitic writing unquestionably does travel from right to left and as a result, my scout tells me,

the fast readers in Hebraic are the left-eyed, or “ambi-eyed” ones, and these are likely to be much slower and inefficient in reading English. Let’s have more evidence.

Battle Report

By COMMANDER WALTER KARIG and
LIEUTENANT WELBORN KELLEY, USNR

+ + +



COM. W. KARIG

PREPARED from official sources, *Battle Report, Pearl Harbor to Coral Sea*, records the prologue to a great epic. It tells of endurance in defeat, of audacity in the face of overwhelming odds, of unconquerable spirit that survived all disaster. Those men would not be denied. They turned the face of

victory. But that came later: in this dark prologue we see only flickering lights foretelling the day. Not until full six months after Pearl Harbor could the Navy say: “Very excellent news has been received.”

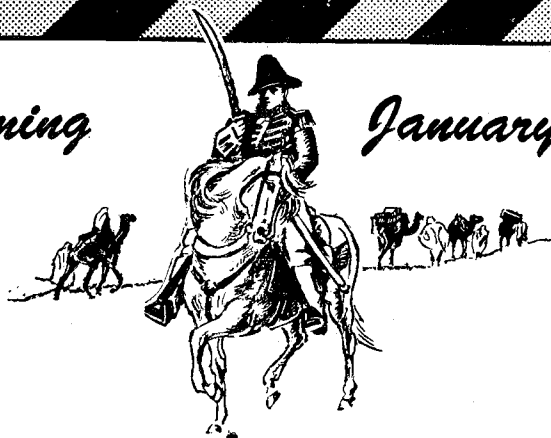
Secretary Knox had good reasons to instruct the authors of this Report to “tell the whole story . . . the good and the bad.” Commander Karig and Lieutenant Kelley sail close to that charted course. They give facts — not all the facts, but a great many not previously published — and they keep the human touch. Several actions are recounted through the mouths of participants. Ships live in the narrative as they do in the minds of sailors. Stray bits of humor break the general gloom. What is lacking in the Report is largely what is not supposed to be there — the why behind each situation, the balance of alternatives which confronted each decision; but the reader looks for it. And I also think the reader could do with more and better maps (charts, if you like).

The first 96 pages, on Pearl Harbor, bring a lump to the throat and a mist to the eye. Sheer heroism went for so little: those stricken ships, burning and sinking, yet beating off most of the attacks after the first strike — that is stark tragedy.

Then the disaster spreads from Hawaii to Singapore, from Wake to Darwin. Through a quarter of the circumference of the globe we meet defeat and serious losses. There is an excellent chapter on the loss of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*, so soon after the British Admiral had dramatically flown to Manila to confer with Admiral Hart. That disaster was almost as serious as that of Pearl Harbor itself, for those great British ships were the only heavy naval units in the Far East, the only ones capable of offering any serious resistance to the Japanese. On what remained to the Allies four flags flew: the English, the Australian, the Dutch, and ours. To consolidate so heterogeneous a force into a fighting unit would have required much time for the exchange of tactical doctrines, signal codes, and all that makes for unity of command. No time was available.

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January 30



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But always there was the fight-back, always the seizure of every possible chance to cripple the enemy, to check his great wave of conquest. The Report carries on through the retreat to the Malay Barrier, through that brilliant riposte in Macassar Strait, through the pathetic attempts at Allied operations around Java. Then our own raids by air and sea, relatively puny in material results but gallant and important in spirit. And, as the prologue to the great Recovery should, the Report ends with a tough "Old Lady" and her tougher sons fighting on Bataan and meeting the final humiliation of Corregidor.

The account is avowedly not written for students of naval operations. The layman gets a factual story, very well written and of absorbing interest. Yet he wants more than is told. Behind our strikes at the mounting Japanese wave were those shifts in naval forces, those moves on the Big Board, which led, just beyond the period of the Report, to the Coral Sea and Midway — to the breaking of the wave and its eventual recession. That background is missing. It is presumably no longer secret. The next Report should build it up. *Farrar & Rhinehart, \$3.50.*

MAJOR GENERAL SHERMAN MILES

Wife to Mr. Milton

By ROBERT GRAVES

+ + +



R. GRAVES

THIS titillating novel takes for its heroine John Milton's first wife, and for its theme the domestic abuses of a genius. Marie Powell, of an English Cavalier family, was wed at sixteen in 1642 to Mr. Milton, Puritan and poet. She died ten years later. Robert Graves's account represents her as a sprightly baggage whose golden hair became an obsession with Mr. Milton from the first moment he caught sight of it, coming with a "gadding or serpentine motion" between his eyes and his book, finally compelling him to abjure his pledge of chastity and seek her hand in marriage.

Milton's attitude toward women is already a part of literature. In *Paradise Lost*, describing Adam and Eve, Milton wrote:—

For contemplation he and valour formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.

Acting on this hint and on others, Mr. Graves depicts a man whose contemptuous treatment of his wife, alternating between indifference and sensuality, turned her in their short life together from a gay bride to a submissive drudge. To what degree did the true Milton deserve this characterization? And to what degree, we may ask, is a writer justified in decrying, without positive evidence and for the purposes of fiction, a distinguished historical personage?

Genius, however, though dead three hundred years, can still triumph over the mere talent of the historical novelist. Mr. Graves owes the pith and vigor of his story primarily to Milton's presence in it. He himself is no mean artist. He writes fluent prose, tells racy anecdotes, and knows how to epitomize a character or a whole epoch in a few piquant details. Yet it is not these features, beguiling though they are, that give his book substance and fascination: it is the figure of a great man, lifted from history, whose shadow falls on every page. *Creative Age Press, \$2.75.*

ELEANOR RUGGLES

Artist in Iowa

By DARRELL GARWOOD

+ + +



D. GARWOOD

DARRELL GARWOOD first became interested in Grant Wood in 1934 when he was a student at the University of Iowa where Grant Wood, painter of "American Gothic," and "Daughters of Revolution," was a member of the art faculty. And until Grant Wood's death in 1942, Darrell Garwood collected and noted information about him. Now, in *Artist in Iowa*, he has assembled this material, fortified it with prodigious research and instinctive craftsmanship, and written one of the most fascinating and readable books in all American art chronicling. It is a book which is as carefully and artfully constructed as one of Wood's portraits or landscapes. Like Wood's paintings, it could have been produced only by an American about an American.

Artist in Iowa is not a critical biography of Grant Wood or the story of his life except in the sense that biography is inevitably the story of a life. It is a portrait of Wood, Wood's family, and Wood's neighbors in Wood's own style — personal, instinctive, simple but exhaustively detailed from original and living sources, with all superfluities discarded, homespun. Iowa and the Midwest are implicit in its every stroke. It is a portrait painted with sympathy rather than the hero-worship we might expect. When Wood has been especially difficult to understand in some human equation, Mr. Garwood gives all the factors of that equation.

And as a biographer he is particularly fortunate here, for he has talked and lived with many of the people who knew Wood — people in Cedar Rapids, Stone City, Waterloo (Iowa), Anamosa, Antioch, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York. The book is filled with American names, American faces, and American situations. The figure which emerges from all these conversations with the original participants, from all the visits to "where it really happened," is as usual as one's next-door neighbor putting around his henhouse in a pair of old overalls, and as rare as a herd of wild bison suddenly roused on Cedar Rapids's streets.

Artist in Iowa is a book for people interested in people,



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LEO LERMAN

My Country

By RUSSELL DAVENPORT

+ + +



R. DAVENPORT

THE argument of this topical poem is that pioneer boldness, which made us what we are today, is a fine thing and must be kept alive, especially for the sake of all Americans killed in the present war. The dead are individualized by the author in the person of Larry, an average American boy.

Sturdy, native virtues are catalogued at some length in the opening section, and again at the end of the small book. Place names, names of historically memorable people, and the lavish use of the word *freedom* characterize the early pages. Later the pioneer virtues, the inventive and exploiting and creative American strengths, are listed with the words changed to include chemicals, machines, and industrial processes.

Mr. Davenport has a good deal to say about tolerance in racial relations, about God, and about progress, all of which he strongly favors. He writes energetically, displays much verbal ingenuity, and makes a strong appeal to readers who might think that conservative, private-initiative, grass-roots-and-stone-wall, good old-fashioned Americanism, if printed as verse instead of as an editorial, has a more powerful impact. Certainly it has nothing to recommend it as poetry. It is too topical, too purposeful, and too false.

Oddly enough, the more genuine parts of this poem are those that are most nearly realistic, the passages in which Larry's sister and his Buddy speak. When Mr. Davenport speaks in his own voice, he usually attempts to versify prose, and usually fails. Oddly enough, again, one has a creepy distrust of all his talk about big, brave generosity to Poles, Letts, blacks, tans, and yellows. There is a feeling of rather uncomfortable inflation, then at the end of the book a sighing relief and an escaping breath. The author writes of all the right things, but mostly the wrong way.

Archibald MacLeish's poem, "America Was Promises," Carl Sandburg's recorded version of "The People, Yes," and "Ballad for Americans," in which Paul Robeson sings the magnificent lead role, are some of the recent poems in which Mr. Davenport's theme is handled the right way. "My Country" may possibly have a popular appeal and a wide circulation. It speaks in ways a great many people will understand, of things they feel deeply and value. But for all its inspired celebration

of native virtues, old and new, it falls short of being a poem necessary to the people it was written for and about. It has the superficial appearance of being poetry, even to some fancy and pretentious spacing of words and parts of lines in the printing of the book. "My Country" is not a place, when the reader takes a quick second thought, where he would care to live, or could really live for long in the *freedom* of which Mr. Davenport speaks. Simon & Schuster, \$1.50.

JOHN HOLMES

One Day on Beetle Rock

By SALLY CARRIGHAR

+ + +

SOME of us, when this century was not too old, began a course in the world of the great woods under the direction of the Canadian, the late Sir Charles G. D. Roberts. He gave to many readers an insight into wild life unique for its excellent quality of observation, for its fidelity to truth, and for the poetry of the prose in which it was recorded. Among his best books were *Red Fox* (a kind of nature novel), *The Kindred of the Wild*, and *The Watchers of the Trails*. *Red Fox*, in its secret way, seems to me as immortal as Henry Williamson's much later, and much deeper, *Tarka the Otter*. Sir Charles was fortunate in having a fine and sympathetic illustrator in the late Charles Livingston Bull and — for a few of his books — in the equally gifted Paul Bransom.

So far as one reader is concerned, Henry Williamson is the only English-speaking observer of nature who has ever competed successfully with the author of *Red Fox*. Many others have written convincingly and beautifully about small birds and animals, but none has been able to assume so well the wild creature's point of view.

Now comes Sally Carrighar, a young lady reared in Ohio and schooled in the Canadian woods and in the Far West. In *One Day on Beetle Rock* she has told in scrupulous prose and with great intensity the story of a certain June 18 on Beetle Rock in the High Sierras. She has managed with consummate skill to interweave the stories of a Weasel, a Sierra Grouse, a Chickaree, a Black Bear, a Lizard, a Coyote, a Deer Mouse, a Steller's Jay, and a Mule Deer. Hundreds of hours of observation must have preceded her book. Not a leaf-turn, not a shadow, not a footfall or a wing-flash has escaped her. One can almost follow "the scents that lay like vines across the forest floor." The scene is tranquil but the pace is fast.

Far from a world at war is this vivid world untouched by man. Yet it is not a peaceful world, in one sense, for life and death are near neighbors in any forest anywhere. Nature, too, is cruel and cold. But with her it is almost always life against life and not lives against lives.

Part of the pleasure of this rewarding book derives from the wood engravings by Henry Bugbee Kane, a worthy successor of Mr. Bull and a naturalist in his own right. Knopf, \$2.75.

DAVID MCCORD

First Columbus— then George



**anything
can
happen**

by **GEORGE & HELEN
PAPASHVILY**



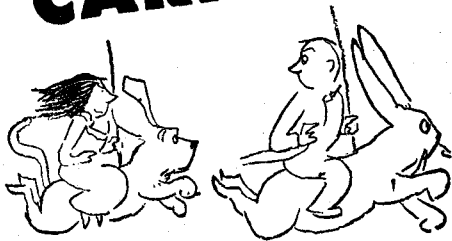
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he hilarious, heartwarming account of a Russian's discovery of America.

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GABRIEL GALLOWAY

by MARY LAVIN

SUMMARY. — This is the story of three generations of an Irish family. In the small, crumbling village of Castlerampart, the most prominent man is Theodore Coniffe, the village landlord. He is as penny-pinching as his wife Katherine is vain. Their two daughters, Theresa and Sara, grow up to be young ladies of property, if not of good looks. While they are still in their teens, Katherine dies in giving birth to her third daughter, Lily. The older girls assume the responsibility of Lily's upbringing and she becomes the timid Cinderella of the household. She is sixteen years younger than Theresa, and the bossing she receives from her oldest sister threatens to drain the youth from Lily's not very robust character.

The household is upset when a young lawyer appears in the village. Old Theodore sees in Cornelius Galloway a potential son-in-law. Cornelius divides his attention between Theresa and Sara, but on an enchanted evening it is to Lily, the sixteen-year-old, that he proposes. After their honeymoon, the newlyweds drive home in their new coach (bought at Theodore's expense), an extravagance which at first nettles and then tickles the old man. Cornelius is a spender. He buys a spirited mare and rides to hounds with the local gentry. He starts to build a new house outside town, but his career is cut short when, in the fifth month of his marriage, he is killed in the hunting field.

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AFTER the death of her husband, Lily's authority was gone; she was dependent now in a way that she had never been before. Theresa found relief for her old resentment in glossing over the brief marriage as if it had never been. The privacy of Lily's room was no longer respected. The sisters went in and out once more without knocking, and Mary Ellen was instructed to take away the second pillow, which wasn't needed any more.

And once, when Theresa was particularly irritated, she said that Lily might just as well take off her ring, that it was only a mockery. "You might as well give up putting on airs as a married woman when you have no more to show for yourself than a band of gold on your finger. It makes me sick to hear people calling you Mrs. Galloway. Mrs. Galloway! You're as much Lily Coniffe as if that bragging peddler had never darkened the door."

Even Sara referred to her sister once or twice as Miss Lily. It was quite by accident, of course, but accidents that happen too frequently are indistinguishable from habits.

And Theodore, although he was not hard enough to be unkind to Lily, was not kind enough to prevent Theresa from deputizing for him in that respect. One day, however, when Theresa made some reference to Miss Lily, Theodore surprised her by pulling her up short.

A daughter of Irish parents, MARY LAVIN spent ten years of her childhood in Walpole, Massachusetts, before returning to Eire. The author of short stories, whose talent has been signaled by the James Tait Black Memorial Prize, she has been working steadily for the past three years on this, her first long novel, of which the *Atlantic* is proud to publish related episodes. Now in her early thirties, Mary makes her home in Dublin, where she divides her time between her husband, — an Irish solicitor, — their year-old daughter, and her manuscripts.

"Give her her proper name," he said.

"I forgot," said Theresa.

"Well, you'd better not forget again," said Theodore. "In a month or two more it will look very strange to be calling her by her maiden name. You'd better take her to see the doctor."

Birth and Death. In the common pageant of human history, how monotonously these mummers appear. And when a man's life is over, how few are the scattered incidents that will remain in the memories of those who survive him. They are not much more detailed than the brief records that would inevitably remain in the archives of town hall and church. Little remains of what the heart experienced in the indistinguishable moments. The story of each day is lost in the story of the parish. The story of the parish is lost in the national story; and even that great story is lost, itself, in the immensity of the great story of the universe, until, like the leaf on the stem, the stem on the bough, and the bough on the tree, all, all, — leaf, stem, bough, and tree, — are lost at last in the immensity of the forest in which each had yet played its indispensable part.

From servants' gossip, young Gabriel Galloway will hear snatches of remarks about the past; but from the fragments of this gossip, how simple the lives of those who went before him will seem! The incidents will fit together with such order that they will seem like the incidents in a penny novelette. They will not give him any help in unraveling the complexities of his own life. They will not provide any deposit of experience from which he can supplement his own inexperience. They will only serve to accentuate the confusion of his own life. The pattern does not show up well until the carpet is worn.

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AT EIGHT o'clock every morning, Mary Ellen went into Master Gabriel Galloway's room and woke him up with a big, slobbery kiss that Master Gabriel — aged six — was at pains to wipe off with the corner of the rough blanket while Mary Ellen fussed about the room, gathering his clothes together and sousing the big pale-yellow sponge into the ewer on the washstand until it came out a dirty brown color, dripping water all over the floor. With this Mary Ellen would "freshen up his face for the day."

But on the day of his grandfather's funeral she wakened him by letting the blind slap up against the wet glass of the window and throwing back the coverings from his shivering body.

"Wake up, Gabriel. It's nearly time for the hearse to arrive. Wake up, Gabriel. It will take a long time to get you into that new suit of yours. It's my belief it's too tight in the waistband."

And before his eyes had become clear and properly opened he was sitting on the side of the bed, gripping the cold brass rail, while Mary Ellen forced his legs into the tight trousers and passed the cold braces over his head to slap hard against his back.

"Here's your shirt," Mary Ellen said, and she thrust the fresh linen with its icy gloss into Gabriel's hands, while she caught up his foot and, turning her back upon him, with the foot under her arm, like a smith with a horse-hoof, drew the stiff new boot onto his foot and tied the laces so tightly that the tin eyelets dug into his flesh through the stockings.

"Now your tie," said Mary Ellen. "Now your clean handkerchief." And as one jerk superseded another, the desire to exclaim at one pinch was superseded by the desire to exclaim at another — so rapidly indeed that he was standing on the floor by the rose-patterned ewer and basin before he had exclaimed at all; and then the big yellow sponge dripping with icy sparkles of water was dabbed into his face and he dared not open his mouth for fear of swallowing a mouthful.

"You're ready now," said Mary Ellen, and hearing a horse in the street she ran to the window. "You're ready now, and not a crumb too soon. The hearse is coming down the street. Hurry now and keep your eyes down-cast. Let the people see you're sorry for your poor grandfather, the Lord have mercy on him!" Taking his hand, she led him to the door, and catching him by the shoulders, directed him ahead of her to the stairs.

The lower hall was crowded with people, as it had been on the previous morning, but the fact did not surprise Gabriel this time; and coming slowly down the stairs he made a careful investigation of everything within the direct range of his glance. Mary Ellen's iron grip upon his shoulders limited the area of this glance by keeping him faced rigidly forward, but here and there among the vaguely familiar faces of the people in the hall Gabriel saw many kindly and very familiar faces. Packy Hand was standing near the big knob at the end of the banisters,

and Murty Rod leaned against the jamb of the cross-door between the hall and kitchen. Mr. Finnerty and Mrs. Finnerty were staring up at him as he descended.

Murty's face was usually round and shining, as if made for smiling, but this morning it wore a forced appearance of solemnity; and as with people whose lives are spent mostly under the influence of one emotion, his expression had the temporary look of one who is merely making a grimace. On seeing Gabriel, Murty Rod's grimace of solemnity relaxed, and his eyes twinkled as if he might at any moment burst into his habitual smiles, but he kept his cheek muscles in rigid control and the smile traveled no farther than his twinkling eyes. Gabriel smiled back and descended another step.

This brought him on a level with Packy Hand, and as Gabriel stared into his long, dull face Packy's wide lips twitched in an unmistakable grin. Gabriel grinned back and, impelled by Mary Ellen, took another step downwards, but this time his eye had taken in the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Finnerty and Mr. and Mrs. Molloy; and divining suddenly that he would have to smile at each face in turn, he lowered his eyes and began to devote all his attention to his feet.

Just as Gabriel stretched out his neatly booted foot for the last step of the stairs there was a sudden surge in the crowd in the back dining room, and this in turn caused the people in the hall to surge nearer to the stairs. Down on Gabriel's small foot came the back of Murty's heel and then, quick as the wind, down came Mary Ellen's broad palm over his mouth to anticipate his yell of pain.

"Come back up here," said Mary Ellen, and she dragged him up three or four steps of the stairs he had just descended. Packy Hand and Murty stepped up on the step that Gabriel had vacated, in order to leave space in the hall for the people who were streaming out of the back room. Gabriel put up a hand and pulled Mary Ellen's palm away from his mouth.

"Don't cry, like a good boy," said Mary Ellen, bending over him. "Your poor mother and your aunts are taking their leave of your grandfather."

The last person came out of the back room and the door was closed. The hall was darkened except for the faint blue and green and red rays that came from a panel of colored glass in the door.

Packy Hand turned around in the small space at his disposal. "Why don't you bring in the boy to have a look at the corpse?"

"Hush," said Mary Ellen, and over his head Gabriel could feel that a mimic conversation was being carried on in gestures and motions of the face. A great fear clutched him. He gripped Mary Ellen's hand, but as Packy Hand shrugged his shoulders and turned back to his original position, he felt safe once more.

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AFTER a few moments of silence, the door of the back parlor was opened again. His mother and his aunts came out. His aunt Theresa was dressed almost the same as

usual, but his aunt Sara and his mother looked so strange and dismal in their black clothes that once again Gabriel felt a vague terror assail him.

As his mother passed through the crowd in the hall, dabbing her pale face with a small wet handkerchief, Gabriel tugged at Mary Ellen's hand and was about to plead with her to take him after his mother, when there was a sudden noise in the room behind the closed door. A chair was pushed back, something fell, and all at once there was a stir among the people in the hall. Packy Hand straightened himself up. Murty blew his nose. Mr. Finnerty took off his gloves and shoved them into his pocket. The door was thrown open and there, in full sight of the doorway, Gabriel saw the long, thin end of a yellow coffin with gleaming brass handles tied with bows of black ribbon.

"The bearers! Will the bearers please step this way now." A small, thin man with a bleached face, who wore a soiled white apron, was standing at the door.

Packy Hand stepped forward, pushing his way with ceremonious discourtesy. The lobes of Murty's ears grew fiery red and he looked uncertainly at Mary Ellen, who nodded her head vigorously at him and motioned him to go forward after Packy. Mr. Finnerty was hemmed in on either side, but he coughed discreetly and room was made for him at once. With the activity of the bearers, restraint was lifted from the entire gathering, and people began to warm their feet by stamping first one foot and then another upon the hard flags of the hallway; heads leaned together in hurried conference, and from near the hall door a gust of cold air came streaming inward as the door was opened and people began to shuffle out onto the pavement, their voices, which were freed upon the air, coming back with guilty echoes into the dark house.

"Make way, please," said Mary Ellen, and Gabriel was swept along with the crowd into the cold, wet street, which was lined with black carriages, down the sides of which the rain streamed, and in front of which stood patient horses with dull black trappings.

Right in front of the hall door stood the hearse, with glittering windows of cut glass, which even in the cold, wet light of early morning showed a tendency to catch the watery gleams and cast them back with prismatic rays. The hearse was drawn by four black horses whose trappings were black and silver and from whose silver headplates vast plumes of black feathers drooped. The horses stood remarkably still, but occasionally they shook their heads, and when they did this the great feather plumes released a shower of silver raindrops.

Gabriel was fascinated. He wanted to stand and stare at the great glass carriage, but Mary Ellen hurried him away from it and, catching him under the armpits, hoisted him into one of the dark wooden cabs. It was the first mourning coach and stood exactly behind the hearse, to proceed in that order when the funeral procession started. Gabriel was placed on the seat with its back to the horses, which meant that he would travel backwards all the way, but as soon as this fact was borne in upon his mind he climbed down and took his place on the opposite seat, facing forwards.

He had not effected the change a moment too soon, because his two aunts and his pale-faced mother appeared again in the doorway of the house and coming straight towards the first coach slipped into it and took their places. Theresa Coniffe, as the eldest, was the first to step into the carriage, and as she chose the seat facing forward, this meant that she and Gabriel shared it, while his mother and his aunt Sara sat together on the opposite seat. For a moment Gabriel regretted his change, but it soon occurred to him that he had not chosen too badly, for, sitting bolt upright, with her frame rigidly posed, her arms dug into her sides to maintain its strict rigidity, Theresa Coniffe could not see anything that was not within the direct orbit of her glance, and without taking up an entirely new posture she could hardly see him at all. That she would not alter her posture he knew almost for certain, because one of the things that his aunt Theresa complained against most frequently was the fidgeting of others.

"Stop fidgeting, Sara! Stop fidgeting, Lily!" she said a thousand times a day, and even Gyp the terrier had been seen to stay his short tail in the middle of a wag when Miss Theresa cast a glance in his direction.

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GABRIEL felt that he had chosen his place well, if it were for nothing more than that he had the chance of smiling back at his sadly smiling mother.

"You are a very good boy," said his mother, leaning across and patting his knee. "I'm glad there are no tears."

"What did you expect?" said Theresa. "Did you expect him to cry? Why should he cry! Our father is gone to Heaven. He led a good life and a long one. He has gone to his rest. I don't see why anyone should cry." Without moving her head she darted a sharp glance at the red-eyed Sara. Sara felt that she had been addressed directly.

"I know poor Father is gone to his reward," she said, "but I cannot help thinking how much we will miss him around the house."

"It's not like you, Sara," said Theresa, "to put your own happiness before the happiness of others. Father is much better off where he is than ever he was in this life. Indeed we will all be better off when we are laid in our coffins. What is this world? Nothing!"

Gabriel listened without much attention to the beginning of this discussion, but towards the end he became very attentive. Up to now he had been able to keep away all thoughts of his grandfather, but as Theresa Coniffe spoke, the men were lifting the coffin into the hearse ahead of them, and through the window at the side he got a rapid glimpse of the yellow varnished wood.

A moment before, his mother had patted his knee because he was a good boy and did not cry, and now, a moment afterwards, he was going to do that very thing. His aunt Theresa would be glad. She would blame his mother for his disgrace. She would say that his mother

had put the idea into his head. And the more he resolved against crying, the more miserable he became and the nearer he was to doing so. Behind his eyes the tears were bright and feverish. Behind his tightly pressed lips a gale of hoarded breath threatened to burst forth. In his throat his grief was like a piece of glass. In another minute he would disgrace his dear mother. Gabriel stared at her in a frantic appeal for forgiveness even before he transgressed.

But as he lifted his eyes to his mother, expecting to find an anxious anticipation of his tears in her gaze, he was surprised to see her smiling at him — so surprised that he let out his tortured hoard of breath; and before he realized it the danger was over.

Gabriel smiled at his mother, and his mother smiled back at him. Outside the carriage, people were still sorting themselves into groups, and Mr. Finnerty was allotting them places in the other carriages. The coffin had been placed in the hearse and the men were busy piling up wreaths of lilies and yellow and white chrysanthemums upon the coffin lid. Gabriel felt more and more reassured. Several times he looked out of the window and several times he looked back at his beautiful pale mother and smiled secretively at her.

Gabriel was hidden from Theresa Coniffe, but suddenly her attention was drawn to her sister Lily, who was actually wrinkling her nose in a whimsical way to put her small son still more at his ease. Theresa's cold lips opened: "I should imagine that a mourning coach would be the last place for smiling and face-making."

Lily scarcely grasped the meaning of the words, but the cold tone of the voice penetrated her consciousness and the smile was arrested. She remained, however, with her sweet short upper lip slightly raised from her small girlish teeth, and she continued to stare at her son opposite her. It was upon Gabriel's face, rather than upon her own mind, that the meaning of the words was finally recorded. She looked up, startled, at Theresa. Theresa drew her arms close to her black silk sides.

"I'm sure I don't know how it will appear to the mourners to see the dead man's daughter smiling and laughing and bobbing her head before the funeral has even left the death house!"

As quickly as tears had given place to smiles in Gabriel's small pointed face, the smiles had fled from his mother's face and the bright tears glittered in her eyes.

"It seems tears are as easy as smiles with some people," said Theresa, but having desired to wound Lily she had no sooner wounded her than she regretted it. Neither tears nor smiles came readily to her, and it was with a strange envy in her heart that she chided those to whom they did come readily.

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Theresa Coniffe looked out the window away from the three faces upon which she knew she had brought a sadder shadow than had death itself. For a moment she stared out longing for some interruption to come that might break the silence she had laid upon them all.

Then, determined to break it herself, with a sudden

impetuosity she rapped on the glass of the carriage window with her hard, thin knuckles; and following quickly upon this, she loosed the strap that held the window up and let it fall open with a loud slap.

"What is the delay?" she called out, directing her words towards Mr. Finnerty, who still stood on the pavement with a wreath in either hand, but she attracted at the same time the attention of the entire cortege, to such an extent that even those who had entered their coaches put out their heads through the windows and stared up at the first coach.

Mr. Finnerty hastily disposed of the wreaths and ran over to the window of the cab.

"I think everything is ready now, Miss Coniffe. We will be ready to start in a few moments." He lowered his voice. "The curate was delayed, I understand, but I see him coming down the street this moment. He's coming at a good pace. He's nearly tripping over his skirts. We'll be off now in a half a minute, Miss Coniffe."

And sure enough, in less than a minute, Mr. Finnerty approached the head of the cortege once more, and waving his hand downward two or three times, like a guard on the railway line signaling to the engine driver, he gave the driver of the hearse the intimation that he might proceed.

There was a slight tilt in the Coniffe carriage just then, and they began to move forward after the hearse. But it was only by looking out of the windows at the houses of Clewe Street as they were passed, one after another, that Gabriel was able to create a sense of motion which he hardly felt any other way, as the slow tread of the trained horses conveyed the cortege out of the town.

The cemetery was situated three miles outside the town, and situated at the crossroads. The crossroads was slightly sunk below the level of the surrounding country, although the cemetery itself was on an upward-sloping stretch of land that tended towards the far end to be a decided hill, crowned with a few solemn cypresses and a large wooden cross that could be seen for miles around. This rising ground obscured to a certain extent the fourth branch of the road, which ran under the hill and disappeared in an unusually woody patch of the country. The other roads were plain and bare and could be followed by the eye from the crossroads to the rim of the flat fields on the skyline. A carriage or a solitary stroller who set out upon one road could be followed by the eye from either of the other roads from the moment he came into sight at the crest of the skyline until he reached the crossroads.

On this cold, wet day, as the cortege of Theodore Coniffe stole out upon its sad, slack journey to the cemetery, the roads were bare, and over them, to emphasize their bleak and lonely emptiness, a cold, rain-laden wind was blowing.

The three sisters had taken out their cold beads, and as they passed them stiffly through their fingers their lips moved ceaselessly and even the necessity for the intake and output of breath did not interrupt that movement. Gabriel's eyes closed. The pace was gentle, and underneath him the carriage swayed lightly on the straps by which it was slung from the traces. His eyes closed; his head drooped.

28

SUDDENLY there was a sharp sound of harness and tackle being jerked. The horses' hoofs grated as if they were slipping on the wet road. The carriage jolted and came to a stop. Gabriel's eyes flew open and the whispered prayers of the sisters ceased. There, framed in the window, was the somber face of Packy Hand.

"What is the meaning of this delay?" said Theresa Coniffe, beating her black-clad foot upon the flooring of the cab as an angry accompaniment to her words.

Packy gesticulated outside the glass and he said something which could not be heard. Theresa continued for a few minutes to tap her foot and then she shot out a hand and released the window strap, letting the window clap open again.

"Packy Hand, are you out of your senses! What are you doing in the middle of the road, delaying a man on the way to the clay? Have you gone out of your mind?"

While Theresa Coniffe was speaking, Packy Hand began to stamp his own great flat foot upon the road.

"It's easy seen that the man that is dead is no longer alive," said Packy at last. "When a person came to ask a favor of Theodore Coniffe he was civilly received — let alone a person that came to confer a favor! I had better mind my own business, I suppose," and there and then he turned on his heel and began to walk away.

But Theresa Coniffe put her head out of the window.

"Come back here, Packy Hand! It's a poor man that won't make allowances for the manners of those in trouble."

Packy halted. "Miss Theresa, it's easy to make excuses for a remark provoked by a situation; but when a remark comes from the character, there's no use excusing it. You had a hard tongue when you were only a sass of a girl flipping jackstones in the air as if the devil was jerking your elbow."

Theresa Coniffe clenched her two hands. "Did you put a stop to all these mourning coaches and a mourning hearse to pick a quarrel with your betters?"

"I did not," said Packy, "but I put a stop to it for another reason altogether. It has just been brought to my attention now that there is a man dead in the next town and that he is a native of this town!" He paused and stared at Theresa, but there was no change in her countenance. Packy pursed his lips. "Does that convey nothing to you, Miss Coniffe?" he said at last.

"Nothing!" said Theresa.

"Does it convey nothing to you, Miss Sara?"

"I'm afraid it doesn't, Packy," said Sara, clasping her bag tightly.

Packy turned back to Theresa.

"Will it convey anything to you if I develop the subject further and tell you that this man died two days ago and is due to be put under the clay this very morning?"

There was no reply.

"Will it convey anything to you if I tell you that they're bringing him back to his native town to be buried?"

There was no sign that his words conveyed any particular significance, although a vague dread of what that significance might prove to be had begun to show on the face of Sara.

"Ah! Times have changed," said Packy. "There was a time when people would cut off their right hands to ease the suffering of the poor helpless dead."

Theresa Coniffe stiffened.

"Say whatever you're trying to say and be done with it!" she said, and she fixed him with her eye.

Packy Hand fixed Miss Coniffe with a still colder eye.

"Do you mean to say, Miss Coniffe, that you never heard tell that the last corpse into the cemetery must wait and guard the graves until the next corpse comes to take his place?"

"Packy Hand," said Miss Coniffe, "if you stopped my father's funeral to talk nonsense, you could have waited till we got to the grave, and even there I'd hardly have time to listen to you and your superstitions."

"If I waited till then it might be too late."

"What are you talking about?"

"If I waited till then, the other corpse might arrive before us; and if they planted him down before your poor father, your father'd be left to guard the grave. But if we get there first, the other poor man will have to take his chance."

Miss Theresa was disturbed. She didn't want to give in to Packy Hand's superstition, but she was afraid to disregard it.

"What can we do?" she said in a somewhat softer tone.

"We can hurry the horses, ma'am."

"Hurry the horses! I was on the point of tapping on the glass a few minutes ago to tell the driver to slacken his pace. There are people hereabouts that would judge your affection for the departed by the pace of your horses towards the graveyard. If you went above a snail's pace, they'd say you were glad to be rid of the one that was gone. I don't want that to be said."

Theresa Coniffe, although she was a thin woman, blocked the small window of the carriage, so that if the other three occupants had any opinions upon the matter they were not heard by Packy Hand. At this stage, however, Theresa Coniffe swung around, and Packy saw that Sara had made so bold as to pull her sister by the skirt.

"Perhaps if Packy stepped to the window of each coach and explained the case, people wouldn't take it wrongly for us to hurry up the horses. After all, it would be a dreadful thing to be lying awake at night thinking of poor father's spirit standing at the cemetery in the cold and the wet, waiting for the next corpse to arrive."

"Father hated to be kept waiting," said Theresa abstractedly.

"And there's no one sick in the town," said Sara, "and unless there's a sudden death, or an accident — the Lord between us and all harm! — it may be months before there's another coffin brought in through the cemetery gates."

Miss Coniffe sat back helplessly in her seat.

"If you're going to consider it, you'd want to consider it quickly," said Packy, and he pulled out a large silver

watch, blackened and rusted, but ticking so loudly that Gabriel was emboldened to peer out at it under his aunt's elbow. "We've lost time already," said Packy.

How things might have been settled it is difficult to know, because at that moment Gabriel raised his eyes from the ticking watch on the flat of Packy Hand's palm and glanced at the far edge of the horizon.

"Oh, look!" cried Gabriel. "More horses!"

Packy Hand swung around. Theresa Coniffe threw up her head like a horse, and Sara and Lily strained to see, out through the small chink under Theresa's elbow and over Gabriel's head. There on the gray horizon was the funeral cortege of the man from the next town.

There was a long line of black coaches and at the head was the pale hearse that carried the coffin. They were so far away that they looked like a string of miniature coaches such as might ornament a mantelpiece or decorate the borders of a fancy plate. They were cut out against the gray sky and, although the distance between them and the Coniffe cortege was too great for the motion of the vehicles to be seen, the furious tilt of the carriages and the frenzied lift to the forefeet of the horses suggested at once that the other funeral was traveling at a great pace.

"Quick!" cried Theresa Coniffe. "Don't let them get there before us. Quick!"

Packy Hand made a frantic signal to the coachman. He ran back to his own coach. There was a wild shaking of trappings and the flicking of whips on the wet flanks of the horses, and the cortege started again, with every possible ounce of speed.

Gabriel clutched the strap. The ladies on the opposite seat jolted together. Miss Theresa planted her feet apart to prevent such a contingency.

"Apart from the superstition," she said, "I hope we get there first. I wouldn't want to give anyone the satisfaction of saying that the Coniffes were kept waiting at the cemetery while they buried some man that nobody ever heard of until today."

"Oh, I wish the horses could fly!" said Sara.

"The others are gaining ground," said Lily. "Oh, poor Father! Poor Father!"

"Tap on the ceiling, Gabriel," said Theresa, sticking a long black umbrella into his hands. "It will make the man hurry more."

But no horse could hurry faster than the horses under the Coniffe coach, and no coach could travel faster upon its wheels than the coach they drew. Sara and Lily were thrown first to one side and then to another. First Lily knocked against the window on her side, then Sara against the window frame on her side, and then both of them were thrown towards the center of the coach and crashed into each other. They were jolted upwards one moment, nearly hitting the ceiling, and the next minute they were so jerked that they lost their grip on the leather seat and were almost flung across on top of the occupants of the other seat. Their hats were knocked back off their heads, leaving their foreheads bare, and were no sooner adjusted than they were knocked forward, nearly smothering their faces.

"Why can't you keep control of yourselves?" said Theresa. "How will you look when we reach the grave! Straighten your hat, Sara. Lily, your hair is coming undone. You look more as if you were on your way to a fancy fair than to your father's funeral."

For Theresa, in some mysterious mastery of the principles of gravity, was rolled neither to right nor to left. She suffered neither jolt nor jerk. When the coach tilted to one side, Theresa tilted with it, so that although she slanted towards the road in the same proportion as the coach, she remained in exactly the same erect right angle to the seat upon which she sat. She might have been glued into an unalterable position like a toy occupant of a toy coach. Had the coach overturned, it might well be believed that she would still be sitting upon the seat with her legs up in the air, nothing altered in position except, perhaps, her sleek black skirts, which might fall back to display her froth of virgin petticoats.

Gabriel, who at first had jolted as impotently as his mother and his younger aunt, had not been long in noticing his older aunt's mastery of the circumstances, and when his elbows had more than once come in contact with the wooden armrest, and the back of his head had knocked with a resounding crack against the wooden backing of the seat, he overcame his fear and dislike for Theresa and, wedging his arm with great difficulty between the rigid arm and rigid body of the tall, stiff woman beside him, anchored himself securely to her side and soon shared her equipoise, and was able to divide his time between watching the pitching and tossing of his mother and his aunt Sara and watching the rival funeral, which galloped nearer and nearer, the distance between the two funerals being diminished rapidly as the horses tore along the roads and as the roads themselves converged toward the crossroads.

29

THE graveyard gates were wrought iron, high-backed, and painted white. There were three gates, but the great center gate was never opened. The side gates were opened so frequently that they had a tendency to swing open of their own accord on a windy day, with a low wailing sound. Although the center gate would have been wide enough to permit the entry of a hearse, the mourners always paid a last tribute to the dead by taking the coffin out of the hearse at the gate and shouldering it to its place of burial. This tribute was so universally observed that the great gate had probably never been opened since the day it was hung upon its great white hinges.

On this gray day, however, when the gravediggers had ascertained that the graves they had dug the night before were still open and ready for the coffins, they came down to the gates to watch the roads for the funerals. From this distance they were best able to ascertain the number of followers behind the hearse, and Milo Grimes, the older of the gravediggers, was said to have a complete record of the number of coaches that followed every corpse that had been buried in the town in the last sixty-two years, both in the old graveyard behind the chapel and in this new

cemetery at the crossroads. In fact he was known to parcel out his deference to the people of the town, not according to their money or social position, but according to the total of mourning coaches that had followed the corpses of their relatives to the grave.

"Which funeral do you figure will arrive first?" said Ned Fell, a thin, weedy youth who had been apprenticed to Milo a month before.

"Do you mean to say you'd have any doubt upon a subject like that?" said Milo, looking at Ned as if by the question he had betrayed a lack of intelligence, and one that would come against him greatly in his future career. "The Coniffes have been noted in these parts during the last sixty years for the splendor of their turnout upon a day of mourning. Never will you see more wreaths than you'll see on a Coniffe coffin. Never will you see a coffin with a better or brighter varnish. Never will you see more handsome handles. The pathway has to be scuffed fresh after a Coniffe funeral on account of the unnaturally big passage of people, and I've seen times when there were so many carriages after the hearse that they had no chance nor manner of turning in the road, and had to proceed straight on the way they were going until they got to a further crossroads two miles up the road and take the road back to the town by a roundabout way that sent them four miles out of their way and left them so late for the funeral feast that the women that were preparing it began to think the whole cortege, hearse and coffin, carriages and horses, people and wreaths, had ridden over the rim of the world."

Ned Fell listened to this long stretch of eloquence and when it was finished he went over it again, taking it up point by point, and still he found no answer to his own question in it anywhere. After a while he spoke again.

"It seems to me an elegant funeral like that would take a long time making its way here. I'm thinking maybe the other corpse will be here first."

"It's easily seen you haven't much understanding about funerals," said Milo, "although I'll admit you have a good grip on a spade for a beginner. The more coaches there are and the more wreaths, the more men and the more women with white handkerchiefs, the more necessity there is for that funeral to arrive first when there are two funerals on the one day, as in the present unfortunate case."

"I don't see how you make that out," said Ned.

Milo looked at him suspiciously. "I hope you're not one of these people that have to have a remark explained to such a point that there's no life in it at the end? Can't you see for yourself that while it's easy for one small, unnoticeable hearse, with a few coaches, to pull up under a clump of trees near the gate and wait for their turn, a big turnout such as the Coniffes will have would look a fine foolish affair, stretching back from the gates to as-near-as-no-matter to the town it left! Do you think they'd let a thing like that happen even though there's only a parcel of women left in the place now to attend to such matters?"

Ned's face wore a worried expression, as if he was not yet satisfied and was about to argue upon some point, when Milo looked up and immediately slapped his thigh.

"What did I tell you!" he shouted. "Here comes Theodore Coniffe!"

His old eyes, which could hardly read the name on his packet of snuff, had seen the hearse come out under the distant arch of the town gate, and after it he could see, clearly enough to count them, the mourning coaches, as they appeared one after another, a long somber fresco against the flat country.

Ned, greatly humbled, turned aside, refusing to take any further interest in the funeral and even beginning to whistle in order to drown the triumphal reckoning of Milo, who counted aloud as coach after coach came from under the arch, each one making the funeral fresco longer and more impressive, and counteracting in length for the reduction in size imposed on it by distance.

"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight. There were only twenty-eight coaches at the funeral of the stranger that was found dead in the boghole! Twenty-nine, thirty! There can hardly be more than thirty. Thirty-one! There's thirty-one — thirty-two. This is a record in the history of gravedigging. Thirty-three — is it possible there are more to come?"

30

But Milo's reckoning of the coaches was interrupted at thirty-three by a pull at his sleeve. Ned was staring at the skyline where the Liscannor Road cut the fields with as straight a slash as the slash of a spade. He had seen a dark speck on the skyline, and although he would have enjoyed calling out in triumph at the sight of it, he was afraid of being mistaken.

"Isn't that a funeral?" said Ned pointing. It was.

"God in Heaven, this is a terrible thing to happen. They'll meet at the gates. It's only a matter of tossing a bone, — knuckle to you, knuckle from you, — which of them reaches the crossroads first."

"The Coniffes had a good start," said Ned, in whom argumentativeness had been but an artificial affair destined to pass the time, and which faded immediately before a genuine interest in the snails' race that had begun upon the horizon.

"They're too far off to see what pace they're making," said Milo, "but there seems to be a great lift to the forefeet of the Liscannor horses."

"Do you suppose," said Ned, "that they can see each other as plain as we can see them?"

"I couldn't say. I think it's likely they're not thinking of looking from side to side. The ones in the first coaches are likely to be blotchy-eyed with crying, and the general mourners in the back coaches are too busy telling yarns and smoking their pipes, and the women tittering and making eyes at those opposite them. They'll not be looking out the windows, I'm thinking."

"I think the Coniffes are keeping the gain they got at the start," said Ned, and then before the last word had rightly disentangled itself from the woolly gray breath that accompanied it out of his mouth, he gave a loud, significant whistle.

"What's that?" said Milo in alarm.

Ned put out a long, thin finger which a caking of black clay made even more sinister-looking.

"The Coniffe coach is stopping upon the road!"

Milo could not deny that this was so. The motion which it had been difficult to discern while it was in process became apparent as having previously existed as soon as it ceased.

"What in the name of pick and shovel is the matter with these people?" said Milo.

"The other funeral is gaining," said Ned, transferring his allegiance to the cortege which, if not the most advanced, was for the moment in a superior position.

"What are you thinking of!" said Milo, shaking his fist in the direction of the distant Coniffe cortege.

"The Coniffe hearse is continuing on its way, anyhow," said Ned. "It is nearly halfway to the gates."

Old Milo looked at the lonely traveling hearse. "I don't know but that makes things worse instead of better. To think of poor Theodore traveling on his own, and his family gossiping on the road. I never heard tell of the like to happen in the best and longest of my days. I declare but I can't look on a sight so distressful!" And turning around he began to walk back up the center of the cemetery. He had not gone three steps, however, when Ned gave a shout.

"They've started again!" Old Milo, even then, did not have the heart to turn around. "They're moving forward," said Ned, and something in his voice heartened Milo to look around. He began to retrace his steps slowly. Ned Fell began to leap into the air and beat his fists together over his head.

"They're traveling!" he said. "The Coniffes are traveling. They must have seen the others. Oh, man! There's a race for you! They're moving. They're galloping. They're catching up on the hearse!"

Old Milo ran forward to the cemetery wall.

"A chariot race!" he shouted, slapping his sides. "Oh, man, but it's a pity old Theodore himself has to lie with his eyes closed while a sight like this is to be seen. He's the man would like the spirit of this." He put up his hands and formed them into binoculars through which he could stare at his object undistracted by any extraneous tree or bush or briar. Once only did he lower his hands to gesture frantically in the direction of the other funeral. "Are the others gaining?" he cried, but in his anxiety for the Coniffes he dared not take his eyes from them.

"They are putting up their pace," said Ned.

"Come on, Theodore!" shouted Milo at once, raising himself on his toes.

"Come on, Liscannor!" shouted Ned, and in his excitement he stood up on a grave mound near the wall.

Old Milo saw him out of the corner of his eye. "Get down off that grave. Don't you know better than to stand on a consecrated grave?"

Ned got down, but his face wore a very sulky expression. "I don't see what harm I was doing. I only wanted to see the sport." He looked at old Milo's tall frame, which measured six feet six inches. "We can't all be as tall as trees!"

The subtle flattery appeased Milo's ire for the dignity of the departed. He darted a glance at the headstone over the grave to refresh his memory of the occupant.

"Matthew Scrapes!" he read out, and then to Ned's astonishment he went over and began to pace the length of the grave edge with his big muddy boots. "Six foot!" he commented and put his fingers to his forehead to help himself in some mental calculation he was making. "I think it would be all right for you to stand hereabouts," he said, marking with the toe of his boot a space about two feet from one end.

"What difference does it make where I stand? Isn't it all the one grave?" said Ned grudgingly.

"Well, you see," said Milo, "poor Matthew, God rest him, was never over four feet five. It was always a source of scourge to his wife, the poor woman, God rest her too. She was a tall woman herself, and you could see it was a great mortification for her to have to walk up the aisle of a Sunday with him where everyone could measure to an inch the difference between them. He only came up to the bend of her shoulder. But when he died she was determined to rectify his deficiency and she gave orders to me, here on this spot in the pouring rain the evening I was digging his grave, that I was to make it a good long grave. I might dig it as narrow as ever I pleased, so narrow we'd have to wedge the coffin down into it with spades, and I might dig it so deep that I'd reach water, but I was to be sure to dig it the length of a tall man.

"It was just as well I gave in to the whimsicalities of the woman, because when poor Matthew arrived for his burial he was encased in as long a coffin as you'd see in a year's planting. She wasn't taking any chances, so she gave orders to the undertaker to be generous with his measuring tape when he was making the coffin. So you see," he said, "it would be no disrespect for the dead if you were standing on the foot of the mound, because there'd be nothing under you at that point but earth and just earth."

31

OLD MILO had for the moment forgotten the object for which Ned had desired a higher eminence than that allotted to him by his own legs, but Ned had not forgotten, and as soon as the superior judgment had been pronounced upon grave-standing he sprang up on the green mound of Matthew's plot and, waving his hands wildly, took up his interest in the racing funerals.

"There's something happening! There is something happening!" he shouted out, with such a fury of excitement that before Milo could control his shameful lower members, which had been respectful of the dead for over sixty years, he himself had scrambled up onto the green mound beside Ned with such frenzied indiscrimination that he stood directly on the spot corresponding with poor Matthew's middle. And from there he made no effort to move, for something strange indeed was happening to the Coniffe cortege. The third coach of the galloping cortege had detached itself from its galloping followers and was drawing out onto the right side of the road.

"Somebody is drawing out," said Ned. "Somebody must have taken sick with the jolting and jostling."

"No such thing!" said Milo. "Whoever is inside that coach is a man with a head on him. You can't travel over a certain pace with a corpse without smashing the glass of the hearse to smithereens, but it doesn't matter whether it's the head or the tail of a funeral that gets to the gate first. It must be considered to have arrived. That man has a head on his shoulders!"

"They all have heads on their shoulders," said Ned, his heart leaping tumultuously, for suddenly heads appeared at the windows of all the carriages of the Coniffe cortege, and a moment afterwards the orderly frescoed regularity of that body was dispelled and coach after coach pulled out to the right, and they began to pass each other out according to the rival merits of the animals in the shafts. In their turn, one after another, all the coaches overtook the hearse; and increasing their speed to a frenzied pace, they galloped topsy-turvy, sometimes two abreast. And soon the glittering glass of poor Theodore's traveling casket was as much behind the cortege as a short time earlier it had been before it.

"Good men! Good men!" shouted Milo.

Meanwhile, although they kept their eyes on the Coniffe funeral, they were aware of the other one ever increasing in nearness.

"Is there any advantage in the wind, I wonder?" said Milo, putting up a hand to try to feel the direction of that fickle commodity.

"None!" said Ned.

"Is there any disadvantage in the way of a rise on the other road, I wonder?"

"Both roads are as flat as the palms of my hands," said Ned, holding them out to show they were identical, which they were indeed, but their identity consisted rather in the number of blisters and calluses, equally sized and disposed, than in any equality of flatness.

"It's all in the Hand of God, so, as to which of them will arrive first," said old Milo, and then upon a sudden thought he caught Ned by the sleeve. "Theodore's road runs almost straight for the gates," he said. "The other road runs past the gates!"

"What difference does that make?"

"Are you a fool?" said Milo. "That means the Liscannor horses can gallop their fullest until they leave the corpse level with the gates, but poor Theodore's team will have to slow up a considerable measure if they don't want to go crashing in through the bars of the gate."

"They're beaten, so!" said Ned.

"Beaten? Who said that?" said old Milo. "Theodore Coniffe and me sat on the same form in the same school-house sixty years ago, and it's not for me to see him disgraced on his last day, above all days. Come down here and give me a hand with these gates."

And getting across the distance from the grass plots to the white iron gates as well as his knotted joints permitted, Milo began to pull at the great white gates; and leaping behind him came Ned, whose strength, when added to Milo's enthusiasm, succeeded in flinging back the great groaning gates that shivered like great white

trembling mares as they hit the giant granite backstops on a level with the stone pillars.

The gates were not flung open a second too soon, for the great foaming horses of Packy Hand's coach came dashing into the open space of the crossway and, seeing the gates stretched open, dashed between them, only coming to a stop when the whole coach and the forefeet of the horses of the coach behind it were well within the sanctified precincts. The way was blocked, and the Liscannor carriages, which arrived a second later at the crossroads, had to slacken their pace there and then, for the full cortege of the Coniffes was blocking the road and stood now in the same relation to the cross as the closed gates would have stood to the Coniffes themselves had Milo not sat upon the same lice-eaten form as old Theodore.

Packy Hand was the first to alight, his face covered with a foaming white lather which, before he brushed it away, gave him the terrifying appearance of a dog with rabies, but which, appearing also on the gentle face of Sara, who at that moment alighted from her carriage, and upon the small face of Gabriel, and indeed upon the faces of most of the mourners, was soon ascertained to be but the flecks of lather from the horses, blown back by the wind upon the mourners' faces as they leaned out of the coaches to see how near the wheels were to the rim of the ditch. Indeed the black cabs were spattered all over with white foam, as if a sudden snowstorm had flown down the road. Even the curate when he stepped out of a coach near the end of the procession had his black cassock and biretta so flecked with foam that it was clear he had leaned out farther and with greater danger than anyone else.

32

BUT from the furious red of Father Drew's countenance, on which the lather was melting like a snowball on the fire, it was soon clear why he had leaned out so far and so dangerously. He had, in fact, been leaning out, waving his arms and even frantically calling out, in a vain effort to stay the unseemly gallop of the other carriages. But the noise of his voice was not only drowned by the beating hoofs of the horses and the rattling rims of the wheels: worse still, his waving arms were interpreted in several cases to be the fanfaronade similar to that with which upon other occasions he encouraged the choir to greater vocal velocity.

Some timid souls, who had felt they were actually taking their lives in their hands, urged on their carriages solely because they believed that in doing so they acted in accord with the vehement mandate of the clergy. Furthermore, the horses of the curate's own carriage, hearing all around them the din of galloping hoofs, began to increase their own pace; and hearing the yells of the curate, they took a high-minded aim of being at least in the first six when they reached the finish.

But now, at the gates, alighting with irate face, Father Drew approached Packy Hand.

"Let me ask you a question, Packy Hand. Are you a Christian, or are you not?"

"Your meaning, Father?" said Packy, wiping the lather off his face and staring with a fatal fascination at the splatters upon the priest's countenance. The priest put up a hand and lashed foam to right and left.

"It's only a pagan man would gallop a corpse in the way you've galloped this corpse today!"

Packy Hand raised himself up on his toes and stared out over the priest's left shoulder. Assured, he pointed his finger in the same direction his glance had taken.

"No one hurried the corpse at all. You're making a mistake, Father. Here comes the poor corpse now, traveling at his ease."

The hearse was indeed at that moment only arriving to join the cortege it should have headed.

"It was you started this mad enterprise of galloping, wasn't it?" said the priest, unwilling to cede the argument, in which he had made a bad beginning.

"If it was me started it, Father, I notice you weren't long about joining the chase."

"Silence, Packy Hand!" said the priest, raising his hand, flat side outward. "You ought know that it wasn't my fault if the horses took fright under me. In fact, if I recollect aright, you were the very man that told me those old horses of mine were a pair of point-to-pointers in their young days."

"If they remembered those ancient days," said Packy, with the flourish of eloquence which accompanies heightened emotion, "it was seeing your own waving and brandishing of arms that recalled them to their minds."

"I was only waving my arms to put a stop to the whole outrageous situation," said the priest, showing a decided tendency in his muscles to repeat the fanfaronade.

"Ah, then," said Packy, "I heard tell that you had little knowledge of horseflesh, but I can believe it now. You're the first man ever I heard of that thought to stop a rearing horse by rearing up alongside of him."

Father Drew's muscles began to vibrate inside his thin skin like cats in a sack, and turning upon Theresa Coniffe he sought to deal out her portion of censure.

"I cannot believe my eyes," he said, "that a member of the Coniffe family, a woman of maturity, the head of the Sodality, would allow her father's funeral to become a steeplechase! I never thought I'd live to see this day." Father Drew raised his voice deliberately in order that his words might carry to as many as possible of the funeral party and reach if possible the ears of the scandalized cortege from the next town; and while he spoke, his eye traveled in a wide radius to see if he could judge by the expressions of the onlookers just exactly how wide was the radius ruled by his voice.

"Excuse me, Father Drew," said Theresa Coniffe.

"Before you waste your breath blaming the innocent, would you put some of it to better use by examining the information that is spread around your parish by some of your parishioners, to the effect that the spirit of a dead person must wait to guard the cemetery until the next dead man comes to take his place!"

"Who spread this nonsensical story?" said the priest, wheeling around.

"It is not who spread it that concerns me, Father," said Theresa Coniffe. "What I want to know is whether it's true or not."

Father Drew swung back to Theresa.

"Did you read this in the Catechism?" he said; and then, without waiting for an answer, "Did you read it in the Catechism Notes? Is it in the Gospels?" And then his eye fell upon the wide-eyed Gabriel. He pointed his finger at him, and then fixed Theresa Coniffe with his gaze once more. "Aren't you ashamed to think of the impression that this scene of indecorous rowdyism is likely to make on the mind of that innocent child?" Before the severely pointed finger, Gabriel began to retreat, step by step, behind his mother. "Where is the child's mother?" said Father Drew, and transferring his glance from Theresa to Lily he shook his head. "It will be a great task for you, ma'am, to efface this scene from the mind of this child. I hope that the task will not be neglected. How old is he?"

"He will be seven years in May, Father," said Lily, putting her arms around Gabriel protectingly, till they crossed his chest like banners of a scarf.

"In that case he's old enough to be sent to school where he can get a firmer foundation in the dogmas of his religion than he seems likely to get in Clewe Street. I'll tell the teacher to expect him on Monday morning."

And then, feeling that at last he had sent a straight shaft, he reached into his deep pocket for his Ritual; and advancing to the gate of the cemetery, he began the prayers of reception for the corpse.

The sweet-smelling clay closed over Theodore Coniffe. The sods were in place again and the wreaths and immortelles were placed upon the mounded hump. The holy water was sprinkled over him time and again, as friend after friend advanced to the foot of the grave and dipped the slippy yellow brush into pewter bowl and shed a shower of silver drops like the beads from a silver rosary over the grave. And then silently, walking backwards respectfully, the living drew away slowly from the place of the dead, and passed out through the gates.

Milo and Ned tossed new silver crowns in their pockets and picked up their shovels and moved to the great gates where the other funeral awaited their attention.

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR